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THE WORKS OF
CHARLES LAMB

EDITED BY
WILLIAM MACDONALD

IN TWELVE VOLUMES
VOL. IV

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

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The way we take to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance -

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

BY

CHARLES LAMB

EDITED
WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES
BY
WILLIAM MACDONALD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
CHARLES E. BROCK

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PREFACE

WERE it not that every innocent desire of the Public ought, as far as possible, to be gratified —for the Public is the national representative of Human Nature, and is made good by being made happy—I do not know that I should trouble to write a single line of Preface to this volume. The volume itself could get on very well without that aid to understanding, and, in so far as it does not explain itself, it has already been amply, and I hope agreeably, explained twice over. The General Preface to this Edition gives the reason for the first separation of Lamb's Essay-Work into two main groups of *Elian* and *non-Elian* Essays; and the Preface to vol. iii. explains the principle on which the latter group has been further divided into the two sections which I have entitled "Critical Essays" and "Essays and Sketches" respectively. In making this latter distinction there might well be some uncertainty about the drawing of the separating line; or that line, when drawn, might well seem to the more critical observers not to run quite straight. Doubtless it was some misgiving, lest this should be so, which caused me to say a word or two in anticipation of hasty criticism on that score:[1] requesting all curious and precise, not to say quarrelsome persons, to restrain themselves until the time should come. But now that the time has come —the one volume being some three months published, and the printed sheets of the other being now before

[1] "Critical Essays," p. xiv.

me—I see that these misgivings were an unwonted weakness, and that this discreditable lack of confidence is severely, and very properly, rebuked by the characteristic rightness of the event. In other words, the classification adopted is less likely to cause inconvenience or uncertainty, has fewer dubious or weak places—and consequently stands less in need of being defended and made good, here and there, by an application of Editorial *Sophistik*—than one would have expected. And yet, one might have known . . .

At any rate, those who do not know this will know at once, if they glance through such papers as *The Months*, *The Ass*, or *The Letter to an Old Gentleman*, (to take the instances which I have had in mind from the first), that these papers would have been out of their natural sphere had they been placed in volume iii. among the Critical Essays. Each of them has reference to a book; but only to a book as containing a curious topic or a humorous suggestion—in no sense to the book in any literary aspect of it. It is true that parody or burlesque, if intimate and sustained enough, may rank as criticism, and may be very illuminating and very final criticism indeed. But we have nothing of that sort in the *Letter to an Old Gentleman:* we have merely Charles Lamb's play upon a whimsical notion which has occurred to him when reading De Quincey's "Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected." Any other passage in any other book might have started in his mind the notion, not of a Young Man going to the university a few years later than is usual, but of an Old Man proposing to seek the kind of instruction that is imparted in the infant-schools—and the resulting "humorous contribution" need not have differed, in any essential way, from what we have here. That is in no sense Criticism, which neither interprets, appraises, nor disposes of any-

thing. On the same grounds one would defend, if called upon to do so, the inclusion of that queer little "Table-Book" correspondence which I have entitled *Of Maid Marian and Robin Hood*. It has the smallest imaginable bearing upon Davenport's drama, which it professes to be so seriously and historically concerned with, and is merely a particular exercise in a well-known vein of our Essayist's humour; namely, his love of masking and mischief; also his very great love of unexpectedly splitting a negligible hair of difference in the common course and acceptation of words.

So much as to certain things which are here, and as to which it might conceivably have been argued that they ought to be somewhere else—namely, among the "Critical Essays." It will henceforth, I may assume, be regarded as quite impossible that anybody should argue anything of the sort. To assume further, however, that everybody will admit that there is nothing in either of these volumes which ought to be neither here nor there—that each of them is entirely free from matter of doubtful authenticity—this would be an adventure in profligate optimism of which I hope I am incapable. The fact would, indeed, be rather discouraging. For I have already observed, and it remains true in spite of appearances, that this is not the final edition of Lamb, and I rejoice to think that although that melancholy apparition is doubtless on the way, yet none of us will live to see it. In the interval, life will be more entertaining through that tarrying of perfection and finality. The Editorial movement will still go on, continually massing its effects, concurrently with the greater Mundane one; until the system of things, and therewith the editing of Lamb, shall emerge from that celebrated Transition Stage which nearly everybody has remarked upon, at one time or another, as being the present condition of both. Magnifying

the actual moment, for the purposes of identification rather than description, we may say impressively that we live in the era of the gathering in. But in regard to that it has been also remarked by a disinterested amateur whom it scarce becomes me to quote—but would still less become me to ignore or confute—that "the process of gathering in must be complemented and corrected by a parallel process of criticism and casting out; since every searcher, however judicious and careful he be, will inevitably bring into the growing heap his percentage of mistakes as well as his true findings." [1] So it has been, so it will be, so let it be in this instance. All precedents go to show that it would argue some lack of zeal and initiative were this Collection of Lamb's works to elude the law of Imperative Subsequent Eliminations to which every important new Collection has been amenable in turn; from that premature second series of Elia which was published by piratical admirers—it boots not to say where—in Lamb's lifetime, on to certain good men's works, pioneer efforts in one volume or in many, which have borne their part in rendering this year of grace the true Elian Era, and which share with this edition—in no mean proportion either—the rapt attention and the suffrages of mankind. Lamb once signed himself "Elia, That is to Go." Well, *Elia that Has to Go* is a legend that is quickly written across some pages, more or less, of every edition in which a serious attempt is made to add something—some chapters, some paragraphs—to the known tale of Elia's works. So it has been, so it will be. But always the net result has been a gain, and the essential process has been a continual augmentation. The momentary mistakes have been eliminated, the true findings have remained: until the meagre list of eleven prose

[1] *Athenæum*, Aug. 8, 1903.

pieces in the Works of 1818 is replaced by the tables-of-contents of this and the preceding volume, with their roll-call of ninety-eight titles, exclusive of Table-Talk paragraphs and Fragments of Criticism.

Some titles whose title to appear at all is open to question, have already been discussed in the notes to "Critical Essays." In the present volume will be found four articles which have never yet been identified as Lamb's. Of those four, one is, according to my last thoughts on the matter, of more than doubtful authenticity, though it is an article in which Lamb took a marked interest, even if he had no hand in the writing of it. The other three, I have little doubt, will remain, although no external evidence as to their authorship is to be found in the Letters—as usual. I say "as usual"; for it is not generally recognised, and I do not know that it has ever been pointed out, that Lamb refers less to his literary work in his Letters than any literary man, perhaps, that ever lived: all the circumstances being considered. The prevailing idea is quite to the contrary effect, and I have hazy recollections of divers utterances of profound nonsense upon this matter which have caught my eye from time to time: as, that Lamb was "the most communicative of men," and that he was "the last in the world to keep a secret." Whoever should maintain exactly the reverse of this would not only be freeing Lamb from the imputation of being a fool—which is manifestly unnecessary—but would have so strong a case made to his hand that his own intellect would gain no particular renown from the triumph of his cause. After the first youthful years, when Lamb discussed his own and other people's poetisings as all young poets do, there is mainly silence. Had he not published his "Works" in 1818, how much should we have known about a great part of the contents

of even those volumes? *Absolutely nothing.* I am not aware that there is a single word of reference, in all his correspondence, to Leigh Hunt's "Reflector." In no printed letter to any friend does he once mention his writing in the "Champion," either of 1814 or 1820, though there is a scrap of a note to Scott, its editor in the earlier time, among the recently discovered letters. Only in one letter is there an indication that anything of his had ever been printed in the "New Times," and that was a poem. There is, I think, but one indication that he ever wrote for the "Examiner," and even that one, curiously enough, has been misconstrued by experts in our own day.[1] That he ever contributed a line to the "Indicator" there is no indication at all. Finally, most noticeable of all, though it has been least noticed, is the extraordinary fewness of his references to his own writings in the "London Magazine" and the "New Monthly"; I mean, such definite reference to definite articles as would have enabled us to identify them as his in the absence of all other evidence of their authorship. Their authorship has been settled for us from the first by two sufficient pieces of external evidence—by their bearing one common signature, *Elia*, and by their having been afterwards collected by him into two famous volumes—so that there has been little need to remark upon his epistolary silence regarding them. But suppose that the series, instead of being signed *Elia*, had consisted of absolutely anonymous contributions to a miscellany of anonymous things: and suppose that Lamb had

[1] Writing to Barron Field, he says: "We received your Australian *First Fruits*, of which I shall say nothing here, but refer you to * * * * of the 'Examiner,' who speaks our mind on all public subjects." Mr Hazlitt, in "The Lambs" (1897), not catching the meaning of this, has printed three dots instead of four stars (Lamb's usual signature in that quarter), and suggests, within parentheses, that the omitted name is Hunt.

never gathered them together into two published volumes. *Then*, indeed, that paucity of allusions to them which I speak of would be a common topic of all Editors—for then, indeed, we should not be able to lay our hands upon five Elian Essays and say, "This was written by Charles Lamb, for he tells us so in his Letters." I believe there are thousands of persons who have "known their Lamb" pretty thoroughly all their lives, to whom, nevertheless, this statement will come as news, and rather astonishing news. But their own knowledge, when they have had time to interrogate it, will quickly assure them that the news is really true. Readers will understand then, that for Lamb to have written an anonymous article or two here or there—or ten articles, or twenty, in one place even—and yet never to have "let cheep," as they say in Scotland, about the matter, would be no anomaly, but very much according to his rule and custom. And they will infer, further, that while mention in a letter is indeed positive evidence of authorship, the absence of such mention has no significance whatever; since not one of the Lepus papers is mentioned in a letter, not one of the "Reflector" papers, not one of the "Indicator" or "Examiner" contributions, and scarce half-a-dozen of the long series of Elia's Essays. One might lengthen the list, but enough has been said to show that Lamb, so far from being the last man in the world to keep a secret, was in fact of a discreetness that might well have involved literary self-effacement, and ultimate oblivion for his works.[1] And that it had, indeed, this effect—that temporary oblivion fell

[1] I do not maintain or mean, of course, that Lamb usually kept his writing a secret from his friends—though there are occasions on which he may have done so—but only that in his letters he had other things to say, and more interesting things, as he may have thought, to talk about.

upon a good score of productions of his which are too characteristic in all their qualities not to be worthy of remembrance—is a thing of which the tale is told again and again in the course of these volumes. Indeed, the history of nearly every prose piece, outside of the Elia series, is an instance in point. Enough has been said, however, and my excuse for saying it at some length is this, that the biographical fact to which I have called attention has some bearings—casts a sidelight upon intellect and character—beyond the limits of the present argument. And the argument (to return to it) was not an argument, but merely an explanation. I was telling the faithful and friendly Reader—who may not in every instance be saturated with knowledge of his favourite subject—that he need not permit the relish with which he reads, say, *Holiday Children*, so full as that little paper is of the true Elian savours, to be dashed by the thought that if Lamb wrote it, Lamb has certainly said nothing about it. For concerning eighty-seven per cent. at least of all his lesser prose works Lamb has said not a single indicative word in any letter that has reached us.

W. M.

AN APPEAL FROM THE SHADES

COURTEOUS STRANGER,—I have a thing to say; a wrong to complain of between thy fellows and mine;—but before our thoughts mingle, let me prepare thee for what I am. I have learned not to step too suddenly before the curtain. My nature to human prejudices is somewhat ghastly. By dreary hints and periphrasis, I must lead thee, like the guilty royal John, to my revelation :—

> ——If the midnight bell
> Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
> Sound One unto the drowsy race of night,—
> If this same were a churchyard where we stand,—

then might I with less misgiving unfold myself. Shrieks, groans, aguish fears, not more chilling to thy spirit than to mine, are the penalties of a rash disclosure. Hast thou buried thy thoughts ever with

the buried, till the chamber seemed thronged with supernatural presences? Hast thou been in a dream sometimes with those that are gone to "the land of the moles and pismires?"—

I am one of those. I occupy that mysterious parenthesis between the life past and to come, which in mortal language goes by the name of death. With this warning I may now venture to disclose to thee my spectral shape, blurred as it is by the Lethean fogs. Is my paleness so very terrible, or is there any thing so fearful as piteous in my unreflecting eyes? Is there aught to shudder at, beside the coldness in my innocent lean hand? What have I on my cheek or lips, but the not unlovely languor of death,—an expression akin to the pleasant expression of sleep. I come with no rude foot-fall to startle thee,—but the noiseless pace that belongs to our quiet abodes. My voice is only unearthly for that it hath lost all its fretful notes and passionate harshnesses. My garment is as the lily's. Does this snow-white raiment make my visits, or not, the more angel-like,—or must I be held loathsome for want of a more worldly habiliment, and some refuse clay?

Is there any disgustful wormy circumstance about me,—or do I not come purified rather of my mortal slough?

I have no gaping unseemly wound to scare thee withal,—no horrible death-pang imprinted on my visage, but with calm Christian feature as I died, have come above only to solace some old worldly hankerings and regrets. The unforgotten earth has spells potent as those of Endor's hag, that sometimes pluck us from our graves. The summer's springing flowers, with their stirring roots, tug at the buried heart. The merry songs of birds—friendly, family voices—the chime of village bells, and melodious fall of waters, have echoes in the spiritual ear—

——True as the shell
To the old ocean's melancholy swell.

The old familiar faces and homely images have their camera in the ghostly organ, and awaken yearnings stronger than the tomb.

Not often we come earthward in enmity. Revenge and hatred, that domineer in hot bloods, are quieter passions in our torpid pulses. Not of ourselves, but at command of divine justice, we arise from our turfy pillows to dog the heels of the unconfessed murderer ; seldomer still do we forsake our peaceful city, to convey unwelcome omens to the living ;—there are croaking ravens enough for that office—to point out a miserly hoard of gold, we rise never ! More kindly and peaceful (though all the Neroes are amongst us) are our midnight errands. There is no nerve now, in the phantom arm,—for a tyrant to drive a dagger,—or to snatch a sceptre from the weakest hand of flesh. The cruel, the unjust, and the crafty, remain therefore in the sullenest shades below ; but the gentle spirit of love is soothed by haunting the old home and its hearths. These after-relishes of life—these holiday furloughs the kind Death allows us,—and they serve to sweeten some darker passages in our coffin-dreams,—

* * * * *

Thou hast ceased to shiver at me, and it eases my soul. There is but one man in the breathing world, that ought to quake at my apparition, for he knows how greedily his damnable dishonest hand filched once out of my needful portion,—and yet even he, by a moment's manhood, need scarcely tremble at my unsubstantial presence. What avail against his front my shadowy frowns,—nay what availed it, when we met once in the moonlight, that, stung by the proud look of the stately traitor, I sprang up

behind him, on his tall white pacing horse, and strove to strangle the triumphing Judas with my ineffectual arms? The pangs of that fruitless effort were all mine. My arch-enemy suffered not even an atom's discomposure; but swept on with the same scornful feature, which I wept, or felt as if I wept, not to have even subdued. Alas! a wreath of thin wood-smoke is a thing stronger than I!

If then in malice or indignation we pale vapourish spirits be thus powerless and unhurtful, why should the unguilty living start from us—the kindly familiars that come to them in all love and gentleness? It were a grateful charity methinks not to startle us—poor dream-bewildered sleepwalkers from the nether world—but with tenderness to lead us back into our churchyard beds. It were a brave stretch of human hospitality to entertain not the outcast flesh merely, but the fleshless wanderer, more naked than the naked,—from the Stygian coast forlorn. Shall there be no refuge for the uttermost destitution?—Can the houseless have a claim above the worldless?

And yet, when my boon companions of old times remember me in their cups, and dedicate the solemn draught to my memory, they would start with bristling horror from their seats, to behold me sitting in my accustomed chair.

Would they not have me sensible of the invocation?—Or is theirs but the cant of sentiment, lavished upon vacancy? We have no such cold manners even in our bleak precinct. How would it become the cold companionship, if when their angels descended amongst us, there were no better cheer for their welcome? But we have cups (such as we have) set ready for them all.

Tell them, I pray, there is something hollow in this. In the body or out of the body they must find a chirping welcome for me still.

Tell them there is some echo of the former mirth, some reflection of the old joys amongst us—though somewhat dimmer, like the sunbeam returned by the ghostlike moon. We are vital memories. The past and imperfect tenses of life make up the present being of the shades. To have lived once makes us immortal. We exist on in dreams—not inaccessible to spiritual pleasures and pains. Alas! our souls smart at our unnatural repulses upon earth. Where our hearts were,—we feel dismal achings and throes, at the death of human fellowship.

Oh my cheerful kindhearted friends, fellow campaigners erst in the merry stirring world, tremble not so wrongfully at a frail ghost's intrusion. Shrink not so abhorringly from his fond hand's impalpable grasp! 'tis for me to shrink, if shrinking must be, from the gross mundane clay. 'Tis for me to groan, if groaning must be, that I can bestow on you nothing more hearty than my pale kind looks. Fill up one welcome cup to the home-sick exile that stealeth lovingly amongst you. Soothe the naked phantasy a dream-while, with his accustomed place. Let the amicable phantom dally a season with the old images,—and then, with your kind farewells and a sigh and an alas! commend him to a peaceful slumber on the Lethean shore!—

Oh my beloved babes! my Margaret! wife and children of my love,—shudder no more when my fond doting spirit haunts amongst you! why call me up so often with sighs and tears, and all the sobbing conjurations of grief and love,—from the dark abyss. Why stuff out my vacant garments with my form,—and yet tremble at my apparition, but a shade more real? My soul yearns towards you,—till strong affection tears me from the tomb, but groans, sighs, and speechless ecstacies,—or shrieks more startling to me than cry of chanticleer, are obnoxious to my

presence. 'Tis no dream, then, that my moans are heard on the wind !—

* * * * *

Patient stranger, farewell. I have made thee my interpreter, and would thank thee,—but I scent the forbidden morn. I may not linger to see its first, faintest, cheerful streak :—

> ——Fare thee well at once.
> The glow-worm shows the matin to be near
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire,—
> Adieu, adieu, adieu !—remember me.

THE LONDONER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR

MR REFLECTOR,—I was born under the shadow of St Dunstan's steeple, just where the conflux of the eastern and western inhabitants of this twofold city meet and justle in friendly opposition at Temple-Bar. The same day which gave me to the world, saw London happy in the celebration of her great annual feast. This I cannot help looking upon as a lively omen of the future great good will which

I was destined to bear toward the city, resembling in kind that solicitude which every Chief Magistrate is supposed to feel for whatever concerns her interests and well being. Indeed I consider myself in some sort a speculative Lord Mayor of London: for though circumstances unhappily preclude me from the hope of ever arriving at the dignity of a gold chain and Spital Sermon, yet thus much will I say of myself in truth, that Whittington with his Cat (just emblem of vigilance and a furred gown) never went beyond me in affection, which I bear to the citizens.

I was born, as you have heard, in a crowd. This has begot in me an entire affection for that way of life, amounting to an almost insurmountable aversion from solitude and rural scenes. This aversion was never interrupted or suspended, except for a few years in the younger part of my life, during a period in which I had set my affections upon a charming young woman. Every man while the passion is upon him, is for a time at least addicted to groves and meadows and purling streams. During this short period of my existence, I contracted just familiarity enough with rural objects to understand tolerably well ever after the *poets*, when they declaim in such passionate terms in favor of a country life.

For my own part, now the fit is past, I have no hesitation in declaring, that a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit door of Drury-lane Theatre, just at the hour of six, gives me ten thousand sincerer pleasures, than I could ever receive from all the flocks of silly sheep that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs.

This passion for crowds is nowhere feasted so full as in London. The man must have a rare *recipe* for melancholy, who can be dull in Fleet-street. I am naturally inclined to hypochondria, but in London it

vanishes, like all other ills. Often, when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime.

The very deformities of London, which give distaste to others, from habit do not displease me. The endless succession of shops where *Fancy miscalled Folly* is supplied with perpetual gauds and toys, excite in me no puritanical aversion. I gladly behold every appetite supplied with its proper food. The obliging customer, and the obliged tradesman—things which live by bowing, and things which exist but for homage—do not affect me with disgust; from habit I perceive nothing but urbanity, where other men, more refined, discover meanness: I love the very smoke of London, because it has been the medium most familiar to my vision. I see grand principles of honor at work in the dirty ring which encompasses two combatants with fists, and principles of no less eternal justice in the detection of a pickpocket. The salutary astonishment with which an execution is surveyed, convinces me more forcibly than a hundred volumes of abstract polity, that the universal instinct of man in all ages has leaned to order and good government.

Thus an art of extracting morality from the commonest incidents of a town life, is attained by the same well-natured alchymy, with which the Foresters of Arden, in a beautiful country,

> Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Where has spleen her food but in London? Humour, Interest, Curiosity, suck at her measureless breasts

without a possibility of being satiated. Nursed amid her noise, her crowds, her beloved smoke, what have I been doing all my life, if I have not lent out my heart with usury to such scenes!

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

A LONDONER.

ON THE INCONVENIENCES RESULTING FROM BEING HANGED

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR

SIR,—I am one of those unhappy persons whose misfortunes, it seems, do not entitle them to the benefit of pure pity. All that is bestowed upon me of that kindest alleviator of human miseries, comes dashed with a double portion of contempt. My griefs have nothing in them that is felt as sacred by the bystanders. Yet is my affliction in truth of the deepest grain. The heaviest task that was ever given to mortal patience to sustain. Time, that wears out all other sorrows, can never modify or soften mine. Here they must continue to gnaw, as long as that fatal mark——

Why was I ever born? Why was innocence in my person suffered to be branded with a stain which was appointed only for the blackest guilt? What had I done, or my parents, that a disgrace of mine should involve a whole posterity in infamy? I am almost tempted to believe, that, in some pre-existent state, crimes to which this sublunary life of mine hath been as much a stranger as the babe that is newly born into it, have drawn down upon me this vengeance, so disproportionate to my actions on this globe.

My brain sickens, and my bosom labours to be delivered of the weight that presses upon it, yet my conscious pen shrinks from the avowal. But out it must——

O, Mr Reflector! guess at the wretch's misery who

now writes this to you, when, with tears and burning blushes, he is obliged to confess, that he has been —— HANGED ——

Methinks I hear an involuntary exclamation burst from you, as your imagination presents to you fearful images of your correspondent unknown,—*hanged!*

Fear not, Mr Editor. No disembodied spirit has the honour of addressing you. I am flesh and blood, an unfortunate system of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like yourself.

Then, I presume, you mean to be pleasant—That expression of yours, Mr Correspondent, must be taken somehow in a metaphorical sense——

In the plainest sense, without trope or figure—Yes, Mr Editor! this neck of mine has felt the fatal noose,—these hands have tremblingly held up the corroborative prayer-book,—these lips have sucked the moisture of the last consolatory orange,—this tongue has chaunted the doleful cantata which no performer was ever called upon to repeat,—this face has had the veiling night-cap drawn over it——

But for no crime of mine—Far be it from me to arraign the justice of my country, which, though tardy, did at length recognise my innocence. It is not for me to reflect upon judge or jury, now that eleven years have elapsed since the erroneous sentence was pronounced. Men will always be fallible, and perhaps circumstances did appear at the time a little strong——

Suffice it to say, that after hanging four minutes, (as the spectators were pleased to compute it,—a man that is being strangled, I know from experience, has altogether a different measure of time from his friends who are breathing leisurely about him,—I suppose the minutes lengthen as time approaches eternity, in the same manner as the miles get longer

as you travel northward)—, after hanging four minutes, according to the best calculation of the bystanders, a reprieve came, and I was cut DOWN——

Really I am ashamed of deforming your pages with these technical phrases—if I knew how to express my meaning shorter——

But to proceed.—My first care after I had been brought to myself by the usual methods, (those methods that are so interesting to the operator and his assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occasions,—but which no patient was ever desirous of undergoing a second time for the benefit of science), my first care was to provide myself with an enormous stock or cravat to hide the place—you understand me;—my next care was to procure a residence as distant as possible from that part of the country where I had suffered. For that reason I chose the metropolis, as the place where wounded honour (I had been told) could lurk with the least danger of exciting enquiry, and stigmatised innocence had the best chance of hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new circle of acquaintance, and my circumstances happily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect, I endeavoured, by mingling in all the pleasures which the town affords, to efface the memory of what I had undergone.

But alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading chain of connexion which links together the head and members of this great community, my scheme of lying perdu was defeated almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, whom a foolish law-suit had brought to town, by chance met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

In a short time, I found myself deserted by most of those who had been my intimate friends. Not that any guilt was supposed to attach to my character. My officious countryman, to do him justice, had been

candid enough to explain my perfect innocence. But, somehow or other, there is a want of strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone. How else can I account for it, that of all my numerous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be found, who had the courage to associate with a man that had been hanged.

Those few who did not desert me altogether, were persons of strong but coarse minds; and from the absence of all delicacy in them I suffered almost as much as from the superabundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled by the fidelity which they had shewn towards me to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rude (because faithful) Achateses. As they past me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion and say, pointing to me, smoke his cravat, and ask me if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would enquire, What news from * * * Assizes? (which you may guess, Mr Editor, was the scene of my shame), and whether the session was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to ensure me from drowning. A fourth would teaze me with inquiries how I felt when I was swinging, whether I had not something like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me any thing but *Lazarus*. And an eminent bookseller and publisher,—who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the person himself last mentioned, at the most critical period of his existence, to solicit a

few facts relative to resuscitation,—had the modesty to offer me guineas per sheet, if I would write, in his Magazine, a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! Mr Editor, the women,—whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men,—the women began to shun me—this was the unkindest blow of all.

But is it to be wondered at? How couldst thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature Seraphina would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse of the rope, the leavings of the cord? Or that any analogy could subsist between the knot which binds true lovers, and the knot which ties malefactors?

I can forgive that pert baggage Flirtilla, who, when I complimented her one day on the execution which her eyes had done, replied, that, to be sure, Mr * * was a judge of those things. But from thy more exalted mind, Celestina, I expected a more unprejudiced decision.

The person whose true name I conceal under this appellation, of all the women that I was ever acquainted with, had the most manly turn of mind, which she had improved by reading and the best conversation. Her understanding was not more masculine than her manners and whole disposition were delicately and truly feminine. She was the daughter of an officer who had fallen in the service of his country, leaving his widow and Celestina, an only child, with a fortune sufficient to set them above want, but not to enable them to live in splendour. I

had the mother's permission to pay my addresses to the young lady, and Celestina seemed to approve of my suit.

Often and often have I poured out my overcharged soul in the presence of Celestina, complaining of the hard and unfeeling prejudices of the world, and the sweet maid has again and again declared, that no irrational prejudice should hinder her from esteeming every man according to his intrinsic worth. Often has she repeated the consolatory assurance, that she could never consider as essentially ignominious an *accident*, which was indeed to be deprecated, but which might have happened to the most innocent of mankind. Then would she set forth some illustrious example, which her reading easily furnished, of a Phocion or a Socrates unjustly condemned; of a Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, to whom late posterity had done justice; and by soothing my fancy with some such agreeable parallel, she would make me almost to triumph in my disgrace, and convert my shame into glory.

In such entertaining and instructive conversations the time passed on, till I importunately urged the mistress of my affections to name the day for our union. To this she obligingly consented, and I thought myself the happiest of mankind. But how was I surprised one morning on the receipt of the following billet from my charmer:—

Sir,

You must not impute it to levity, or to a worse failing, ingratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel myself compelled by irresistible arguments to recall a vow which I fear I made with too little consideration. I never can be yours. The reasons of my decision, which is final, are in my own breast, and you must everlastingly remain a stranger to

them. Assure yourself that I can never cease to esteem you as I ought.

CELESTINA.

At the sight of this paper I ran in frantic haste to Celestina's lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite mortification, that the mother and daughter were set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to visit a relation, and were not expected to return in less than four months.

Stunned by this blow, which left me without the courage to solicit an explanation by letter, even if I had known where they were, (for the particular address was industriously concealed from me), I waited with impatience the termination of the period, in the vain hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of softening the harsh decision by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But before three months were at an end, I learned from the newspapers, that my beloved had—given her hand to another!

Heart-broken as I was, I was totally at a loss to account for the strange step which she had taken; and it was not till some years after that I learned the true reason from a female relation of hers, to whom it seems Celestina had confessed in confidence, that it was no demerit of mine that had caused her to break off the match so abruptly, nor any preference which she might feel for any other person, for she preferred me (she was pleased to say) to all mankind; but when she came to lay the matter closer to her heart, she found that she never should be able to bear the sight (I give you her very words as they were detailed to me by her relation) the sight of a man in a nightcap, who had appeared on a public platform, it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, to which this last and heaviest might well render me callous, behold me here, Mr Editor! in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, (the twelfth, reckoning from my re-animation), cut off from all respectable connexions, rejected by the fairer half of the community,—who in my case alone seem to have laid aside the characteristic pity of their sex; punished because I was once punished unjustly; suffering for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just-entering, ghastly impaling stake in Barbary,—had I dropt alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce-in-time-retracted scymetar of an executioneering slave in Turkey,—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity (small as it might be) with which what was left of me would have been surveyed.

The singularity of my case has often led me to enquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say as a topic: for let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance be brought to view the real scene,—let the platform be bona fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth,—the case is changed; but as a topic of conversation, I appeal to the vulgar jokes

which pass current in every street. But why mention them, when the politest authors have agreed in making use of this subject as a source of the ridiculous? Swift, and Pope, and Prior, are fond of recurring to it. Gay has built an entire drama upon this single foundation. The whole interest of the *Beggar's Opera* may be said to hang upon it. To such writers as Fielding and Smollett it is a perfect *bon bouche*.—Hear the facetious Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster*, describe the *Order of the Show at one of the Tyburn Executions* in his time:—"Mr Ordinary visits his melancholy flock in Newgate by eight. Doleful procession up Holborn-Hill about eleven. Men handsome and proper that were never thought so before, which is some comfort however. Arrive at the fatal place by twelve. Burnt brandy, women, and sabbath-breaking, repented of. Some few penitential drops fall under the gallows. Sheriff's men, parson, pick-pockets, criminals, all very busy. The last concluding peremptory psalm struck up. Show over by one."—In this sportive strain does this misguided wit think proper to play with a subject so serious, which yet he would hardly have done, if he had not known that there existed a predisposition in the habits of his unaccountable countrymen to consider the subject as a jest. But what shall we say to Shakspeare, who, (not to mention the solution which the *Gravedigger* in *Hamlet* gives of his fellow workman's problem), in that scene in *Measure for Measure*, where the *Clown* calls upon *Master Barnardine* to get up and be hanged, which he declines on the score of being sleepy, has actually gone out of his way to gratify this amiable propensity in his countrymen; for it is plain, from the use that was to be made of his head, and from *Abhorson's* asking, "is the axe upon the block, sirrah?" that beheading, and not hanging, was

the punishment to which *Barnardine* was destined. But Shakspeare knew that the axe and block were pregnant with no ludicrous images, and therefore falsified the historic truth of his own drama (if I may so speak) rather than he would leave out such excellent matter for a jest as the suspending of a fellow-creature in mid air has been ever esteemed to be by Englishmen.

One reason why the ludicrous never fails to intrude itself into our contemplations upon this mode of death, I suppose to be, the absurd posture into which a man is thrown who is condemned to dance, as the vulgar delight to express it, upon nothing. To see him whisking and wavering in the air,

> As the wind you know will wave a man;[1]

to behold the vacant carcase, from which the life is newly dislodged, shifting between earth and heaven, the sport of every gust; like a weathercock, serving to show from which point the wind blows; like a maukin, fit only to scare away birds; like a nest left to swing upon a bough when the bird is flown: these are uses to which we cannot without a mixture of spleen and contempt behold the human carcase reduced. We string up dogs, foxes, bats, moles, weasels. Man surely deserves a steadier death.

Another reason why the ludicrous associates more forcibly with this than with any other mode of punishment, I cannot help thinking to be, the senseless costume with which old prescription has thought fit to clothe the exit of malefactors in this country. Let a man do what he will to abstract from his imagination all idea of the whimsical, something of it will come across him when he contemplates the figure of a fellow-creature in the day-time (in however distressing a situation) in a nightcap. Whether it be

[1] Hieronimo in the Spanish Tragedy.

that this nocturnal addition has something discordant with day-light, or that it is the dress which we are seen in at those times when we are "seen," as the Angel in Milton expresses it, "least wise,"—this I am afraid will always be the case; unless indeed, as in my instance, some strong personal feeling overpower the ludicrous altogether. To me, when I reflect upon the train of misfortunes which have pursued men through life, owing to that accursed drapery, the cap presents as purely frightful an object as the sleeveless yellow coat and devil-painted mitre of the San Benitos.—An ancestor of mine, who suffered for his loyalty in the time of the civil wars, was so sensible of the truth of what I am here advancing, that on the morning of execution no intreaties could prevail upon him to submit to the odious dishabille, as he called it, but he insisted upon wearing, and actually suffered in, the identical flowing periwig which he is painted in, in the gallery belonging to my uncle's seat in ———shire.

Suffer me, Mr Editor, before I quit the subject, to say a word or two respecting the minister of justice in this country; in plain words, I mean the hangman. It has always appeared to me that, in the mode of inflicting capital punishments with us, there is too much of the ministry of the human hand. The guillotine, as performing its functions more of itself and sparing human agency, though a cruel and disgusting exhibition, in my mind, has many ways the advantage over *our way*. In beheading, indeed, as it was formerly practised in England, and in whipping to death, as is sometimes practised now, the hand of man is no doubt sufficiently busy; but there is something less repugnant in these downright blows than in the officious barber-like ministerings of *the other*. To have a fellow with his hangman's hands fumbling about your collar, adjusting the thing as your valet

would regulate your cravat, valuing himself on his menial dexterity——

I shall never forget meeting my rascal,—I mean the fellow who officiated for me,—in London last winter. I think I see him now,—in a waistcoat that had been mine,—smirking along as if he knew me——

In some parts of Germany, that fellow's office is by law declared infamous, and his posterity incapable of being ennobled. They have hereditary hangmen, or had at least, in the same manner as they had hereditary other great officers of state; and the hangmen's families of two adjoining parishes intermarried with each other, to keep the breed entire. I wish something of the same kind were established in England.

But it is time to quit a subject which teems with disagreeable images——

Permit me to subscribe myself, Mr Editor,

Your unfortunate friend,

PENSILIS.

ON THE DANGER OF CONFOUNDING MORAL WITH PERSONAL DEFORMITY

WITH A HINT TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE FRAMING OF ADVERTISEMENTS FOR APPREHENDING OFFENDERS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR

MR REFLECTOR,—There is no science in their pretensions to which mankind are more apt to commit grievous mistakes, than in the supposed very obvious one of physiognomy. I quarrel not with the principles of this science, as they are laid down by learned professors; much less am I disposed, with some people, to deny its existence altogether as any inlet of knowledge that can be depended upon. I believe that there is, or may be, an art to "read the mind's construction in the face." But, then, in every species of *reading*, so much depends upon the eyes of the reader; if they are blear, or apt to dazzle, or inattentive, or strained with too much attention, the

optic power will infallibly bring home false reports of what it reads. How often do we say, upon a cursory glance at a stranger, what a fine open countenance he has, who, upon second inspection, proves to have the exact features of a knave. Nay, in much more intimate acquaintances, how a delusion of this kind shall continue for months, years, and then break up all at once.

Ask the married man, who has been so but for a short space of time, if those blue eyes where, during so many years of anxious courtship, truth, sweetness, serenity, seemed to be written in characters which could not be misunderstood—ask him if the characters which they now convey be exactly the same ?—if for truth he does not *read* a dull-virtue (the mimic of constancy) which changes not, only because it wants the judgment to make a preference ?—if for sweetness, he does not *read* a stupid habit of looking pleased at every thing ?—if for serenity, he does not *read* animal tranquillity, the dead pool of the heart, which no breeze of passion can stir into health ? Alas ! what is this book of the countenance good for, which we have read so long, and thought that we understood its contents, there comes a countless list of heart-breaking errata at the end !

But these are the pitiable mistakes to which love alone is subject. I have inadvertently wandered from my purpose, which was to expose quite an opposite blunder, into which we are no less apt to fall, through hate. How ugly a person looks upon whose reputation some awkward aspersion hangs ! and how suddenly his countenance clears up with his character. I remember being persuaded of a man whom I had conceived an ill opinion of, that he had a very bad set of teeth ; which, since I have had better opportunities of being acquainted with his face and facts, I find to have been the very reverse of the

truth. *That crooked old woman*, I once said, speaking of an ancient gentlewoman, whose actions did not square altogether with my notions of the rule of right. The unanimous surprise of the company before whom I uttered these words, soon convinced me that I had confounded mental with bodily obliquity, and that there was nothing tortuous about the old lady but her deeds.

This humour of mankind to deny personal comeliness to those with whose moral attributes they are dissatisfied, is very strongly shown in those advertisements, which stare us in the face from the walls of every street, and, with the tempting bait which they hang forth, stimulate at once cupidity and an abstract love of justice in the breast of every passing peruser ; I mean, the advertisements offering rewards for the apprehension of absconded culprits, strayed apprentices, bankrupts who have conveyed away their effects, debtors that have run away from their bail. I observe, that in exact proportion to the indignity with which the prosecutor, who is commonly the framer of the advertisement, conceives he has been treated, the personal pretensions of the fugitive are denied, and his defects exaggerated.

A fellow, whose misdeeds have been directed against the public in general, and in whose delinquency no individual shall feel himself particularly interested, generally meets with fair usage. A coiner or a smuggler shall get off tolerably well. His beauty, if he has any, is not much underrated, his deformities are not much magnified. A runaway apprentice, who excites perhaps the next least degree of spleen in his prosecutor, generally escapes with a pair of bandy legs ; if he has taken any thing with him in his flight, a hitch in his gait is generally superadded. A bankrupt, who has been guilty of withdrawing his effects, if his case be not very atrocious, commonly

meets with mild usage. But a debtor who has left his bail in jeopardy, is sure to be described in characters of unmingled deformity. Here the personal feelings of the bail, which may be allowed to be somewhat poignant, are admitted to interfere ; and, as wrath and revenge commonly strike in the dark, the colours are laid on with a grossness which I am convinced must often defeat its own purpose. The fish that casts an inky cloud about him that his enemies may not find him, cannot more obscure himself by that device than the blackening representations of these angry advertisers must inevitably serve to cloak and screen the persons of those who have injured them from detection. I have before me at this moment one of these bills, which runs thus :—

"*fifty pounds reward.*

"Run away from his bail, John Tomkins, formerly resident in Princes-street, Soho, but lately of Clerkenwell. Whoever shall apprehend, or cause to be apprehended and lodged in one of his Majesty's jails, the said John Tomkins, shall receive the above reward. He is a thickset, sturdy man, about five foot six inches high, halts in his left leg, with a stoop in his gait, with coarse red hair, nose short and cocked up, with little grey eyes, one of them bears the effect of a blow which he has lately received, with a pot belly, speaks with a thick and disagreeable voice, goes shabbily drest, had on when he went away, a greasy shag great coat with rusty yellow buttons."

Now, although it is not out of the compass or possibility that John Tomkins aforesaid may comprehend in his agreeable person all the above-mentioned aggregate of charms ; yet, from my observation of the manner in which these advertisements are usually drawn up, though I have not the pleasure of knowing

the gentleman, yet would I lay a wager, that an advertisement to the following effect would have a much better chance of apprehending and laying by the heels this John Tomkins than the above description, although penned by one who, from the good services which he appears to have done for him, has not improbably been blessed with some years of previous intercourse with the said John. Taking, then, the above advertisement to be true, or nearly so, down to the words "left leg" inclusive (though I have some doubt if the blemish there implied amount to a positive lameness, or be perceivable by any but the nearest friends of John) I would proceed thus :—

—"Leans a little forward in his walk, his hair thick and inclining to auburn, his nose of the middle size, a little turned up at the end, lively hazel eyes (the contusion, as its effects are probably gone off by this time, I judge better omitted;) inclines to be corpulent, his voice thick but pleasing, especially when he sings, had on a decent shag great coat with yellow buttons."

Now, I would stake a considerable wager (though by no means a positive man) that some such mitigated description would lead the beagles of the law into a much surer track for finding this ungracious varlet, than to set them upon a false scent after fictitious ugliness and fictitious shabbiness; though, to do those gentlemen justice, I have no doubt their experience has taught them in all such cases to abate a great deal of the deformity which they are instructed to expect; and has discovered to them, that the Devil's agents upon this earth, like their master, are far less ugly in reality than they are painted.

I am afraid, Mr Reflector, that I shall be thought to have gone wide of my subject, which was to detect the practical errors of physiognomy, properly so

called; whereas I have introduced physical defects, such as lameness, the effects of accidents upon a man's person, his wearing apparel, &c., as circumstances on which the eye of dislike, looking ascance, may report erroneous conclusions to the understanding. But if we are liable, through a kind, or an unkind passion, to mistake so grossly concerning things so exterior and palpable, how much more are we likely to err respecting those nicer and less perceptible hints of character in a face whose detection constitutes the triumph of the physiognomist.

To revert to those bestowers of unmerited deformity, the framers of advertisements for the apprehension of delinquents, a sincere desire of promoting the end of public justice induces me to address a word to them on the best means of attaining those ends. I will endeavour to lay down a few practical, or rather negative, rules for their use, for my ambition extends no further than to arm them with cautions against the self-defeating of their own purposes :—

1. Imprimis, then, Mr Advertiser! if the culprit whom you are willing to recover be one to whom in times past you have shown kindness, and been disposed to think kindly of him yourself, but he has deceived your trust, and has run away, and left you with a load of debt to answer for him,—sit down calmly, and endeavour to behold him through the spectacles of memory rather than of present conceit. Image to yourself, before you pen a tittle of his description, the same plausible, good-looking man who took you in; and try to put away from your mind every intrusion of that deceitful spectre which perpetually obtrudes itself in the room of your former friend's known visage. It will do you more credit to have been deceived by such a one; and depend upon it, the traitor will convey to the eyes of the world in general much more of that first idea which you formed

(perhaps in part erroneous) of his physiognomy, than of that frightful substitute which you have suffered to creep in upon your mind and usurp upon it; a creature which has no archetype except in your own brain.

2. If you be a master that have to advertise a runaway apprentice, though the young dog's faults are known only to you, and no doubt his conduct has been aggravating enough, do not presently set him down as having crooked ancles. He may have a good pair of legs, and run away notwithstanding. Indeed, the latter does rather seem to imply the former.

3. If the unhappy person against whom your laudable vengeance is directed be a thief, think that a thief may have a good nose, good eyes, good ears. It is indispensable to his profession that he be possessed of sagacity, foresight, vigilance; it is more than probable, then, that he is endued with the bodily types or instruments of these qualities to some tolerable degree of perfectness.

4. If petty larceny be his offence, I exhort you, do not confound meanness of crime with diminutiveness of stature. These things have no connexion. I have known a tall man stoop to the basest action, a short man aspire to the height of crime, a fair man be guilty of the foulest actions, &c.

5. Perhaps the offender has been guilty of some atrocious and aggravated murder. Here is the most difficult case of all. It is above all requisite that such a daring violator of the peace and safety of society should meet with his reward, a violent and ignominious death. But how shall we get at him? Who is there among us that has known him before he committed the offence, that shall take upon him to say he can sit down coolly and pen a dispassionate description of a murderer? The tales of our nursery,

—the reading of our youth,—the ill-looking man that was hired by the Uncle to despatch the Children in the Wood,—the grim ruffians who smothered the babes in the Tower,—the black and beetle-browed assassin of Mrs Ratcliffe,—the shag-haired villain of Mr Monk Lewis,—the Tarquin tread, and mill-stone dropping eyes, of Murder in Shakspeare,—the exaggerations of picture and of poetry,—what we have read and what we have dreamed of,—rise up and crowd in upon us such eye-scaring portraits of the man of blood, that our pen is absolutely forestalled; we commence poets when we should play the part of strictest historians, and the very blackness of horror which the deed calls up, serves as a cloud to screen the doer. The fiction is blameless, it is accordant with those wise prejudices with which Nature has guarded our innocence, as with impassable barriers, against the commission of such appalling crimes; but meantime, the criminal escapes; or if,—owing to that wise abatement in their expectation of deformity, which, as I hinted at before, the officers of pursuit never fail to make, and no doubt in cases of this sort they make a more than ordinary allowance, —if, owing to this or any accident, the offender is caught and brought to his trial, who that has been led out of curiosity to witness such a scene, has not with astonishment reflected on the difference between a real committer of a murder, and the idea of one which he has been collecting and heightening all his life out of books, dreams, &c. The fellow, perhaps, is a sleek, smug-looking man, with light hair and eye-brows,—the latter by no means jutting out or like a crag,—and with none of those marks which our fancy had pre-bestowed upon him.

I find I am getting unawares too serious; the best way on such occasions is, to leave off, which I shall do by generally recommending to all prose-

cuting advertisers not to confound crimes with ugliness; or rather, to distinguish between that physiognomical deformity, which I am willing to grant always accompanies crime, and mere *physical ugliness*,—which signifies nothing, is the exponent of nothing, and may exist in a good or bad person indifferently.

CRITO.

ON THE AMBIGUITIES ARISING FROM PROPER NAMES

MR REFLECTOR,—How oddly it happens that the same sound shall suggest to the minds of two persons hearing it ideas the most opposite! I was conversing, a few years since with a young friend upon the subject of poetry, and particularly that species of it which is known by the name of the Epithalamium. I ventured to assert, that the most perfect specimen of it in our language was the "Epithalamium" of Spenser upon his own marriage.

My young gentleman, who has a smattering of taste, and would not willingly be thought ignorant of any thing remotely connected with the *belles lettres*, expressed a degree of surprise, mixed with mortification, that he should never have heard of this poem, Spenser being an author with whose writings he thought himself peculiarly conversant.

I offered to show him the poem in the fine folio copy of the poet's works, which I have at home. He seemed pleased with the offer, though the mention of the folio seemed again to puzzle him. But, presently after, assuming a grave look, he compassionately muttered to himself, "Poor Spencer."

There was something in the tone with which he spoke these words that struck me not a little. It was more like the accent with which a man bemoans some recent calamity that has happened to a friend, than that tone of sober grief with which we lament the sorrows of a person, however excellent and how-

ever grievous his afflictions may have been, who has been dead more than two centuries. I had the curiosity to inquire into the reasons of so uncommon an ejaculation. My young gentleman, with a more solemn tone of pathos than before, repeated, "Poor Spencer," and added, "he has lost his wife."

My astonishment at this assertion rose to such a height, that I began to think the brain of my young friend must be cracked, or some unaccountable reverie had gotten possession of it. But upon further explanation it appeared, that the word "Spenser,"—which to you or me, Reader, in a conversation upon poetry too, would naturally have called up the idea of an old poet in a ruff, one Edmund Spenser, that flourished in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and wrote a poem called the *Fairy Queen*, with the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and many more verses besides,—did in the mind of my young friend excite a very different and quite modern idea, namely, that of the Honourable William Spencer, one of the living ornaments, if I am not misinformed, of this present poetical era, A.D. 1811.

ON BURIAL SOCIETIES;

AND THE CHARACTER OF AN UNDERTAKER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR

MR REFLECTOR,—I was amused the other day with having the following notice thrust into my hand by a man who gives out bills at the corner of Fleet-market. Whether he saw any prognostics about me, that made him judge such notice seasonable, I cannot say; I might perhaps carry in a countenance (naturally not very florid) traces of a fever which had not long left me. Those fellows have a good instinctive way of guessing at the sort of people that are likeliest to pay attention to their papers.

"BURIAL SOCIETY.

"A favourable opportunity now offers to any person, of either sex, who would wish to be buried in a genteel manner, by paying one shilling entrance, and two-pence per week for the benefit of the stock. Members to be free in six months. The money to be paid at Mr Middleton's, at the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, Stonecutter's Street, Fleet-market. The deceased to be furnished as follows:—A strong elm coffin, covered with superfine black, and finished with two rows, all round, close drove, best japanned nails, and adorned with ornamental drops, a handsome plate of inscription, Angel above, and Flower beneath, and four pair of handsome handles, with wrought gripes; the coffin to be well pitched, lined, and ruffled with fine crape; a handsome crape

shroud, cap, and pillow. For use, a handsome velvet pall, three gentlemen's cloaks, three crape hat-bands, three hoods and scarfs, and six pair of gloves; two porters equipped to attend the funeral, a man to attend the same with band and gloves; also, the burial fees paid, if not exceeding one guinea."

"Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." Whoever drew up this little advertisement certainly understood this appetite in the species, and has made abundant provision for it. It really almost induces a *tædium vitæ* upon one to read it. Methinks I could be willing to die, in death to be so attended. The two rows all round close-drove best black japanned nails,—how feelingly do they invite, and almost irresistibly persuade us to come and be fastened down! What aching head can resist the temptation to repose, which the crape shroud, the cap, and the pillow present; what sting is there in death, which the handles with wrought gripes are not calculated to pluck away? what victory in the grave, which the drops and the velvet pall do not render at least extremely disputable; but above all, the pretty emblematic plate, with the Angel above and the Flower beneath, takes me mightily.

The notice goes on to inform us, that though the society has been established but a very few years, upwards of eleven hundred persons have put down their names. It is really an affecting consideration to think of so many poor people, of the industrious and hard working class, (for none but such would be possessed of such a generous forethought) clubbing their twopences to save the reproach of a parish funeral. Many a poor fellow, I dare swear, has that Angel and Flower kept from the *Angel* and *Punchbowl*, while, to provide himself a bier, he has curtailed himself of *beer*. Many a savoury morsel has the living

body been deprived of, that the lifeless one might be served up in a richer state to the worms. And sure, if the body could understand the actions of the soul, and entertain generous notions of things, it would thank its provident partner, that she had been more solicitous to defend it from dishonours at its dissolution, than careful to pamper it with good things in the time of its union. If Cæsar were chiefly anxious at his death how he might die most decently, every Burial Society may be considered as a Club of Cæsars.

Nothing tends to keep up, in the imaginations of the poorer sort of people, a generous horror of the workhouse more than the manner in which pauper funerals are conducted in this metropolis. The coffin nothing but a few naked planks, coarsely put together, —the want of a pall (that decent and well-imagined veil, which, hiding the coffin that hides the body, keeps that which would shock us at two removes from us), the coloured coats of the men that are hired, at cheap rates, to carry the body,—altogether, give the notion of the deceased having been some person of an ill-life and conversation, some one who may not claim the entire rites of Christian burial,—one by whom some parts of the sacred ceremony would be desecrated if they should be bestowed upon him. I meet these meagre processions sometimes in the street. They are sure to make me out of humour and melancholy all the day after. They have a harsh and ominous aspect.

If there is anything in the prospectus issued from Mr Middleton's, Stonecutter's Street, which pleases me less than the rest, it is to find that the six pair of gloves are to be returned, that they are only lent, or, as the bill expresses it, for use, on the occasion. The hood, scarfs, and hatbands, may properly enough be given up after the solemnity: the cloaks no gentlemen would think of keeping; but a pair of gloves,

once fitted on, ought not in courtesy to be re-demanded. The wearer should certainly have the fee-simple of them. The cost would be but trifling, and they would be a proper memorial of the day. This part of the Proposal wants reconsidering. It is not conceived in the same liberal way of thinking as the rest. I am also a little doubtful whether the limit, within which the burial fee is made payable, should not be extended to thirty shillings.

Some provision too ought undoubtedly to be made in favour of those well-intentioned persons and well-wishers to the fund, who, having all along paid their subscriptions regularly, are so unfortunate as to die before the six months, which would entitle them to their freedom, are quite completed. One can hardly imagine a more distressing case than that of a poor fellow lingering on in a consumption till the period of his freedom is almost in sight, and then finding himself going with a velocity which makes it doubtful whether he shall be entitled to his funeral honours: his quota to which he nevertheless squeezes out, to the diminution of the comforts which sickness demands. I think, in such cases, some of the contribution money ought to revert. With some such modifications, which might easily be introduced, I see nothing in these Proposals of Mr Middleton which is not strictly fair and genteel; and heartily recommend them to all persons of moderate incomes, in either sex, who are willing that this perishable part of them should quit the scene of its mortal activities, with as handsome circumstances as possible.

Before I quit the subject, I must guard my readers against a scandal, which they may be apt to take at the place whence these Proposals purport to be issued. From the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, they may conclude that Mr Middleton is some publican, who, in assembling a club of this description at his house,

may have a sinister end of his own, altogether foreign to the solemn purpose for which the club is pretended to be instituted. I must set them right by informing them that the issuer of these Proposals is no publican, though he hangs out a sign, but an honest superintendant of funerals, who, by the device of a Cradle and a Coffin, connecting both ends of human existence together, has most ingeniously contrived to insinuate, that the framers of these *first* and *last* receptacles of mankind divide this our life betwixt them, and that all that passes from the midwife to the undertaker may, in strict propriety, *go for nothing:* an awful and instructive lesson to human vanity.

Looking over some papers lately that fell into my hands by chance, and appear to have been written about the beginning of the last century, I stumbled, among the rest, upon the following short Essay, which the writer calls, "*The Character of an Undertaker.*" It is written with some stiffness and peculiarities of style, but some parts of it, I think, not unaptly characterise the profession to which Mr Middleton has the honour to belong. The writer doubtless had in his mind the entertaining character of *Sable*, in Steele's excellent comedy of *The Funeral.*

CHARACTER OF AN UNDERTAKER.

"He is master of the ceremonies at burials and mourning assemblies, grand marshal at funeral processions, the only true yeoman of the body, over which he exercises a dictatorial authority from the moment that the breath has taken leave to that of its final commitment to the earth. His ministry begins where the physician's, the lawyer's, and the divine's, end. Or if some part of the functions of the latter run parallel with his, it is only *in ordine ad spiritualia.* His temporalities remain unquestioned. He is arbitrator of all questions of honour which may concern

the defunct; and upon slight inspection will pronounce how long he may remain in this upper world with credit to himself, and when it will be prudent for his reputation that he should retire. His determination in these points is peremptory and without appeal. Yet, with a modesty peculiar to his profession, he meddles not out of his own sphere. With the good or bad actions of the deceased in his lifetime he has nothing to do. He leaves the friends of the dead man to form their own conjectures as to the place to which the departed spirit is gone. His care is only about the exuviæ. He concerns not himself even about the body, as it is a structure of parts internal, and a wonderful microcosm. He leaves such curious speculations to the anatomy professor. Or, if anything, he is averse to such wanton inquiries, as delighting rather that the parts which he has care of should be returned to their kindred dust in as handsome and unmutilated condition as possible; that the grave should have its full and unimpaired tribute,—a complete and just carcass. Nor is he only careful to provide for the body's entireness, but for its accommodation and ornament. He orders the fashion of its clothes, and designs the symmetry of its dwelling. Its vanity has an innocent survival in him. He is bed-maker to the dead. The pillows which he lays never rumple. The day of interment is the theatre in which he displays the mysteries of his art. It is hard to describe what he is, or rather to tell what he is not, on that day: for, being neither kinsman, servant, nor friend, he is all in turns; a transcendant, running through all those relations. His office is to supply the place of self-agency in the family, who are presumed incapable of it through grief. He is eyes, and ears, and hands, to the whole household. A draught of wine cannot go round to the mourners, but he must minister it. A chair may

hardly be restored to its place by a less solemn hand than his. He takes upon himself all functions, and is a sort of ephemeral major-domo! He distributes his attentions among the company assembled according to the degree of affliction, which he calculates from the degree of kin to the deceased; and marshals them accordingly in the procession. He himself is of a sad and tristful countenance; yet such as (if well examined) is not without some show of patience and resignation at bottom: prefiguring, as it were, to the friends of the deceased, what their grief shall be when the hand of Time shall have softened and taken down the bitterness of their first anguish; so handsomely can he fore-shape and anticipate the work of Time. Lastly, with his wand, as with another divining rod, he calculates the depth of earth at which the bones of the dead man may rest, which he ordinarily contrives may be at such a distance from the surface of this earth as may frustrate the profane attempts of such as would violate his repose, yet sufficiently on this side the centre to give his friends hopes of an easy and practicable resurrection. And here we leave him, casting in dust to dust, which is the last friendly office that he *undertakes* to do."

Begging your pardon for detaining you so long among "graves, and worms, and epitaphs,"

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MORITURUS.

EDAX ON APPETITE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR

MR REFLECTOR,—I am going to lay before you a case of the most iniquitous persecution that ever poor devil suffered.

You must know, then, that I have been visited with a calamity ever since my birth. How shall I mention it without offending delicacy? Yet out it must. My sufferings, then, have all arisen from a most inordinate appetite——

Not for wealth, not for vast possessions,—then might I have hoped to find a cure in some of those precepts of philosophers or poets,—those verba et voces which Horace speaks of:

> quibus hunc lenire dolorem
> Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem;

not for glory, not for fame, not for applause,—for against this disease, too, he tells us there are certain piacula, or, as Pope has chosen to render it,

> rhymes, which fresh and fresh applied,
> Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride;

nor yet for pleasure, properly so called: the strict and virtuous lessons which I received in early life from the best of parents,—a pious clergyman of the Church of England, now no more,—I trust have rendered me sufficiently secure on that side:——

No, Sir, for none of these things; but an appetite, in its coarsest and least metaphorical sense,—an appetite for *food*.

The exorbitances of my arrow-root and pappish

days I cannot go back far enough to remember, only I have been told, that my mother's constitution not admitting of my being nursed at home, the woman who had the care of me for that purpose used to make most extravagant demands for my pretended excesses in that kind; which my parents, rather than believe any thing unpleasant of me, chose to impute to the known covetousness and mercenary disposition of that sort of people. This blindness continued on their part after I was sent for home, up to the period when it was thought proper, on account of my advanced age, that I should mix with other boys more unreservedly than I had hitherto done. I was according sent to boarding-school.

Here the melancholy truth became too apparent to be disguised. The prying republic of which a great school consists, soon found me out: there was no shifting the blame any longer upon other people's shoulders,—no good-natured maid to take upon herself the enormities of which I stood accused in the article of bread and butter, besides the crying sin of stolen ends of puddings, and cold pies strangely missing. The truth was but too manifest in my looks,—in the evident signs of inanition which I exhibited after the fullest meals, in spite of the double allowance which my master was privately instructed by my kind parents to give me. The sense of the ridiculous, which is but too much alive in grown persons, is tenfold more active and alert in boys. Once detected, I was the constant butt of their arrows,—the mark against which every puny leveller directed his little shaft of scorn. The very Graduses and Thesauruses were raked for phrases to pelt me with by the tiny pedants. Ventri natus,—Ventri deditus,—Vesana gula,—Escarum gurges,—Dapibus indulgens,—Non dans fræna gulæ,—Sectans lautæ fercula mensæ, resounded wheresoever I past.

I led a weary life, suffering the penalties of guilt for that which was no crime, but only following the blameless dictates of nature. The remembrance of those childish reproaches haunts me yet oftentimes in my dreams. My school-days come again, and the horror I used to feel, when in some silent corner retired from the notice of my unfeeling playfellows, I have sat to mumble the solitary slice of gingerbread allotted me by the bounty of considerate friends, and have ached at heart because I could not spare a portion of it, as I saw other boys do, to some favourite boy ;—for if I know my own heart, I was never selfish,—never possessed a luxury which I did not hasten to communicate to others ; but my food, alas ! was none ; it was an indispensable necessary ; I could as soon have spared the blood in my veins, as have parted that with my companions.

Well, no one stage of suffering lasts for ever : we should grow reconciled to it at length, I suppose, if it did. The miseries of my school-days had their end ; I was once more restored to the paternal dwelling. The affectionate solicitude of my parents was directed to the good-natured purpose of concealing even from myself the infirmity which haunted me. I was continually told that I was growing, and the appetite I displayed was humanely represented as being nothing more than a symptom and an effect of that. I used even to be complimented upon it. But this temporary fiction could not endure above a year or two. I ceased to grow, but alas ! I did not cease my demands for alimentary sustenance.

Those times are long since past, and with them have ceased to exist the fond concealment,—the indulgent blindness,—the delicate overlooking,—the compassionate fiction. I and my infirmity are left exposed and bare to the broad, unwinking eye of the

world, which nothing can elude. My meals are scanned, my mouthfuls weighed in a balance: that which appetite demands, is set down to the account of gluttony,—a sin which my whole soul abhors, nay, which Nature herself has put it out of my power to commit. I am constitutionally disenabled from that vice; for how can he be guilty of excess, who never can get enough? Let them cease, then, to watch my plate; and leave off their ungracious comparisons of it to the seven baskets of fragments, and the supernaturally-replenished cup of old Baucis; and be thankful that their more phlegmatic stomachs, not their virtue, have saved them from the like reproaches. I do not see that any of them desist from eating till the holy rage of hunger, as some one calls it, is supplied. Alas! I am doomed to stop short of that continence.

What am I to do? I am by disposition inclined to conviviality and the social meal. I am no gourmand: I require no dainties: I should despise the board of Heliogabalus, except for its long sitting. Those vivacious, long-continued meals of the latter Romans, indeed I justly envy; but the kind of fare which the Curii and Dentati put up with, I could be content with. Dentatus I have been called, among other unsavoury jests. Double-meal is another name which my acquaintance have palmed upon me, for an innocent piece of policy which I put in practice for some time without being found out; which was,—going the round of my friends, beginning with the most primitive feeders among them, who take their dinner about one o'clock, and so successively dropping in upon the next and the next, till by the time I got among my more fashionable intimates, whose hour was six or seven, I have nearly made up the body of a just and complete meal (as I reckon it), without taking more than one dinner (as they account

of dinners) at one person's house. Since I have been found out, I endeavour to make up by a damper, as I call it, at home, before I go out. But alas! with me, increase of appetite truly grows by what it feeds on. What is peculiarly offensive to me at those dinner-parties is, the senseless custom of cheese, and the dessert afterwards. I have a rational antipathy to the former; and for fruit, and those other vain vegetable substitutes for meat, (meat, the only legitimate aliment for human creatures since the flood, as I take it to be deduced from that permission, or ordinance rather, given to Noah and his descendants), I hold them in perfect contempt. Hay for horses. I remember a pretty apologue, which Mandeville tells very much to this purpose in his Fable of the Bees: —He brings in a Lion arguing with a Merchant, who had ventured to expostulate with this king of beasts upon his violent methods of feeding. The Lion thus retorts:—"Savage I am; but no creature can be called cruel but what either by malice or insensibility extinguishes his natural pity. The Lion was born without compassion; we follow the instinct of our nature; the gods have appointed us to live upon the waste and spoil of other animals, and as long as we can meet with dead ones, we never hunt after the living; 'tis only man, mischievous man, that can make death a sport. Nature taught your stomach to crave nothing but vegetables.—(Under favour of the Lion, if he meant to assert this universally of mankind, it is not true. However, what he says presently is very sensible.)—Your violent fondness to change, and greater eagerness after novelties, have prompted you to the destruction of animals without justice or necessity. The Lion has a ferment within him, that consumes the toughest skin and hardest bones, as well as the flesh of all animals without exception. Your squeamish

stomach, in which the digestive heat is weak and inconsiderable, won't so much as admit of the most tender parts of them, unless above half the concoction has been performed by artificial fire beforehand; and yet what animal have you spared, to satisfy the caprices of a languid appetite? Languid I say; for what is man's hunger if compared with the Lion's? Yours, when it is at the worst, makes you faint; mine makes me mad: oft have I tried with roots and herbs to allay the violence of it, but in vain; nothing but large quantities of flesh can any ways appease it."—Allowing for the Lion not having a prophetic instinct to take in every lusus naturæ that was possible of the human appetite, he was, generally speaking, in the right; and the Merchant was so impressed with his argument that, we are told, he replied not, but fainted away. O, Mr Reflector, that I were not obliged to add, that the creature who thus argues was but a type of me! Miserable man! *I am that Lion.* "Oft have I tried with roots and herbs to allay that violence, but in vain; nothing but——"

Those tales which are renewed as often as the editors of papers want to fill up a space in their unfeeling columns, of great eaters,—people that devour whole geese and legs of mutton *for wagers*, are sometimes attempted to be drawn to a parallel with my case. This wilful confounding of motives and circumstances, which make all the difference of moral or immoral in actions, just suits the sort of talent which some of my acquaintance pride themselves upon. *Wagers!*—I thank heaven, I was never mercenary, nor could consent to prostitute a gift (though but a left-handed one) of nature, to the enlarging of my worldly substance; prudent as the necessities, which that fatal gift has involved me in, might have made such a prostitution to appear in the eyes of an indelicate world.

Rather let me say, that to the satisfaction of that talent which was given me, I have been content to sacrifice no common expectations; for such I had from an old lady, a near relation of our family, in whose good graces I had the fortune to stand, till one fatal evening——. You have seen, Mr Reflector, if you have ever passed your time much in country towns, the kind of suppers which elderly ladies in those places have lying in petto in an adjoining parlour, next to that where they are entertaining their periodically-invited coevals with cards and muffins. The cloth is usually spread some half-hour before the final rubber is decided, whence they adjourn to sup upon what may emphatically be called *nothing*. A sliver of ham, purposely contrived to be transparent to show the china-dish through it, neighbouring a slip of invisible brawn, which abuts upon something they call a tartlet, as that is bravely supported by an atom of marmalade, flanked in its turn by a grain of potted beef, with a power of such dishlings, *minims of hospitality*, spread in defiance of human nature, or rather with an utter ignorance of what it demands. Being engaged at one of these card-parties, I was obliged to go a little before *supper-time* (as they facetiously called the point of time in which they are taking these shadowy refections), and the old lady, with a sort of fear shining through the smile of courteous hospitality that beamed in her countenance, begged me to step into the next room and take something before I went out in the cold,—a proposal which lay not in my nature to deny. Indignant at the airy prospect I saw before me, I set to, and in a trice despatched the whole meal intended for eleven persons,—fish, flesh, fowl, pastry,—to the sprigs of garnishing parsley, and the last fearful custard that quaked upon the board. I need not describe the consternation, when in due time the

dowagers adjourned from their cards. Where was the supper?—and the servants' answer, Mr —— had eat it all.—That freak, however, jested me out of a good three hundred pounds a year, which I afterwards was informed for a certainty the old lady meant to leave me. I mention it not in illustration of the unhappy faculty which I am possessed of; for any unlucky wag of a school-boy, with a tolerable appetite, could have done as much without feeling any hurt after it,—only that you may judge whether I am a man likely to set my talent to sale, or to require the pitiful stimulus of a wager.

I have read in Pliny, or in some author of that stamp, of a reptile in Africa, whose venom is of that hot, destructive quality, that wheresoever it fastens its tooth, the whole substance of the animal that has been bitten in a few seconds is reduced to dust, crumbles away, and absolutely disappears: it is called from this quality, the Annihilator. Why am I forced to seek, in all the most prodigious and portentous facts of Natural History, for creatures typical of myself. *I am that snake, that Annihilator:* "wherever I fasten, in a few seconds——."

O happy sick men, that are groaning under the want of that very thing, the excess of which is my torment! O fortunate, too fortunate, if you knew your happiness, invalids! What would I not give to exchange this fierce concoctive and digestive heat,—this rabid fury which vexes me, which tears and torments me,—for your quiet, mortified, hermit-like, subdued, and sanctified stomachs,—your cool, chastened inclinations, and coy desires for food!

To what unhappy figuration of the parts intestine I owe this unnatural craving, I must leave to the anatomists and the physicians to determine: they, like the rest of the world, have doubtless their eye upon me; and as I have been cut up alive by the

sarcasms of my friends, so I shudder when I contemplate the probability that this animal frame, when its restless appetites shall have ceased their importunity, may be cut up also (horrible suggestion!) to determine in what system of solids or fluids this original sin of my constitution lay lurking. What work will they make with their acids and alkalines, their serums and coagulums, effervescences, viscous matter, bile, chyle, and acrimonious juices, to explain that cause which Nature, who willed the effect to punish me for my sins, may no less have determined to keep in the dark from them, to punish them for their presumption.

You may ask, Mr Reflector, to what purpose is my appeal to you; what can you do for me? Alas! I know too well that my case is out of the reach of advice,—out of the reach of consolation. But it is some relief to the wounded heart to impart its tale of misery; and some of my acquaintance, who may read my case in your pages under a borrowed name, may be induced to give it a more humane consideration than I could ever yet obtain from them under my own. Make them, if possible, to *reflect*, that an original peculiarity of constitution is no crime; that not that which goes into the mouth desecrates a man, but that which comes out of it,—such as sarcasm, bitter jests, mocks and taunts, and ill-natured observations; and let them consider, if there be such things (which we have all heard of) as Pious Treachery, Innocent Adultery, &c., whether there may not be also such a thing as Innocent Gluttony.

I shall only subscribe myself,

Your afflicted servant,

EDAX.

HOSPITA ON THE IMMODERATE INDULGENCE OF THE PLEASURES OF THE PALATE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR

MR REFLECTOR,—My husband and I are rond of company, and being in easy circumstances, we are seldom without a party to dinner two or three days in a week. The utmost cordiality has hitherto prevailed at our meetings; but there is a young gentleman, a near relation of my husband's, that has

lately come among us, whose preposterous behaviour bids fair, if not timely checked, to disturb our tranquillity. He is too great a favourite with my husband in other respects, for me to remonstrate with him in any other than this distant way. A letter printed in your publication may catch his eye; for he is a great reader, and makes a point of seeing all the new things that come out. Indeed, he is by no means deficient in understanding. My husband says that he has a good deal of wit; but for my part I cannot say I am any judge of that, having seldom observed him open his mouth except for purposes very foreign to conversation. In short, Sir, this young gentleman's failing is, an immoderate indulgence of his palate. The first time he dined with us, he thought it necessary to extenuate the length of time he kept the dinner on the table, by declaring that he had taken a very long walk in the morning, and came in fasting; but as that excuse could not serve above once or twice at most, he has latterly dropped the mask altogether, and chosen to appear in his own proper colours without reserve or apology.

You cannot imagine how unpleasant his conduct has become. His way of staring at the dishes as they are brought in, has absolutely something immodest in it: it is like the stare of an impudent man of fashion at a fine woman, when she first comes into a room. I am positively in pain for the dishes, and cannot help thinking they have consciousness, and will be put out of countenance, he treats them so like what they are not.

Then again he makes no scruple of keeping a joint of meat on the table, after the cheese and fruit are brought in, till he has what he calls *done with it.* Now how awkward this looks, where there are ladies, you may judge, Mr Reflector,—how it disturbs the order and comfort of a meal. And yet I always make

a point of helping him first, contrary to all good manners,—before any of my female friends are helped, —that he may avoid this very error. I wish he would eat before he comes out.

What makes his proceedings more particularly offensive at our house is, that my husband, though out of common politeness he is obliged to set dishes of animal food before his visitors, yet himself and his whole family (myself included) feed entirely on vegetables. We have a theory, that animal food is neither wholesome nor natural to man ; and even vegetables we refuse to eat until they have undergone the operation of fire, in consideration of those numberless little living creatures which the glass helps us to detect in every fibre of the plant or root before it be dressed. On the same theory we boil our water, which is our only drink, before we suffer it to come to table. Our children are perfect little Pythagoreans : it would do you good to see them in their nursery, stuffing their dried fruits, figs, raisins, and *milk*, which is the only approach to animal food which is allowed. They have no notion how the substance of a creature that ever had life can become food for another creature. A beef-steak is an absurdity to them ; a mutton-chop, a solecism in terms; a cutlet, a word absolutely without any meaning ; a butcher is nonsense, except so far as it is taken for a man who delights in blood, or a hero. In this happy state of innocence we have kept their minds, not allowing them to go into the kitchen, or to hear of any preparations for the dressing of animal food, or even to know that such things are practised. But as a state of ignorance is incompatible with a certain age ; and as my eldest girl, who is ten years old next Midsummer, must shortly be introduced into the world and sit at table with us, where she will see some things which will shock all her received notions, I have been endeavouring by

little and little to break her mind, and prepare it for the disagreeable impressions which must be forced upon it. The first hint I gave her upon the subject, I could see her recoil from it with the same horror with which we listen to a tale of Anthropophagism; but she has gradually grown more reconciled to it in some measure, from my telling her that it was the custom of the world,—to which, however senseless, we must submit so far as we could do it with innocence, not to give offence; and she has shown so much strength of mind on other occasions, which I have no doubt is owing to the calmness and serenity superinduced by her diet, that I am in good hopes, when the proper season for her *debut* arrives, she may be brought to endure the sight of a roasted chicken or a dish of sweetbreads, for the first time, without fainting. Such being the nature of our little household, you may guess what inroads into the economy of it,—what revolutions and turnings of things upside down, the example of such a feeder as Mr —— is calculated to produce.

I wonder at a time like the present, when the scarcity of every kind of food is so painfully acknowledged, that *shame* has no effect upon him. Can he have read Mr Malthus's Thoughts on the Ratio of Food to Population? Can he think it reasonable that one man should consume the sustenance of many?

The young gentleman has an agreeable air and person, such as are not unlikely to recommend him on the score of matrimony. But his fortune is not over large; and what prudent young woman would think of embarking hers with a man who would bring three or four mouths (or what is equivalent to them) into a family? She might as reasonably choose a widower in the same circumstances with three or four children.

I cannot think who he takes after. His father and

mother, by all accounts, were very moderate eaters; only I have heard that the latter swallowed her victuals very fast, and the former had a tedious custom of sitting long at his meals. Perhaps he takes after both.

I wish you would turn this in your thoughts, Mr Reflector, and give us your ideas on the subject of excessive eating, and, particularly, of animal food.

HOSPITA.

THE GOOD CLERK, A CHARACTER;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF "THE COMPLETE ENGLISH TRADESMAN"

THE GOOD CLERK.—He writeth a fair and swift hand, and is competently versed in the Four First Rules of Arithmetic, in the Rule of Three (which is sometimes called the Golden Rule) and in Practice. We mention these things, that we may leave no room for cavillers to say, that any thing essential hath been omitted in our definition ; else, to speak the truth, these are but ordinary accomplishments, and such as every under-strapper at a desk is commonly furnished with. The character we treat of soareth higher.

He is clean and neat in his person ; not from a vainglorious desire of setting himself forth to advantage in the eyes of the other sex (with which vanity too many of our young sparks now-a-days are infected) but to do credit (as we say) to the office. For this reason he evermore taketh care that his desk or his books receive no soil ; the which things he is commonly as solicitous to have fair and unblemished, as the owner of a fine horse is to have him appear in good keep.

He riseth early in the morning ; not because early rising conduceth to health (though he doth not altogether despise that consideration) but chiefly to the intent that he may be first at the desk. There is his post, there he delighteth to be, unless when his meals, or necessity, calleth him away ; which time he alway esteemeth as lost, and maketh as short as possible.

He is temperate in eating and drinking, that he may preserve a clear head and steady hand for his master's service. He is also partly induced to this observation of the rules of temperance by his respect for religion and the laws of his country; which things (it may once for all be noted) do add special assistances to his actions, but do not and cannot furnish the main spring or motive thereto. His first ambition (as appeareth all along) is to be a good Clerk; his next a good Christian, a good Patriot, &c.

Correspondent to this, he keepeth himself honest, not for fear of the laws, but because he hath observed how unseemly an article it maketh in the Day Book or Ledger, when a sum is set down lost or missing; it being his pride to make these books to agree, and to tally, the one side with the other, with a sort of architectural symmetry and correspondence.

He marrieth, or marrieth not, as best suiteth with his employer's views. Some merchants do the rather desire to have married men in their Counting Houses, because they think the married state a pledge for their servants' integrity, and an incitement to them to be industrious; and it was an observation of a late Lord Mayor of London, that the sons of Clerks do generally prove Clerks themselves, and that Merchants encouraging persons in their employ to marry, and to have families, was the best method of securing a breed of sober, industrious young men attached to the mercantile interest. Be this as it may, such a character as we have been describing, will wait till the pleasure of his employer is known on this point; and regulateth his desires by the custom of the house or firm to which he belongeth.

He avoideth profane oaths and jesting, as so much time lost from his employ; what spare time he hath for conversation, which in a Counting House such as we have been supposing can be but small, he spendeth

in putting seasonable questions to such of his fellows (and sometimes *respectfully* to the master himself) who can give him information respecting the price and quality of goods, the state of exchange, or the latest improvements in book-keeping; thus making the motion of his lips, as well as of his fingers, subservient to his master's interest. Not that he refuseth a brisk saying, or a cheerful sally of wit, when it comes unforced, is free of offence, and hath a convenient brevity. For this reason, he hath commonly some such phrase as this in his mouth :—

It's a slovenly look
To blot your book.

Or,

Red ink for ornament, black for use,
The best of things are open to abuse.

So upon the eve of any great holyday, of which he keepeth one or two at least every year, he will merrily say, in the hearing of a confidential friend, but to none other,—

All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.

Or,

A bow always bent must crack at last.

But then this must always be understood to be spoken confidentially, and, as we say, *under the rose*.

Lastly, his dress is plain, without singularity; with no other ornament than the quill, which is the badge of his function, stuck under the dexter ear, and this rather for convenience of having it at hand, when he hath been called away from his desk, and expecteth to resume his seat there again shortly, than from any delight which he taketh in foppery or ostentation. The colour of his clothes is generally noted to be black rather than brown, brown rather than blue or

green. His whole deportment is staid, modest, and civil. His motto is Regularity.——

This Character was sketched, in an interval of business, to divert some of the melancholy hours of a Counting House. It is so little a creature of fancy, that it is scarce any thing more than a recollection of some of those frugal and economical maxims which, about the beginning of the last century, (England's meanest period) were endeavoured to be inculcated and instilled into the breasts of the London Apprentices,[1] by a class of instructors who might not inaptly be termed *The Masters of Mean Morals.* The astonishing narrowness and illiberality of the lessons contained in some of those books is inconceivable by those whose studies have not led them that way, and would almost induce one to subscribe to the hard censure which Drayton has passed upon the mercantile spirit:—

> *The gripple merchant, born to be the curse*
> *Of this brave Isle.*

I have now lying before me that curious book by Daniel Defoe, "The Complete English Tradesman." The pompous detail, the studied analysis of every little mean art, every sneaking address, every trick and subterfuge (short of larceny) that is necessary to the tradesman's occupation, with the hundreds of anecdotes, dialogues (in Defoe's liveliest manner) interspersed, all tending to the same amiable purpose, namely, the sacrificing of every honest emotion of the soul to what he calls the main chance,—if you read it in an *ironical sense*, and as a piece of *covered satire*,—make it one of the most amusing books which Defoe ever writ, as much so as any of his best novels.

[1] This term designated a larger class of young men than that to which it is now confined; it took in the articled Clerks of Merchants and Bankers, the George Barnwells of the day.

It is difficult to say what his intention was in writing it. It is almost impossible to suppose him in earnest. Yet such is the bent of the book to narrow and to degrade the heart, that if such maxims were as catching and infectious as those of a licentious cast, which happily is not the case, had I been living at that time, I certainly should have recommended to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, who presented The Fable of the Bees, to have presented this book of Defoe's in preference, as of a far more vile and debasing tendency. I will give one specimen of his advice to the young tradesman on the *Government of his Temper*. "The retail tradesman in especial, and even every tradesman in his station, must furnish himself with a competent stock of patience; I mean that sort of patience which is needful to bear with all sorts of impertinence, and the most provoking curiosity that it is impossible to imagine the buyers, even the worst of them, are or can be guilty of. *A tradesman behind his counter must have no flesh and blood about him, no passions, no resentment;* he must never be angry, no not so much as seem to be so, if a customer tumbles him five hundred pounds worth of goods, and scarce bids money for any thing; nay, though they really come to his shop with no intent to buy, as many do, only to see what is to be sold, and though he knows they cannot be better pleased, than they are, at some other shop where they intend to buy, 'tis all one, the tradesman must take it, he must place it to the account of his calling, that *'tis his business to be ill used, and resent nothing;* and so must answer as obligingly to those that give him an hour or two's trouble and buy nothing, as he does to those who in half the time lay out ten or twenty pounds. The case is plain, and if some do give him trouble and do not buy, others make amends and do buy; and as for the trouble, 'tis the business of the shop." Here follows

a most admirable story of a mercer who, by his indefatigable meanness and more than Socratic patience under affronts, overcame and reconciled a lady, who upon the report of another lady that he had behaved saucily to some third lady, had determined to shun his shop, but by the over-persuasions of a fourth lady was induced to go to it; which she does, declaring before hand that she will buy nothing, but give him all the trouble she can. Her attack and his defence, her insolence and his persevering patience, are described in colours worthy of a Mandeville; but it is too long to recite. "The short inference from this long discourse" (says he) "is this, that here you see, and I could give you many examples like this, how and in what manner a shop-keeper is to behave himself in the way of his business; what impertinences, what taunts, flouts, and ridiculous things, he must bear in his trade, and must not show the least return, or the least signal of disgust: he must have no passions, no fire in his temper; he must be all soft and smooth; nay, if his real temper be naturally fiery and hot, he must shew none of it in his shop; he must be a perfect *complete hypocrite* if he will be a *complete tradesman*.[1] It is true, natural tempers are not to be always counterfeited; the man cannot easily be a lamb in his shop, and a lion in himself; but let it be easy or hard, it must be done, and is done: there are men who have by custom and usage brought themselves to it, that nothing could be meeker and milder than they, when behind the counter, and yet nothing be more furious and raging in every other part of life; nay the provocations they have met with in their shops have so irritated their rage, that they would go up stairs from their shop, and fall into frenzies, and a kind of mad-

[1] As no qualification accompanies this maxim, it must be understood as the genuine sentiment of the author!

ness, and beat their heads against the wall, and perhaps mischief themselves, if not prevented, till the violence of it had gotten vent, and the passions abate and cool. I heard once of a shop-keeper that behaved himself thus to such an extreme, that when he was provoked by the impertinence of the customers, beyond what his temper could bear, he would go up stairs and beat his wife, kick his children about like dogs, and be as furious for two or three minutes as a man chained down in Bedlam; and again, when that heat was over, would sit down, and cry faster than the children he had abused; and after the fit, he would go down into the shop again, and be as humble, courteous, and as calm as any man whatever; so absolute a government of his passions had he in the shop and so little out of it; in the shop, a soulless animal that would resent nothing; and in the family a madman: in the shop, meek like a lamb; but in the family, outrageous, like a Lybian lion. The sum of the matter is, it is necessary for a tradesman to subject himself by all the ways possible, to his business; *his customers are to be his idols: so far as he may worship idols by allowance, he is to bow down to them, and worship them;* at least, he is not in any way to displease them, or shew any disgust or distaste whatsoever they may say or do; the bottom of all is, that he is intending to get money by them, and it is not for him that gets money to offer the least inconvenience to them by whom he gets it; he is to consider that, as Solomon says, the borrower is servant to the lender, so the seller is servant to the buyer."—What he says on the head of *Pleasures and Recreations* is not less amusing:—"The tradesman's pleasure should be in his business; his companions should be his books, (he means his Ledger, Waste-book, &c.) and if he has a family, he makes *his excursions up stairs and no further:*—none of my

cautions aim at restraining a tradesman from diverting himself, as we call it, with his fire-side, or keeping company with his wife and children."—Liberal allowance ; nay, almost licentious and criminal indulgence ! —but it is time to dismiss this *Philosopher of Meanness.* More of this stuff would illiberalize the pages of the *Reflector.* Was the man in earnest, when he could bring such powers of description, and all the charms of natural eloquence, in commendation of the meanest, vilest, wretchedest degradations of the human character ?—Or did he not rather laugh in his sleeve at the doctrines which he inculcated, and retorting upon the grave citizens of London their own arts, palm upon them a sample of disguised Satire under the name of wholesome Instruction ?

The wholesome society of so many schoolfellows

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

TO comfort the desponding parent with the thought that, without diminishing the stock which is imperiously demanded to furnish the more pressing and homely wants of our nature, he has disposed of one or more perhaps out of a numerous offspring, under the shelter of a care scarce less tender than the paternal, where not only their bodily cravings shall be supplied, but that mental *pabulum* is also dispensed, which He hath declared to be no less necessary to our sustenance, who said, that "not by bread alone man can live:" for this Christ's Hospital unfolds her bounty. Here neither, on the one hand, are the

youth lifted up above their family, which we must suppose liberal though reduced; nor, on the other hand, are they liable to be depressed below its level by the mean habits and sentiments which a common charity-school generates. It is, in a word, an Institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back hereafter, with feelings and habits more congenial to it, than he could even have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and renovating principle, an antidote for the *res angusta domi*, when it presses, as it always does, most heavily upon the most ingenuous natures.

This is Christ's Hospital; and whether its character would be improved by confining its advantages to the very lowest of the people, let those judge who have witnessed the looks, the gestures, the behaviour, the manner of their play with one another, their deportment towards strangers, the whole aspect and physiognomy of that vast assemblage of boys on the London foundation, who freshen and make alive again with their sports the else mouldering cloisters of the old Grey Friars—which strangers who have never witnessed, if they pass through Newgate-Street, or by Smithfield, would do well to go a little out of their way to see.

For the Christ's Hospital boy feels that he is no charity-boy; he feels it in the antiquity and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; in the usage which he meets with at school, and the treatment he is accustomed to out of its bounds; in the respect, and even kindness, which his well known garb never

fails to procure him in the streets of the metropolis ; he feels it in his education, in that measure of classical attainments, which every individual at that school, though not destined to a learned profession, has it in his power to procure, attainments which it would be worse than folly to put it in the reach of the labouring classes to acquire : he feels it in the numberless comforts, and even magnificences, which surround him ; in his old and awful cloisters, with their traditions ; in his spacious school-rooms, and in the well-ordered, airy, and lofty rooms where he sleeps ; in his stately dining-hall, hung round with pictures, by Verrio, Lely, and others, one of them surpassing in size and grandeur almost any other in the kingdom ;[1] above all, in the very extent and magnitude of the body to which he belongs, and the consequent spirit, the intelligence, and public conscience, which is the result of so many various yet wonderfully combining members. Compared with this last-named advantage, what is the stock of information, (I do not here speak of book-learning, but of that knowledge which boy receives from boy,) the mass of collected opinions, the intelligence in common, among the few and narrow members of an ordinary boarding-school ?

The Christ's Hospital or Blue-coat boy, has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity-boy as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the public schools. There is *pride* in it, accumulated from the circumstances which I have described as differencing him from the former ; and there is *a restraining modesty*, from a sense of obligation and dependence, which must ever keep his

[1] By Verrio, representing James the Second on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers, (all curious portraits,) receiving the mathematical pupils at their annual presentation, a custom still kept up on New-Year's-Day at Court.

deportment from assimilating to that of the latter. His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependence, it restrains the natural petulance of that age from breaking out into overt-acts of insolence. This produces silence and a reserve before strangers, yet not that cowardly shyness which boys mewed up at home will feel; he will speak up when spoken to, but the stranger must begin the conversation with him. Within his bounds he is all fire and play; but in the streets he steals along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys, they are a sort of laity to him. All this proceeds, I have no doubt, from the continual consciousness which he carries about him of the difference of his dress from that of the rest of the world; with a modest jealousy over himself, lest, by over-hastily mixing with common and secular playfellows, he should commit the dignity of his cloth. Nor let any one laugh at this; for, considering the propensity of the multitude, and especially of the small multitude, to ridicule any thing unusual in dress —above all, where such peculiarity may be construed by malice into a mark of disparagement—this reserve will appear to be nothing more than a wise instinct in the Blue-coat boy. That it is neither pride nor rusticity, at least that it has none of the offensive qualities of either, a stranger may soon satisfy himself by putting a question to any of these boys: he may be sure of an answer couched in terms of plain civility, neither loquacious nor embarrassed. Let him put the same question to a parish boy, or to one of the trencher-caps in the —— cloisters, and the impudent reply of the one shall not fail to exasperate any more than the certain servility, and mercenary eye to reward, which he will meet with in the other, can fail to depress and sadden him.

With all the self-concentration of a young monk

C. E. Brock 1905

The Christ's Hospital boy is a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation, it has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, hymns, and anthems, following each other in an almost monastic closeness of succession. This religious character in him is not always untinged with superstition. That is not wonderful, when we consider the thousand tales and traditions which must circulate, with undisturbed credulity, amongst so many boys, that have so few checks to their belief from any intercourse with the world at large; upon whom their equals in age must work so much, their elders so little. With this leaning towards an over-belief in matters of religion, which will soon correct itself when he comes out into society, may be classed a turn for romance above most other boys. This is to be traced in the same manner to their excess of society with each other, and defect of mingling with the world. Hence the peculiar avidity with which such books as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and others of a still wilder cast, are, or at least were in my time, sought for by the boys. I remember when some half-dozen of them set off from school, without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out *Philip Quarll's Island.*

The Christ's Hospital boy's sense of right and wrong is peculiarly tender and apprehensive. It is even apt to run out into ceremonial observances, and to impose a yoke upon itself beyond the strict obligations of the moral law. Those who were contemporaries with me at that School thirty years ago, will remember with what more than Judaic rigour the eating of the fat of certain boiled meats[1] was interdicted. A boy would have blushed, as at the exposure of some heinous immorality, to have been detected

[1] Under the denomination of *gags*.

eating that forbidden portion of his allowance of animal food, the whole of which, while he was in health, was little more than sufficient to allay his hunger. The same, or even greater, refinement was shewn in the rejection of certain kinds of sweet-cake. What gave rise to these supererogatory penances, these self-denying ordinances, I could never learn ;[1] they certainly argue no defect of the conscientious principle. A little excess in that article is not undesirable in youth, to make allowance for the inevitable waste which comes in maturer years. But in the less ambiguous line of duty, in those directions of the moral feelings which cannot be mistaken or depreciated, I will relate what took place in the year 1785, when Mr Perry, the steward, died. I must be pardoned for taking my instances from my own times. Indeed, the vividness of my recollections, while I am upon this subject, almost bring back those times ; they are present to me still. But I believe that in the years which have elapsed since the period which I speak of, the character of the Christ's Hospital boy is very little changed. Their situation in point of many comforts is improved ; but that which I ventured before to term the *public conscience* of the school, the pervading moral sense, of which every mind partakes, and to which so many individual minds contribute, remains, I believe, pretty much the same as when I left it. I have seen within this twelvemonth almost the change which has been produced upon a boy of eight or nine years of age, upon being admitted into

[1] I am told that the late steward [Mr Hathaway] who evinced on many occasions a most praiseworthy anxiety to promote the comfort of the boys, had occasion for all his address and perseverance to eradicate the first of these unfortunate prejudices, in which he at length happily succeeded, and thereby restored to one-half of the animal nutrition of the school those honours which painful superstition and blind zeal had so long conspired to withhold from it.

that school; how, from a pert young coxcomb, who thought that all knowledge was comprehended within his shallow brains, because a smattering of two or three languages and one or two sciences were stuffed into him by injudicious treatment at home, by a mixture with the wholesome society of so many schoolfellows, in less time than I have spoken of, he has sunk to his own level, and is contented to be carried on in the quiet orbit of modest self-knowledge in which the common mass of that unpresumptuous assemblage of boys seem to move: from being a little unfeeling mortal, he has got to feel and reflect. Nor would it be a difficult matter to shew how, at a school like this, where the boy is neither intirely separated from home, nor yet exclusively under its influence, the best feelings, the filial for instance, are brought to a maturity which they could not have attained under a completely domestic education; how the relation of a parent is rendered less tender by unremitted association, and the very awfulness of age is best apprehended by some sojourning amidst the comparative levity of youth; how absence, not drawn out by too great extension into alienation or forgetfulness, puts an edge upon the relish of occasional intercourse, and the boy is made the better *child* by that which keeps the force of that relation from being felt as perpetually pressing on him; how the substituted paternity, into the care of which he is adopted, while in every thing substantial it makes up for the natural, in the necessary omission of individual fondnesses and partialities, directs the mind only the more strongly to appreciate that natural and first tie, in which such weaknesses are the bond of strength, and the appetite which craves after them betrays no perverse palate. But these speculations rather belong to the question of the comparative advantages of a public over a private education in general. I must

get back to my favourite school ; and to that which took place when our old and good steward died.

And I will say, that when I think of the frequent instances which I have met with in children, of a hard-heartedness, a callousness, and insensibility to the loss of relations, even of those who have begot and nourished them, I cannot but consider it as a proof of something in the peculiar conformation of that school, favourable to the expansion of the best feelings of our nature, that, at the period which I am noticing, out of five hundred boys there was not a dry eye to be found among them, nor a heart that did not beat with genuine emotion. Every impulse to play, until the funeral day was past, seemed suspended throughout the school ; and the boys, lately so mirthful and sprightly, were seen pacing their cloisters alone, or in sad groupes standing about, few of them without some token, such as their slender means could provide, a black ribband or something to denote respect and a sense of their loss. The time itself was a time of anarchy, a time in which all authority (out of school-hours) was abandoned. The ordinary restraints were for those days superseded ; and the gates, which at other times kept us in, were left without watchers. Yet, with the exception of one or two graceless boys at most, who took advantage of that suspension of authorities to *skulk out*, as it was called, the whole body of that great school kept rigorously within their bounds by a voluntary self-imprisonment ; and they who broke bounds, though they escaped punishment from any master, fell into a general disrepute among us, and, for that which at any other time would have been applauded and admired as a mark of spirit, were consigned to infamy and reprobation ; so much *natural government* have gratitude and the principles of reverence and love, and so much did a respect to their dead friend prevail

with these Christ's Hospital boys, above any fear which his presence among them when living could ever produce. And if the impressions which were made on my mind so long ago are to be trusted, very richly did their steward deserve this tribute. It is a pleasure to me even now to call to mind his portly form, the regal awe which he always contrived to inspire, in spite of a tenderness and even weakness of nature that would have enfeebled the reins of discipline in any other master ; a yearning of tenderness towards those under his protection, which could make five hundred boys at once feel towards him each as to their individual father. He had faults, with which we had nothing to do ; but, with all his faults, indeed, Mr Perry was a most extraordinary creature. Contemporary with him, and still living, though he has long since resigned his occupation, will it be impertinent to mention the name of our excellent upper grammar-master, the Rev James Boyer? He was a disciplinarian, indeed, of a different stamp from him whom I have just described ; but, now the terrors of the rod, and of a temper a little too hasty to leave the more nervous of us quite at our ease to do justice to his merits in those days, are long since over, ungrateful were we if we should refuse our testimony to that unwearied assiduity with which he attended to the particular improvement of each of us. Had we been the offspring of the first gentry in the land, he could not have been instigated by the strongest views of recompense and reward to have made himself a greater slave to the most laborious of all occupations than he did for us sons of charity, from whom, or from our parents, he could expect nothing. He has had his reward in the satisfaction of having discharged his duty, in the pleasurable consciousness of having advanced the respectability of that institution to which, both man and boy, he was attached ; in the

honours to which so many of his pupils have successfully aspired at both our Universities; and in the staff with which the Governors of the Hospital at the close of his hard labours, with the highest expressions of the obligations the school lay under to him unanimously voted to present him.

I have often considered it among the felicities of the constitution of this school, that the offices of steward and schoolmaster are kept distinct; the strict business of education alone devolving upon the latter, while the former has the charge of all things out of school, the controul of the provisions, the regulation of meals, of dress, of play, and the ordinary intercourse of the boys. By this division of management, a superior respectability must attach to the teacher while his office is unmixed with any of these lower concerns. A still greater advantage over the construction of common boarding-schools is to be found in the settled salaries of the masters, rendering them totally free of obligation to any individual pupil or his parents. This never fails to have its effect at schools where each boy can reckon up to a hair what profit the master derives from him, where he views him every day in the light of a caterer, a provider for the family, who is to get so much by him in each of his meals. Boys will see and consider these things; and how much must the sacred character of preceptor suffer in their minds by these degrading associations! The very bill which the pupil carries home with him at Christmas, eked out, perhaps, with elaborate though necessary minuteness, instructs him that his teachers have other ends than the mere love to learning in the lessons which they give him; and though they put into his hands the fine sayings of Seneca or Epictetus, yet they themselves are none of those disinterested pedagogues to teach philosophy *gratis*. The master, too, is sensible that he is seen in this light; and how

much this must lessen that affectionate regard to the learners which alone can sweeten the bitter labour of instruction, and convert the whole business into unwelcome and uninteresting task-work, many preceptors that I have conversed with on the subject are ready, with a sad heart, to acknowledge. From this inconvenience the settled salaries of the masters of this school in great measure exempt them; while the happy custom of chusing masters (indeed every officer of the establishment) from those who have received their education there, gives them an interest in advancing the character of the school, and binds them to observe a tenderness and a respect to the children, in which a stranger, feeling that independence which I have spoken of, might well be expected to fail.

In affectionate recollections of the place where he was bred up, in hearty recognitions of old schoolfellows met with again after the lapse of years, or in foreign countries, the Christ's Hospital boy yields to none; I might almost say, he goes beyond most other boys. The very compass and magnitude of the school, its thousand bearings, the space it takes up in the imagination beyond the ordinary schools, impresses a remembrance, accompanied with an elevation of mind, that attends him through life. It is too big, too affecting an object, to pass away quickly from his mind. The Christ's Hospital boy's friends at school are commonly his intimates through life. For me, I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiments of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance, compared to the colours which imagination gave to everything then. I belong to no *body corporate* such as I then made a part of.—

And here, before I close, taking leave of the general reader, and addressing myself solely to my old schoolfellows, that were contemporaries with me from the year 1782 to 1789, let me have leave to remember some of those circumstances of our school, which they will not be unwilling to have brought back to their minds.

And first, let us remember, as first in importance in our childish eyes, the young men (as they almost were) who, under the denomination of *Grecians*, were waiting the expiration of the period when they should be sent, at the charges of the Hospital, to one or other of our Universities, but more frequently to Cambridge. These youths, from their superior acquirements, their superior age and stature, and the fewness of their numbers, (for seldom above two or three at a time were inaugurated into that high order,) drew the eyes of all, and especially of the younger boys, into a reverent observance and admiration. How tall they used to seem to us !—how stately would they pace along the cloisters !—while the play of the lesser boys was absolutely suspended, or its boisterousness at least allayed, at their presence ! Not that they ever beat or struck the boys—that would have been to have demeaned themselves—the dignity of their persons alone insured them all respect. The task of blows, or corporal chastisement, they left to the common monitors, or heads of wards, who, it must be confessed, in our time had rather too much licence allowed them to oppress and misuse their inferiors ; and the interference of the Grecian, who may be considered as the spiritual power, was not unfrequently called for, to mitigate by its mediation the heavy unrelenting arm of this temporal power, or monitor. In fine, the Grecians were the solemn Muftis of the school. Æras were computed from their time ; it used to be said, such or such a thing was done when S—— or T—— was Grecian.

As I ventured to call the Grecians the Muftis of the school, the king's boys,[1] as their character then was, may well pass for the Janissaries. They were the terror of all the other boys; bred up under that hardy sailor, as well as excellent mathematician, and co-navigator with Captain Cook, William Wales. All his systems were adapted to fit them for the rough element which they were destined to encounter. Frequent and severe punishments, which were expected to be borne with more than Spartan fortitude, came to be considered less as inflictions of disgrace than as trials of obstinate endurance. To make his boys hardy, and to give them early sailor-habits, seemed to be his only aim; to this every thing was subordinate. Moral obliquities, indeed, were sure of receiving their full recompense, for no occasion of laying on the lash was ever let slip; but the effects expected to be produced from it were something very different from contrition or mortification. There was in William Wales a perpetual fund of humour, a constant glee about him, which, heightened by an inveterate provincialism of North-country dialect, absolutely took away the sting from his severities. His punishments were a game at patience, in which the master was not always worst contented when he found himself at times overcome by his pupil. What success this discipline had, or how the effects of it operated upon the after-lives of these king's boys, I cannot say: but I am sure that, for the time, they were absolute nuisances to the rest of the school. Hardy, brutal, and often wicked, they were the most graceless lump in the whole mass; older and bigger than the other boys, (for, by the system of their education they were kept longer at school by two or

[1] The mathematical pupils, bred up to the sea, on the foundation of Charles the Second.

three years than any of the rest, except the Grecians,) they were a constant terror to the younger part of the school; and some who may read this, I doubt not, will remember the consternation into which the juvenile fry of us were thrown, when the cry was raised in the cloisters, that *the First Order was coming*—for so they termed the first form or class of those boys. Still these sea-boys answered some good purposes in the school. They were the military class among the boys, foremost in athletic exercises, who extended the fame of the prowess of the school far and near; and the apprentices in the vicinage, and sometimes the butchers' boys in the neighbouring market, had sad occasion to attest their valour.

The time would fail me if I were to attempt to enumerate all those circumstances, some pleasant, some attended with some pain, which, seen through the mist of distance, come sweetly softened to the memory. But I must crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leap-frog, and basting the bear; our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like otters, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners; our visits at other times to the Tower, where, by antient privilege, we had free access to all the curiosities; our solemn processions through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largess of buns, wine, and a shilling, with the festive questions and civic pleasantries of the dispensing Aldermen, which were more to us than all the rest of the banquet; our stately suppings in public, where the well-lighted hall, and the confluence of well-dressed company who came to see us, made the whole look more like a concert or assembly,

than a scene of a plain bread and cheese collation; the annual orations upon St Matthew's Day, in which the senior scholar, before he had done, seldom failed to reckon up, among those who had done honour to our school by being educated in it, the names of those accomplished critics and Greek scholars, Joshua Barnes and Jeremiah Markland (I marvel they left out Camden while they were about it). Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems, and well-toned organ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem chanted in the solemn cloisters, upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some school-fellow; the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs, and the penniless, and he that could contribute nothing, partook in all the mirth, and in some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to hear from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it, in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds.

Nor would I willingly forget any of those things which administered to our vanity. The hem-stitched bands, and town-made shirts, which some of the most fashionable among us wore; the town-girdles, with buckles of silver, or shining stone; the badges of the sea-boys; the cots, or superior shoe-strings of the monitors; the medals of the markers, (those who were appointed to hear the Bible read in the wards on Sunday morning and evening,) which bore on their obverse in silver, as certain parts of our garments carried in meaner metal, the countenance of our

Founder, that godly and royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name—the young flower that was untimely cropt as it began to fill our land with its early odours—the boy-patron of boys—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley—fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of our Church, to receive, or, (as occasion sometimes proved), to give instruction.

> But, ah! what means the silent tear?
> Why, e'en 'mid joy, my bosom heave?
> Ye long-lost scenes, enchantments dear!
> Lo! now I linger o'er your grave.
>
> —Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,
> And bear away the bloom of years!
> And quick succeed, ye sickly crew
> Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!
>
> Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
> Nor, tracing back the child, forget that I am man.[1]

[1] Lines meditated in the cloisters of Christ's Hospital, in the "Poetics" of Mr George Dyer.

ON THE MELANCHOLY OF TAILORS

Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus. VIRGIL.

THAT there is a professional melancholy, if I may so express myself, incident to the occupation of a tailor, is a fact which I think very few will venture to dispute. I may safely appeal to my readers, whether they ever knew one of that faculty that was not of a temperament, to say the least, far removed from mercurial or jovial.

Observe the suspicious gravity of their gait. The peacock is not more tender, from a consciousness of his peculiar infirmity, than a gentleman of this profession is of being known by the same infallible testimonies of his occupation. "Walk, that I may know thee."

Do you ever see him go whistling along the foot-

path like a carman, or brush through a crowd like a baker, or go smiling to himself like a lover? Is he forward to thrust into mobs, or to make one at the ballad-singer's audiences? Does he not rather slink by assemblies and meetings of the people, as one that wisely declines popular observation?

How extremely rare is a noisy tailor! a mirthful and obstreperous tailor!

"At my nativity," says Sir Thomas Browne, "my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me." One would think that he were anatomizing a tailor! save that to the latter's occupation, methinks, a woollen planet would seem more consonant, and that he should be born when the sun was in Aries.—He goes on. "I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company." How true a type of the whole trade! Eminently economical of his words, you shall seldom hear a jest come from one of them. He sometimes furnishes subject for a repartee, but rarely (I think) contributes one *ore proprio*.

Drink itself does not seem to elevate him, or at least to call out of him any of the external indications of vanity. I cannot say that it never causes his pride to swell, but it never breaks out. I am even fearful that it may swell and rankle to an alarming degree inwardly. For pride is near of kin to melancholy;—a hurtful obstruction from the ordinary outlets of vanity being shut. It is this stoppage which engenders proud humours. Therefore a tailor may be proud. I think he is never vain. The display of his gaudy patterns in that book of his which emulates the rainbow, never raises any inflations of that emotion in him, corresponding to what the wig-maker (for instance) evinces, when he expatiates on a curl or a bit of hair. He spreads them forth with

a sullen incapacity for pleasure, a real or affected indifference to grandeur. Cloth of gold neither seems to elate, nor cloth of frize to depress him—according to the beautiful motto which formed the modest impresse of the shield worn by Charles Brandon at his marriage with the king's sister. Nay, I doubt whether he would discover any vain-glorious complacence in his colours, though "Iris" herself "dipt the woof."

In further corroboration of this argument—who ever saw the wedding of a tailor announced in the newspapers, or the birth of his eldest son?

When was a tailor known to give a dance, or to be himself a good dancer, or to perform exquisitely on the tight rope, or to shine in any such light and airy pastimes? to sing, or play on the violin?

Do they much care for public rejoicings, lightings up, ringing of bells, firing of cannons, &c.?

Valiant I know they can be; but I appeal to those who were witnesses to the exploits of Eliot's famous troop, whether in their fiercest charges they betrayed any thing of that thoughtless oblivion of death with which a Frenchman jigs into battle, or whether they did not shew more of the melancholy valour of the Spaniard, upon whom they charged; that deliberate courage which contemplation and sedentary habits breathe?

Are they often great newsmongers?—I have known some few among them arrive at the dignity of speculative politicians; but that light and cheerful every-day interest in the affairs and goings-on of the world, which makes the barber[1] such delightful company, I think is rarely observable in them.

[1] Having incidentally mentioned the barber, in a comparison of professional temperaments, I hope no other trade will take offence, or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say, that in courtesy, humanity, and all the conversational and social graces

This characteristic pensiveness in them being so notorious, I wonder none of those writers, who have expressly treated of melancholy, should have mentioned it. Burton, whose book is an excellent abstract of all the authors in that kind who preceded him, and who treats of every species of this malady, from the *hypochondriacal* or *windy* to the *heroical* or *love melancholy*, has strangely omitted it. Shakspeare himself has overlooked it. "I have neither the scholar's melancholy (saith Jaques) which is emulation ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is politick ; nor the lover's, which is all these :"—and then, when you might expect him to have brought in, " nor the tailor's, which is so and so "—he comes to an end of his enumeration, and falls to a defining of his own melancholy.

Milton likewise has omitted it, where he had so fair an opportunity of bringing it in, in his *Penseroso*.

But the partial omissions of historians proving nothing against the existence of any well-attested fact, I shall proceed and endeavour to ascertain the causes why this pensive turn should be so predominant in people of this profession above all others.

And first, may it not be, that the custom of wearing apparel being derived to us from the fall, and one of the most mortifying products of that unhappy event, a certain *seriousness* (to say no more of it) may in the order of things have been intended to be im-

which "gladden life," I esteem no profession comparable to his. Indeed, so great is the good-will which I bear to this useful and agreeable body of men, that, residing in one of the Inns of Court (where the best specimens of them are to be found, except perhaps at the universities) there are seven of them to whom I am personally known, and who never pass me without the compliment of the hat on either side. My truly polite and urbane friend, Mr A——m, of Flower-de-luce Court, in Fleet-street, will forgive my mention of him in particular. I can truly say, that I never spent a quarter of an hour under his hands without deriving some profit from the agreeable discussions, which are always going on there.

pressed upon the minds of that race of men to whom in all ages the care of contriving the human apparel has been entrusted,—to keep up the memory of the first institution of clothes, and serve as a standing remonstrance against those vanities, which the absurd conversion of a memorial of our shame into an ornament of our persons was destined to produce? Correspondent in some sort to this, it may be remarked, that the tailor sitting over a cave or hollow place, in the cabbalistic language of his order, is said to have *certain melancholy regions* always open under his feet.—But waiving further enquiry into final causes, where the best of us can only wander in the dark, let us try to discover the efficient causes of this melancholy.

I think, then, that they may be reduced to two, omitting some subordinate ones, viz.

The sedentary habits of the tailor.—

Something peculiar in his diet.—

First, his *sedentary habits*.—In Doctor Norris's famous narrative of the frenzy of Mr John Dennis, the patient, being questioned as to the occasion of the swelling in his legs, replies that it came "by criticism:" to which the learned doctor seeming to demur, as to a distemper which he had never read of, Dennis (who appears not to have been mad upon all subjects) rejoins with some warmth, that it was no distemper, but a noble art! that he had sat fourteen hours a day at it: and that the other was a pretty doctor not to know that there was a communication between the brain and the legs.

When we consider that this sitting for fourteen hours continuously, which the critic probably practised only while he was writing his "remarks," is no more than what the tailor, in the ordinary pursuance of his art, submits to daily (Sundays excepted) throughout the year, shall we wonder to find the brain affected, and in a manner over-clouded, from

that indissoluble sympathy between the noble and less noble parts of the body, which Dennis hints at? The unnatural and painful manner of his sitting must also greatly aggravate the evil, insomuch that I have sometimes ventured to liken tailors at their boards to so many envious Junos, *sitting cross-legged to hinder the birth of their own felicity.* The legs transversed thus ⋈ crosswise, or decussated, was among the ancients the posture of malediction. The Turks, who practise it at this day, are noted to be a melancholy people.

Secondly, his *diet.*—To which purpose I find a most remarkable passage in Burton, in his chapter entitled "Bad diet a cause of melancholy." "Amongst herbs to be eaten (he says) I find gourds, cucumbers, melons, disallowed; but especially CABBAGE. It causeth troublesome dreams, and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *loc. affect.* lib. 3, cap. 6, of all herbs condemns CABBAGE. And Isaack, lib. 2, cap. 1, *animæ gravitatem facit*, it brings heaviness to the soul." I could not omit so flattering a testimony from an author, who, having no theory of his own to serve, has so unconsciously contributed to the confirmation of mine. It is well known that this last-named vegetable has, from the earliest periods which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people.

BURTON, *Junior.*

ON NEEDLE-WORK

By Mary Lamb

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH LADY'S MAGAZINE

MR EDITOR,—In early life I passed eleven years in the exercise of my needle for a livelihood. Will you allow me to address your readers, among whom might perhaps be found some of the kind patronesses of my former humble labours, on a subject widely connected with female life—the state of needle-work in this country.

To lighten the heavy burthen which many ladies impose upon themselves is one object which I have in view; but, I confess, my strongest motive is to excite attention towards the industrious sisterhood to which I once belonged.

From books I had been informed of the fact, upon which "The British Lady's Magazine" chiefly founds its pretensions, namely, that women have of late been rapidly advancing in intellectual improvement. Much may have been gained in this way, indirectly, for that class of females for whom I wish to plead. Needlework and intellectual improvement are naturally in a state of warfare. But I am afraid the root of the evil has not as yet been struck at. Workwomen of every description were never in so much distress for want of employment.

Among the present circle of my acquaintance I am proud to rank many that may truly be called respectable; nor do the female part of them, in their mental attainments, at all disprove the prevailing opinion of that intellectual progression which you have taken as the basis of your work; yet I affirm

that I know not a single family where there is not some essential drawback to its comfort which may be traced to needlework *done at home*, as the phrase is for all needlework performed in a family by some of its members, and for which no remuneration in money is received or expected.

In money alone, did I say? I would appeal to all the fair votaries of voluntary housewifery, whether, in the matter of conscience, any one of them ever thought she had done as much needle-work as she ought to have done. Even fancy work, the fairest of the tribe!—how delightful the arrangement of her materials! the fixing upon her happiest pattern, how pleasing an anxiety! how cheerful the commencement of the labour she enjoins! But that lady must be a true lover of the art, and so industrious a pursuer of a predetermined purpose, that it were pity her energy should not have been directed to some wiser end, who can affirm she neither feels weariness during the execution of a fancy piece, nor takes more time than she had calculated for the performance.

Is it too bold an attempt to persuade your readers that it would prove an incalculable addition to general happiness, and the domestic comfort of both sexes, if needle-work were never practised but for a remuneration in money? As nearly, however, as the desirable thing can be effected, so much more nearly will women be upon an equality with men, as far as respects the mere enjoyment of life. As far as that goes, I believe it is every woman's opinion that the condition of men is far superior to her own.

"They can do what they like," we say. Do not these words generally mean, they have time to seek out whatever amusements suit their tastes? We dare not tell them we have no time to do this; for, if they should ask in what manner we dispose of our time, we should blush to enter upon a detail of the

minutiæ which compose the sum of a woman's daily employment. Nay, many a lady who allows not herself one quarter of an hour's positive leisure during her waking hours, considers her own husband as the most industrious of men, if he steadily pursue his occupation till the hour of dinner, and will be perpetually lamenting her own idleness.

Real business and *real leisure* make up the portions of men's time—two sources of happiness which we certainly partake of in a very inferior degree. To the execution of employment, in which the faculties of the body or mind are called into busy action, there must be a consoling importance attached, which feminine duties (that generic term for all our business) cannot aspire to.

In the most meritorious discharges of those duties, the highest praise we can aim at is to be accounted the helpmates of *man;* who, in return for all he does for us, expects, and justly expects, us to do all in our power to soften and sweeten life.

In how many ways is a good woman employed, in thought or action, through the day, in order that her *good man* may be enabled to feel his leisure hours *real substantial holyday*, and perfect respite from the cares of business! Not the least part to be done to accomplish this end is to fit herself to become a conversational companion; that is to say, she has to study and understand the subjects on which he loves to talk. This part of our duty, if strictly performed, will be found by far our hardest part. The disadvantages we labour under from an education differing from a manly one make the hours in which we *sit and do nothing* in men's company too often any thing but a relaxation; although, as to pleasure and instruction, time so passed may be esteemed more or less delightful.

To make a man's home so desirable a place as to

preclude his having a wish to pass his leisure hours at any fireside in preference to his own, I should humbly take to be the sum and substance of woman's domestic ambition. I would appeal to our *British ladies*, who are generally allowed to be the most zealous and successful of all women in the pursuit of this object,— I would appeal to them who have been most successful in the performance of this laudable service, in behalf of father, son, husband, or brother, whether an anxious desire to perform this duty well is not attended with enough of *mental* exertion, as least, to incline them to the opinion that women may be more properly ranked among the contributors to, than the partakers of, the undisturbed relaxation of man.

If a family be so well ordered that the master is never called in to its direction, and yet he perceives comfort and economy well attended to, the mistress of that family (especially if children form a part of it) has, I apprehend, as large a share of womanly employment as ought to satisfy her own sense of duty; even though the needle-book and thread-case were quite laid aside, and she cheerfully contributed her part to the slender gains of the corset-maker, the milliner, the dress-maker, the plain-worker, the embroidress, and all the numerous classifications of females supporting themselves by *needle-work*, that great staple commodity which is alone appropriated to the self-supporting part of our sex.

Much has been said and written on the subject of men engrossing to themselves every occupation and calling. After many years of observation and reflection, I am obliged to acquiesce in the notion that it cannot well be ordered otherwise.

If at the birth of girls it were possible to foresee in what cases it would be their fortune to pass a single life, we should soon find trades wrested from their

present occupiers, and transferred to the exclusive possession of our sex. The whole mechanical business of copying writings in the law department, for instance, might very soon be transferred with advantage to the poorer sort of women, who with very little teaching would soon beat their rivals of the other sex in facility and neatness. The parents of female children, who were known to be destined from their birth to maintain themselves through the whole course of their lives with like certainty as their sons are, would feel it a duty incumbent on themselves to strengthen the minds, and even the bodily constitutions, of their girls, so circumstanced, by an education which, without affronting the preconceived habits of society, might enable them to follow some occupation now considered above the capacity or too robust for the constitution of our sex. Plenty of resources would then lie open for single women to obtain an independent livelihood, when every parent would be upon the alert to encroach upon some employment, now engrossed by men, for such of their daughters as would then be exactly in the same predicament as their sons now are. Who, for instance, would lay by money to set up his sons in trade; give premiums, and in part maintain them through a long apprenticeship; or, which, men of moderate incomes frequently do, strain every nerve in order to bring them up to a learned profession; if it were in a very high degree probable that, by the time they were twenty years of age, they would be taken from this trade or profession, and maintained during the remainder of their lives by the *person whom they should marry*. Yet this is precisely the situation in which every parent, whose income does not very much exceed the moderate, is placed with respect to his daughters.

Even where boys have gone through a laborious

education, superinducing habits of steady attention, accompanied with the entire conviction that the business which they learn is to be the source of their future distinction, may it not be affirmed that the persevering industry required to accomplish this desirable end causes many a hard struggle in the minds of young men, even of the most hopeful disposition? What then must be the disadvantages under which a very young woman is placed who is required to learn a trade, from which she can never expect to reap any profit, but at the expence of losing that place in society, to the possession of which she may reasonably look forward, inasmuch as it is by far the most *common lot*, namely, the condition of a *happy* English wife?

As I desire to offer nothing to the consideration of your readers but what, at least as far as my own observation goes, I consider as truths confirmed by experience, I will only say that, were I to follow the bent of my own speculative opinion, I should be inclined to persuade every female over whom I hoped to have any influence to contribute all the assistance in her power to those of her own sex who may need it, in the employments they at present occupy, rather than to force them into situations now filled wholly by men. With the mere exception of the profits which they have a right to derive from their needle, I would take nothing from the industry of man which he already possesses.

"A penny saved is a penny earned," is a maxim not true, unless the penny be saved in the same time in which it might have been earned. I, who have known what it is to work for *money earned*, have since had much experience in working for *money saved;* and I consider, from the closest calculation I can make, that a *penny saved* in that way bears about a true proportion to a *farthing earned.* I am no

advocate for women, who do not depend on themselves for a subsistence, proposing to themselves to *earn money*. My reasons for thinking it not advisable are too numerous to state—reasons deduced from authentic facts, and strict observations on domestic life in its various shades of comfort. But if the females of a family, *nominally* supported by the other sex, find it necessary to add something to the common stock, why not endeavour to do something by which they may produce money *in its true shape?*

It would be an excellent plan, attended with very little trouble, to calculate every evening how much money has been saved by needle-work *done in the family*, and compare the result with the daily portion of the yearly income. Nor would it be amiss to make a memorandum of the time passed in this way, adding also a guess as to what share it has taken up in the thoughts and conversation. This would be an easy mode of forming a true notion, and getting at the exact worth of this species of home industry, and perhaps might place it in a different light from any in which it has hitherto been the fashion to consider it.

Needle-work, taken up as an amusement, may not be altogether unamusing. We are all pretty good judges of what entertains ourselves, but it is not so easy to pronounce upon what may contribute to the entertainment of others. At all events, let us not confuse the motives of economy with those of simple pastime. If *saving* be no object, and long habit have rendered needle-work so delightful an avocation that we cannot think of relinquishing it, there are the good old contrivances in which our grand-dames were used to beguile and lose their time—knitting, knotting, netting, carpet working, and the like ingenious pursuits—those so-often-praised but tedious works, which are so long in the operation, that purchasing the labour has seldom been thought good economy, yet,

by a certain fascination, they have been found to chain down the great to a self-imposed slavery, from which they considerately, or haughtily, excuse the needy. These may be esteemed lawful and ladylike amusements. But, if those works, more usually denominated useful, yield greater satisfaction, it might be a laudable scruple of conscience, and no bad test to herself of her own motive, if a lady, who had no absolute need, were to give the money so saved to poor needle-women belonging to those branches of employment from which she has borrowed these shares of pleasurable labour. SEMPRONIA.

A TRUE STORY

TO THE INDICATOR

SIR,—When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind: it was my delight in the long summer evenings to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall slender female who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot; but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and altogether she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a living woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not on my return

speak of this beautiful appearance, nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly at me, and silently passed on; and though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learnt that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman; not young, though she had kept her young looks, for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R——, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and pronounced that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise, for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the first opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked brightly and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in

reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute, and how many fresh flowers were brought to one whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself, and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honour of her guest's recovery;" "and it is time, lady," said he, "for that guest so tended and so honoured, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you: may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which even in these times of danger I may find some means to forward?" To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate; but, when he said "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond enquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her,—sweet and gentle, and delicate always; but reason returned no more. She visited till the day of her death the spot where she first saw that young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her. Δ.

HOLIDAY CHILDREN

MR INDICATOR,—One of the most pleasing sights at this festive season is the group of boys and girls returned from school. Go where you will, a cluster of their joyous chubby faces present themselves to our notice. In the streets, at the panorama, or playhouse, our elbows are constantly assailed by some eager urchin whose eyes just peep beneath to get a nearer view.

I am more delighted in watching the vivacious workings of their ingenuous countenances at these Christmas shows, than at the sights themselves.

From the first joyous huzza, and loud blown horns which announce their arrival, to the faint attempts at similar mirth on their return, I am interested in these youngsters.

Observe the line of chaises with their swarm-like loads hurrying to tender and exulting parents, the sickly to be cherished, the strong to be amused; in a few mornings you shall see them, new clothes, warm gloves, gathering around their mother at every toy-shop, claiming the promised bat, hoop, top, or marbles; mark her kind smile at their extacies; her prudent shake of the head at their multitudinous demands; her gradual yielding as they coaxingly drag her in; her patience with their whims and clamour while they turn and toss over the play-things, as now a sword, and now a hoop is their choice, and like their elders the possession of *one* bauble does but make them sigh for another.

View the fond father, his pet little girl by the

hand, his boys walking before on whom his proud eye rests, while ambitious views float o'er his mind for them, and make him but half attentive to their repeated inquiries; while at the Museum or Picture Gallery, his explanations are interrupted by the rapture of discovering that his children are already well acquainted with the different subjects exhibited.

Stretching half over the boxes at the theatre, adorned by maternal love, see their enraptured faces now turned to the galleries wondering at their height and at the number of regularly placed heads contained in them, now directed towards the green cloud which is so lingeringly kept between them and their promised bliss. The half-peeled orange laid aside when the play begins; their anxiety for that which they understand; their honest laughter which runs through the house like a merry peal of sweet bells; the fear of the little girl lest they should discover the person hid behind the screen; the exultation of the boy when the hero conquers.

But oh the rapture when the pantomime commences! Ready to leap out of the box, they joy in the mischief of the clown, laugh at the thwacks he gets for his medling, and feel no small portion of contempt for his ignorance in not knowing that hot water will scald and gun powder explode; while with head aside to give fresh energy to the strokes, they ring their little palms against each other in testimony of exuberant delight.

Who can behold them without reflecting on the many passions that now lie dormant in their bosoms, to be in a few years agitating themselves and the world. Here the coquet begins to appear in the attention paid to a lace frock or kid gloves for the first time displayed, or the domestic tyrant in the selfish boy, who snatches the largest cake, or thrusts his younger brother and sister from the best place.

At no season of the year are their holidays so replete with pleasures; the expected Christmas-box from grand-papa and grand-mamma; plum-pudding and snap-dragon, with blindman's-buff and forfeits; perhaps to witness a juvenile play rehearsed and ranted; galantée-show and drawing for twelfth-cake; besides Christmas-gambols in abundance, new and old.

Even the poor charity-boy at this season feels a transient glow of cheerfulness, as with pale blue face, frost-nipped hands, and ungreatcoated, from door to door he timidly displays the unblotted scutcheon of his graphic talents, and feels that the pence bestowed are his *own*, and that for once in his life he may taste the often desired tart, or spin a top which no one can snatch from him in capricious tyranny.

I know not whether it be the dotage of age coming over me, but when I see or think of these little beings, I feel as a child again, my heart warms to them, I enter into their joys and sorrows, their pastimes and their thousand imaginings; and fancy I could fly a kite or wield a bat with the best of them; nor is any thing more refreshing to me after much intercourse with the heartlessness and affectation of the world, than the society of intelligent and amiable children.

Desiring to be kindly remembered to your little folk, Mr Indicator, (if you have any) and wishing them and you abundance of fun and pastime this Christmas, I remain, your sincere well-wisher,

AN OLD BOY.

OLD MAIDS

TO THE INDICATOR

MR INDICATOR,—To you I apply as to a person of known humanity, to take up your pen in a cause which would do you no dishonour, and which I do not fear that you should disdain; the defence of Old Maids.

Old Maid is, I am sorry to say it, commonly used as a term of reproach: an Old Maid is an object of general ridicule; and is there not injustice and even cruelty in this? Do people speak of curiosity, of prudery, of scandal, or of ill-temper, they speak of them as the common attributes of an Old Maid. From my own experience I have not found that these ill qualities are more common to Old Maids than to others: nay, one of the most amiable women whom I know is an Old Maid; and the most prying, scandal-loving, and ill-tempered woman that I know, or ever did know, has been twice married.

An Old Maid may have a kind and affectionate heart, she might have been an excellent wife and a tender mother, probably she may have survived her parents; her brothers and sisters may have married and dispersed about the world, and she be left alone; she has no power to make one human being happy, no one studies to make *her* happy. There is no one to whom she is the nearest and dearest; none take an interest in her pursuits; no one desires that she should take an interest in theirs: her heart is like the

dove which Noah sent forth from the ark ; it is lone and weary, and can find no place of rest.

She sees a mother smile upon the child she presses to her bosom ; and she at the happy sight smiles too, but she smiles sadly, for she has no dear child to press to *her* bosom. She sees the young mother present her new-born babe to the husband whom she loves, she smiles at their happiness, but oh how her heart sickens ! she too has loved, loved deeply ; he whom she loved is lost to her for ever : in that moment the sweetest dreams of early hope strike upon her heart, they never can be realized ; the tears are in her eyes, she stoops to kiss the child and so she hides them ; she would not obtrude *her* sorrows upon the happiness of such a moment. Great God ! must the privation of domestic happiness be yet further embittered by prejudices ? Must unkindness and scorn be heaped on her who has none to soothe her ? How many unhappy unions have been formed from a fear of encountering the mortifications attendant on a single life ! I have not found that the faults attributed to Old Maids are at all more common to them than to others ; but were it so, we might believe that the stigma which rests upon them may tend to injure the temper ; and we might consider too, that they have not that strong incentive to the correction of natural foibles, which may influence happier women. Singleness of life in women should be respected as misfortune, for it is scarcely ever the effect of a free choice ; it is almost always occasioned either by pecuniary difficulties, by an unfortunate attachment, or by such deficiency of personal attractions, as leaves it not to their choice at all.

You, Mr Indicator, whose admiration of feminine beauty is yet surpassed by your love of human kindness, will not, I am convinced, refuse to consider a subject in which so large a portion of the female

world are interested. I have but faintly hinted at the mortifications to which an Old Maid is exposed; but could I have found heart to do it, I could have related a history which would draw tears from sterner eyes than yours, and excite feelings of sympathy even for

AN OLD MAID.

MRS B.

MR INDICATOR,—I am in a situation of unspeakable misery. You will perhaps believe that I am in some pecuniary distress, or that by death or by absence I have lost a beloved friend, or that I have been crossed in love: I have experienced some of these troubles, but it is not of these that I mean to complain to you.

Poverty I have never known; I lost my mother before I was old enough to feel the loss. It is true I suffered much in parting with my father, who left England a few years since for Jamaica, where he now resides. As to being crossed in love, I have only myself to blame for that, for my father positively forbade me, under pain of his severe displeasure, ever to fall in love without his permission; but the misery I now endure, Mr Indicator, I did not bring upon myself. It is my misfortune to live in a country town. To you, Sir, I know it will appear the vilest heresy to say this; but have patience with me.

When my father left England, he placed me under the care of a widow lady, who, for my misfortune, has the reputation of being the most prudent of women. She is shocked beyond measure at what she calls my vicious propensities; and yet, Mr Indicator, I am sure you, for whom I have the highest possible respect, would not object to any one of them.—I would have your candid opinion now.

I delight in Shakspeare;—I can only read him by stealth or open defiance (both very disagreeable to me), because Mrs B. maintains that he is a very

immoral author, whom no modest young woman would find pleasure in. She is indeed so careful of my morals, that she will not allow me to read any book, without first looking over it herself; and if she finds any thing improper in it, she is not contented with merely looking it over, but so fearful is she of doing the author an injustice, that she reads it quite through before she pronounces sentence against it, and in that case I see it no more.

I take great pleasure in rambling in the fields and green lanes in the neighbourhood, where I have rarely met any person but a wood-cutter, a farmer, or some country labourer; but these rambles are forbidden me, because Mrs B. insists that I take them for no other purpose than to meet "a certain person," as she denominates him whom she knows I should be most willing to meet, but that, alas! he is many miles from hence.

I have been taught music by an excellent master, and I have an absolute passion for this art; but I am not allowed to play or sing any thing but sacred music, because Mrs B. says all profane music gives girls improper notions.

I have been taught French and Italian; but I am not allowed to read any book in either of these languages, because Mrs B. who does not understand them, fears they might contain something improper.

Drawing, unfortunately I do not understand. There is a drawing-master in the town; but as with the exceptions of an ill-natured countenance and vulgar manners, he is a "very comely man, and is not more than fifty," Mrs B. thinks it would be improper that I should receive lessons from him.

The only occupation she allows me to pursue without interruption is needle-work, and for this I have an unconquerable aversion. I would ask you, Mr Indicator, if forbidding me in this manner all

occupation of mind would be likely to destroy any vicious propensities? I would likewise ask you, Sir, if you consider as such the love of Shakspeare, of the fields, of music, and of books? I hope I shall ever preserve, and one day be able to gratify these propensities; yet if you condemn them, I will instantly sacrifice them all.

Having told you, Sir, what is forbidden me as improper, I will now add what is enjoined me as proper; needle-work as an occupation, and the society of female neighbours as a relaxation. Now, to my vicious taste nothing can be more unpleasant, or at the best insipid, than a company of females only, and those uneducated females, in a country town. I do not mean that a person may not be very amiable, without being what is called well educated; but the persons I mean are very illiterate people, who mix in very illiterate society, and who are so wrapped up in ignorance and prejudice, that while they admire excellence without knowing it, they hate it because they cannot attain it. With such people my evenings are passed; it is upon such people that I am to depend for amusement and for improvement. As to your papers, Sir, I can only read them by stealth, for you are particularly odious to Mrs B.—I am, Sir, a respectful admirer, F. N.

ELIA TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS

I

A WRITER, whose real name, it seems, is *Bolders*, but who has been entertaining the town for the last twelve months, with some very pleasant lucubrations, under the assumed signature of *Leigh Hunt*;[1] in his Indicator, of the 31st January last, has thought fit to insinuate, that I *Elia* do not write the little sketches which bear my signature, in this Magazine; but that the true author of them is a Mr L——b. Observe the critical period at which he has chosen to impute the calumny!—on the very eve of the publication of our last number—affording no scope for explanation for a full month—during which time, I must needs lie writhing and tossing, under the cruel imputation of non-entity.—Good heavens! that a plain man must not be allowed *to be*——

They call this an age of personality: but surely this spirit of anti-personality (if I may so express it) is something worse.

Take away my moral reputation—I may live to discredit that calumny.

Injure my literary fame,—I may write that up again—

But when a gentleman is robbed of his identity, where is he?

Other murderers stab but at our existence, a frail

[1] Clearly a fictitious appellation; for if we admit the latter of these names to be in a manner English, what is *Leigh?* Christian nomenclature knows no such.

and perishing trifle at the best. But here is an assassin, who aims at our very essence; who not only forbids us *to be* any longer, but *to have been* at all. Let our ancestors look to it.—

Is the parish register nothing? Is the house in Princes-street, Cavendish-square, where we saw the light six and forty years ago, nothing? Were our progenitors from stately Genoa, where we flourished four centuries back, before the barbarous name of Bolders [1] was known to a European mouth, nothing? Was the goodly scion of our name, transplanted into England, in the reign of the seventh Henry, nothing? Are the archives of the steel yard, in succeeding reigns (if haply they survive the fury of our envious enemies) showing that we flourished in prime repute, as merchants down to the period of the commonwealth, nothing?

> Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing—
> The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing.—

I am ashamed that this trifling writer should have power to move me so.

II

A Correspondent, who writes himself Peter Ball, or Bell,—for his handwriting is as ragged as his manners,—admonishes me of the old saying, that some people (under a courteous periphrasis, I slur his less ceremonious epithet) had need have good memories. In my "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," I have delivered myself, and truly, a templar born. Bell clamours upon this, and thinketh

[1] It is clearly of transatlantic origin.

that he hath caught a fox. It seems that in a former paper, retorting upon a weekly scribbler who had called my good identity in question, (see Postscript to my "Chapter on Ears,") I profess myself a native of some spot near Cavendish Square, deducing my remoter origin from Italy. But who does not see, except this tinkling cymbal, that, in that idle fiction of Genoese ancestry, I was answering a fool according to his folly,—that Elia there expresseth himself ironically as to an approved slanderer, who hath no right to the truth, and can be no fit recipient of it? Such a one it is usual to leave to his delusions; or, leading him from error still to contradictory error, to plunge him (as we say) deeper in the mire, and give him line till he suspend himself. No understanding reader could be imposed upon by such obvious rodomontade to suspect me for an alien, or believe me other than English.

To a second correspondent, who signs himself "A Wiltshire Man," who claims me for a countryman upon the strength of an equivocal phrase in my "Christ's Hospital," a more mannerly reply is due. Passing over the Genoese fable, which Bell makes such a ring about, he nicely detects a more subtile discrepancy, which Bell was too obtuse to strike upon. Referring to the passage, I must confess, that the term "native town," applied to Calne, *primâ facie* seems to bear out the construction which my friendly correspondent is willing to put upon it. The context too, I am afraid, a little favours it. But where the words of an author, taken literally, compared with some other passage in his writings, admitted to be authentic, involve a palpable contradiction, it hath been the custom of the ingenuous commentator to smoothe the difficulty by the supposition that in the one case an allegorical or tropical sense was chiefly intended. So, by the word "native,"

I may be supposed to mean a town where I might have been born, or where it might be desirable that I should have been born, as being situated in wholesome air, upon a dry, chalky soil, in which I delight; or a town with the inhabitants of which I passed some weeks, a Summer or two ago, so agreeably, that they and it became in a manner native to me. Without some such latitude of interpretation in the present case, I see not how we can avoid falling into so gross an error in physics as to conceive that a gentleman may be born in two places, from which all modern and ancient testimony is alike abhorrent. Bacchus cometh the nearest to it, whom I remember Ovid to have honoured with the epithet "twice born."[1] But, not to mention that he is so called (we conceive) in reference to the places *whence* rather than the places *where* he was delivered,—for, by either birth, he may probably be challenged for a Theban,—in a strict way of speaking, he was a *filius femoris* by no means in the same sense as he had been before a *filius alvi;* for that latter was but a secondary and tralatitious way of being born, and he but a denizen of the second house of his geniture. Thus much by way of explanation was thought due to the courteous "Wiltshire Man."

To "Indagator," "Investigator," "Incertus," and the rest of the pack, that are so importunate about the true localities of his birth,—as if, forsooth, Elia were presently about to be passed to his parish,—to all such churchwarden critics he answereth, that, any explanation here given notwithstanding, he hath not so fixed his nativity (like a rusty vane) to one

[1] Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
Eripitur, patrioque tener (si credere dignum)
Insuitur femori. . . .
Tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi.
Metamorph., lib. iii.

dull spot, but that, if he seeth occasion, or the argument shall demand it, he will be born again in future papers, in whatever place, and at whatever period, shall seem good unto him.

Modò me Thebis, modò Athenis.

THE CONFESSIONS OF H. F. V. H. DELAMORE, ESQ.

Sackville-street, 25th March, 1821.

MR EDITOR,—A correspondent in your last Number,[1] blesses his stars, that he never was yet in the pillory; and, with a confidence which the uncertainty of mortal accidents but weakly justifies, goes on to predict that he never shall be. Twelve years ago, had a Sibyl prophesied to me, that I should live to be set in a worse place, I should have struck her for a lying beldam. There are degradations below that which he speaks of.

I come of a good stock, Mr Editor. The Delamores are a race singularly tenacious of their honour; men who, in the language of Edmund Burke, feel a stain like a wound. My grand uncle died of a fit of the sullens for the disgrace of a public whipping at Westminster. He had not then attained his fourteenth year. Would I had died young!

For more than five centuries, the current of our blood hath flowed unimpeachably. And must it stagnate now?

Can a family be tainted backwards?—can posterity purchase disgrace for their progenitors?—or doth it derogate from the great Walter of our name, who received the sword of knighthood in Cressy field, that one of his descendants once sate ** *** ******?

Can an honour, fairly achieved in *quinto Edwardi Tertii*, be reversed by a slip in *quinquagesimo Georgii Tertii?*—how stands the law?—what *dictum* doth the college deliver?—O Clarencieux! O Norroy!

[1] Elia:—Chapter on Ears.

Can a reputation, gained by hard watchings on the cold ground, in a suit of mail, be impeached by hard watchings on the cold ground in other circumstances —was the endurance equal ?—why is the guerdon so disproportionate ?

A priest mediated the ransom of the too valorous Reginald, of our house, captived in Lord Talbot's battles. It was a clergyman, who by his intercession abridged the period of my durance.

Have you touched at my wrongs yet, Mr Editor ? —or must I be explicit as to my grievance ?

Hush, my heedless tongue.

Something bids me—" Delamore, be ingenuous."

Once then, and only once——

Star of my nativity, hide beneath a cloud, while I reveal it !

Ancestors of Delamore, lie low in your wormy beds, that no posthumous hearing catch a sound !

Let no eye look over thee, while thou shalt peruse it, reader !

Once——

these legs, with Kent in the play, though for far less ennobling considerations, did wear " cruel garters."

Yet I protest it was but for a thing of nought— a fault of youth, and warmer blood—a calendary inadvertence I may call it—or rather a temporary obliviousness of the day of the week—timing my Saturnalia amiss.—

Streets of Barnet, infamous for civil broils, ye saw my shame !—did not your Red Rose rise again to dye my burning cheek ?

It was but for a pair of minutes, or so—yet I feel, I feel, that the gentry of the Delamores is extinguished for ever.—

Try to forget it, reader.—

(Signed)

Henry Francis Vere Harrington Delamore.

ELIA ON HIS 'CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD'

MANY are the sayings of Elia, painful and frequent his lucubrations, set forth for the most part (such his modesty!) without a name; scattered about in obscure periodicals and forgotten miscellanies. From the dust of some of these it is our intention occasionally to revive a tract or two that shall seem worthy of a better fate, especially at a time like the present, when the pen of our industrious contributor, engaged in a laborious digest of his recent Continental tour, may haply want the leisure to expatiate in more miscellaneous speculations. We have been induced, in the first instance, to reprint a thing which he put forth in a friend's volume some years since, entitled "The Confessions of a Drunkard," seeing that Messieurs the Quarterly Reviewers have chosen to embellish their last dry pages with fruitful quotations therefrom; adding, from their peculiar brains, the gratuitous affirmation, that they have reason to believe that the describer (in his delineations of a drunkard, forsooth!) partly sat for his own picture. The truth is, that our friend had been reading among the essays of a contemporary, who has perversely been confounded with him, a paper in which Edax (or the Great Eater) humorously complaineth of an inordinate appetite; and it struck him that a better paper —of deeper interest and wider usefulness—might be made out of the imagined experiences of a Great Drinker.

Accordingly he set to work, and, with that mock

fervour and counterfeit earnestness with which he is too apt to over-realize his descriptions, has given us a frightful picture indeed, but no more resembling the man Elia than the fictitious Edax may be supposed to identify itself with Mr L., its author. It is indeed a compound extracted out of his long observations of the effects of drinking upon all the world about him; and this accumulated mass of misery he hath centred (as the custom is with judicious essayists) in a single figure. We deny not that a portion of his own experiences may have passed into the picture; (as who, that is not a washy fellow, but must at some times have felt the after-operation of a too-generous cup?) but then how heightened! how exaggerated! how little within the sense of the Review, where a part, in their slanderous usage, must be understood to stand for the whole! But it is useless to expostulate with this Quarterly slime, brood of Nilus, watery heads with hearts of jelly, spawned under the sign of Aquarius, incapable of Bacchus, and therefore cold, washy, spiteful, bloodless. Elia shall string them up one day, and show their colours,—or rather, how colourless and vapid the whole fry,—when he putteth forth his long-promised, but unaccountably hitherto delayed, "Confessions of a Water-drinker."

THE GENTLE GIANTESS

THE widow Blacket, of Oxford, is the largest female I ever had the pleasure of beholding. There may be her parallel upon the earth, but surely I never saw it. I take her to be lineally descended from the maid's aunt of Brainford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. She hath Atlantean shoulders; and, as she stoopeth in her gait—with as few offences to answer for in her own particular as any of Eve's daughters—her back seems broad enough to bear the blame of all the peccadillos that have been committed since Adam. She girdeth her waist—or what she is pleased to esteem as such—nearly up to her shoulders, from beneath which, that huge dorsal expanse, in mountainous declivity, emergeth. Respect for her alone preventeth the idle boys, who follow her about in shoals, whenever she cometh abroad, from getting up and riding.—But her presence infallibly commands a reverence. She is indeed, as the Americans would express it, something awful. Her person is a burthen to herself, no less than to the ground which bears her. To her mighty bone, she hath a pinguitude withal, which makes the depth of winter to her the most desirable season. Her distress in the warmer solstice is pitiable. During the months of July and August, she usually renteth a cool cellar, where ices are kept, whereinto she descendeth when Sirius rageth. She dates from a hot Thursday—some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in summer is pervious to the four winds. Two doors, in north and south direction, and two windows, fronting the rising

and the setting sun, never closed, from every cardinal point, catch the contributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she calls a quadruple draught. That must be a shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a painful face-ach, which oppresses me at this moment, to a cold caught, sitting by her, one day in last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan in ordinary resembleth a banner spread, which she keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding mind, totally incommensurate with her person. No one delighteth more than herself in country exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favourite park at Woodstock. She performs her part in these delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a portable garden chair. She setteth out with you at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till you are both well breathed, and then she reposeth for a few seconds. Then she is up again, for a hundred paces or so, and again resteth—her movements, on these sprightly occasions, being something between walking and flying. Her great weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-fashion. In this kind of relieved marching I have traversed with her many scores of acres on those well-wooded and well-watered domains. Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and gardens, where, when the weather is not too oppressive, she passeth much of her valuable time. There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated between the frontiers of that and ******'s college—some litigation latterly, about repairs, has vested the property of it finally in ******'s —where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be found sitting—so she calls it by courtesy—but in fact, pressing and breaking of it down with her enormous settlement; as both those Foundations, who, however, are good-natured enough to wink at it, have found, I

believe, to their cost. Here she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book—blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods); or stray Master of Arts (to most of whom she is better known than their dinner-bell); with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature. I have seen these shy gownsmen, who truly set but a very slight value upon female conversation, cast a hawk's eye upon her from the length of Maudlin grove, and warily glide off into another walk—true monks as they are, and ungently neglecting the delicacies of her polished converse, for their own perverse and uncommunicating solitariness! Within doors her principal diversion is music, vocal and instrumental, in both which she is no mean professor. Her voice is wonderfully fine; but till I got use to it, I confess it staggered me. It is for all the world like that of a piping bulfinch, while from her size and stature you would expect notes to drown the deep organ. The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that her time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis. The effect, as I said before, when you are used to it, is as agreeable as it is altogether new and surprising. The spacious apartment of her outward frame lodgeth a soul in all respects disproportionate. Of more than mortal make, she evinceth withal a trembling sensibility, a yielding infirmity of purpose, a quick susceptibility to reproach, and all the train of diffident and blushing virtues, which for

their habitation usually seek out a feeble frame, an attenuated and meagre constitution. With more than man's bulk, her humours and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs—being six foot high. She languisheth—being two feet wide. She worketh slender sprigs upon the delicate muslin—her fingers being capable of moulding a Colossus. She sippeth her wine out of her glass daintily—her capacity being that of a tun of Heidelburg. She goeth mincingly with those feet of hers—whose solidity need not fear the black ox's pressure. Softest, and largest of thy sex, adieu! by what parting attribute may I salute thee—last and best of the Titanesses—Ogress, fed with milk instead of blood—not least, or least handsome, among Oxford's stately structures—Oxford, who, in its deadest time of vacation, can never properly be said to be empty, having thee to fill it.

ELIA.

A FEW WORDS ON CHRISTMAS

CLOSE the shutters, and draw the curtains together, and pile fresh wood upon the hearth! Let us have, for once, an innocent *auto da fé*. Let the hoarded corks be brought forth, and branches of crackling laurel. Place the wine and fruit and the hot chesnuts upon the table. And now, good folks and children, bring your chairs round to the blazing fire. Put some of those rosy apples upon your plates. We'll drink one glass of bright sherry "to our absent friends and readers," and then let us talk a little about Christmas.

And what is Christmas?

Why, it is the happiest time of the year. It is the

season of mirth and cold weather. It is the time when Christmas-boxes and jokes are given; when mistletoe, and red-berried laurel, and soups, and sliding, and school-boys, prevail; when the country is illuminated by fires and bright faces; and the town is radiant with laughing children. Oranges, as rich as the fruit of the Hesperides, shine out in huge golden heaps. Cakes, frosted over (as if to rival the glittering snow) come forth by thousands from their summer (caves) ovens: and on every stall at every corner of every street are the roasted apples, like incense fuming on Pagan altars.

And *this* night is CHRISTMAS EVE. Formerly it was a serious and holy vigil. Our forefathers observed it strictly till a certain hour, and then requited their own forbearance with cups of ale and Christmas candles, with placing the *yule clog* on the fire, and roaring themselves thirsty till morning. Time has altered this. We are neither so good as our forefathers were—nor so bad. We go to bed sober; but we have forgotten their old devotions. Our conduct looks like a sort of compromise; so that we are not worse than our ancestors, we are satisfied not to be better: but let that pass. What we now call Christmas Eve—(there is something very delightful in old terms: they had always their birth in reason or sentiment) was formerly *Mœdrenack*, or *The Night of Mothers!* How beautifully does this recall to one's heart that holy tale—that wonderful nativity, which the Eastern shepherds went by night to gaze at and adore—

> (It was the winter wild,
> When the heaven-born child
> All meanly wrapp'd in the rude manger lay;)

a prodigy, which, had it been invention only, would have contained much that was immaculate and sublime; but, twined as it is with man's hopes and

fears, is invested with a grand and overwhelming interest.

But to-night is Christmas Eve, and so we will be merry. Instead of toast and ale, we will content ourselves with our sherry and chesnuts; and we must put up with coffee or fragrant tea, instead of having the old *Wassail-bowl* which formed part of the inspiration of our elder poets. We were once admitted to the mysteries of that fine invention, and we respect it accordingly. Does any one wish to know its merits? Let him try what he can produce, on our hint, and be grateful to us for ever. The "Wassail-bowl" is, indeed, a great composition. It is not carved by Benvenuto Cellini (the outside *may*,—but it is not material), nor shaped by Michael Angelo from the marble quarries of Carrara; but it is a liquor fit for the lips of the Indian Bacchus, and worthy to celebrate his return from conquest. It is made—for, after all, we must descend to particulars—it is made of wine, with *some* water (but parce, precor, precor!) with spices of various sorts, and roasted apples, which float in triumph upon its top. The proportions of each are not important—in fact, they should be adapted to the taste of the drinkers. The only caution that seems necessary is to "spare the water." If the Compositor should live in the neighbourhood of Aldgate, this hint may be deemed advisable; though we mean no affront to either him or the pump.

One mark and sign of Christmas is the *music;* rude enough, indeed, but generally gay, and speaking eloquently of the season. Music, at festival times, is common to most countries. In Spain, the serenader twangs his guitar: in Italy, the musician allures rich notes from his Cremona: in Scotland, the bagpipe drones out its miserable noise: in Germany, there is the horn, and the pipe in Arcady. We too, in our

He sings them for the young folks.

turn, have our Christmas "*Waits*," who witch us at early morning, before cock-crow, with strains and welcomings which belong to night. They wake us so gently that the music seems to have commenced in our dreams, and we listen to it till we sleep again. Besides this, we have our songs, from the young and the old, jocose and fit for the time. What old gentleman of sixty has not his stock—his one, or two, or three frolicksome verses. He sings them for the young folks, and is secure of their applause and his own private satisfaction. His wife, indeed, perhaps says "*Really*, my dear Mr Williams, you should *now* give over these, &c. ;" but he is more resolute from opposition, and gambols through his "Flowery Meads of May," or "Beneath a shady bower," while the children hang on his thin, trembling, untuneable notes in delighted and delightful amaze.

Many years ago (some forty-one,—or two,—or three) when we were at home "for the Christmas holidays," we occasionally heard these things. What a budget of songs we had! None of them were good for much ; but they were sung by joyful spirits, amidst fun and laughter, loud and in defiance of tune, and we were enchanted. There was "Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,"—and "'Twas in the good ship Rover,"—and, "Buy my matches,"—(oh! what an accompaniment there was with the flat hand and the elbow)—"The lobster claw,"—and others. We should be sorry to strip them, like "Majesty" in the riddle, of their merit first and last (our recollection) and reduce them to "a jest." Yet they were indeed a jest, and a very pleasant one.—Of all the songs, however, which become a time of feasting, there is none comparable to one written by Beaumont and Fletcher. It is racy, and rich, and sparkling. It has the strength and regal taste of Burgundy, and the ethereal spirit of champaigne.

Does the reader wish to see it? Here it is: the words seem floating in wine.

> God Lycæus—ever young,
> Ever honour'd, ever sung;
> Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
> In a thousand lusty shapes,
> Dance upon the mazer's brim,
> In the crimson liquor swim;
> From thy plenteous hand divine
> Let a river run with wine!

What a rioter was he that wrote this! His drink was not water from Hippocrene. His fountain flowed with wine. His goddess was a girl with purple lips; and his dreams were rich, like the autumn; but prodigal, wild, and Bacchanalian!

Leaving now our *eve* of Christmas, its jokes, and songs, and warm hearths, we will indulge ourselves in a few words upon CHRISTMAS DAY. It is like a day of victory. Every house and church is as green as spring. The laurel, that never dies,—the holly, with its armed leaves and scarlet berries,—the mistletoe, under which one sweet ceremonial is (we hope still) performed, are seen. Every brave shrub that has life and verdure seems to come forward to shame the reproaches of men, and to shew them that the earth is never dead, never parsimonious. Then, what gay dresses are intermixed,—Art rivalling Nature! Woe to the rabbits and the hares, and the nut-cracking squirrels, the foxes, and all children of the woods, for furriers shall spoil them of their coats, to keep woman (the wonder of creation) warm! And woe to those damsels (fair anachronisms) who will not fence out the sharp winter; for rheumatisms and agues shall be theirs, and catarrhs shall be their portion in spring. But, look! what thing is this, awful and coloured like the rainbow,—blue, and red, and glistening yellow? Its vest is sky-tinctured! The edges of its garments are like the sun! Is it

——A faery vision
Of some gay creature of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow lives,
And plays i' the plighted clouds?

No;—it is the Beadle of St ——'s! How Christmas and consolatory he looks! How redolent of good cheer is he! He is a cornu-copia,—an abundance! What pudding-sleeves!—what a collar, red and like a beaf-steak, is his! He is a walking refreshment! He looks like a *whole* parish,—full, important,—but untaxed. The children of charity gaze at him with a modest smile, the straggling boys look on him with confidence. They do not pocket their marbles. They do not fly from the familiar gutter. This is a red-letter day; and the cane is reserved for to-morrow.

London is not *too* populous at Christmas. But what there is of population looks more alive than at other times. Quick walking and heaps of invitations keep the blood warm. Every one seems hurrying to a dinner. The breath curls upward like smoke through the frosty air; the eyes glisten; the teeth are shown; the muscles of the face are rigid, and the colour of the cheek has a fixed look, like a stain. Hunger is no longer an enemy. We feed him, like the ravenous tiger, till he pants and sleeps, or is quiet. Every body eats at Christmas. The rich feast as usual; but the tradesman leaves his moderate fare for dainties. The apprentice abjures his chop, and plunges at once into the luxuries of joints and puddings. The school-boy is no longer at school. He dreams no more of the coming lesson or the lifted rod; but mountains of jelly rise beside him, and blanc-mange, with its treacherous foundations, threatens to overwhelm his fancy; roods of mince pies spread out their chequered riches before him; and figures (only real on the 6th of January) pass by him, one by one, like ghosts before the vision of the King of Scotland. Even the servant

has his "once a year" bottle of port; and the beggar his "alderman in chains."

Oh! merry piping time of Christmas! Never let us permit thee to degenerate into distant courtesies and formal salutations. But let us shake our friends and familiars by the hand, as our fathers and their fathers did. Let them all come around us, and let us count how many the year has added to our circle. Let us enjoy the present, and laugh at the past. Let us tell old stories and invent new ones—innocent always, and ingenious if we can. Let us not meet to abuse the world, but to make it better by our individual example. Let us be patriots, but not men of party. Let us look *of the time*,—cheerful and generous, and endeavour to make others as generous and cheerful as ourselves.

GUY FAUX:

ON THE PROBABLE EFFECTS OF THE GUNPOWDER TREASON IN THIS COUNTRY IF THE CONSPIRATORS HAD ACCOMPLISHED THEIR OBJECT

A VERY ingenious and subtle writer, whom there is good reason for suspecting to be an Ex-Jesuit, not unknown at Douay some five-and-twenty years since (he will not obtrude himself at M——th again in a hurry), about a twelvemonth back set himself to prove the character of the Powder Plot conspirators to have been that of heroic self-devotedness and true Christian martyrdom. Under the mask of Protestant candour he actually gained admission for his treatise into a London weekly paper, not particularly distinguished for its zeal towards either religion. But, admitting Catholic principles, his arguments are shrewd and incontrovertible. He says—

Guy Faux was a fanatic, but he was no hypocrite. He ranks among *good haters*. He was cruel, bloody-minded, reckless of all considerations but those of an infuriated and bigoted faith; but he was a true son of the Catholic Church, a martyr and a con-

fessor, for all that. He who can prevail upon himself to devote his life for a cause, however we may condemn his opinions or abhor his actions, vouches at least for the honesty of his principles and the disinterestedness of his motives. He may be guilty of the worst practices, but he is capable of the greatest. He is no longer a slave, but free. The contempt of death is the beginning of virtue. The hero of the Gunpowder-Plot was, if you will, a fool, a madman, an assassin; call him what names you please; still he was neither knave nor coward. He did not propose to blow up the Parliament and come off, scot-free, himself; he showed that he valued his own life no more than theirs in such a cause—where the integrity of the Catholic faith and the salvation of perhaps millions of souls was at stake. He did not call it a murder, but a sacrifice which he was about to achieve: he was armed with the Holy Spirit and with fire; he was the Church's chosen servant and her blessed martyr. He comforted himself as "the best of cut-throats." How many wretches are there that would have undertaken to do what he intended for a sum of money, if they could have got off with impunity! How few are there who would have put themselves in Guy Faux's situation to save the universe! Yet in the latter case we affect to be thrown into greater consternation than at the most unredeemed acts of villainy, as if the absolute disinterestedness of the motive doubled the horror of the deed! The cowardice and selfishness of mankind are in fact shocked at the consequences to themselves (if such examples are held up for imitation), and they make a fearful outcry against the violation of every principle of morality, lest they too should be called on for any such tremendous sacrifices—lest they in their turn should have to go on the forlorn hope of extra-official duty. *Charity begins at home*, is a maxim that prevails as well in the courts of conscience as in those of prudence. We would be thought to shudder at the consequences of crime to others, while we tremble for them to ourselves. We talk of the dark and cowardly assassin; and this is well, when an individual shrinks from the face of an enemy, and purchases his own safety by striking a blow in the dark: but how the charge of cowardly can be applied to the public assassin, who, in the very act of destroying another, lays down his life as the pledge and forfeit of his sincerity and boldness, I am at a loss to devise. There may be barbarous prejudice, rooted hatred, unprincipled treachery, in such an act; but he who resolves to take all the danger and odium upon himself, can no more be branded with cowardice, than Regulus devoting himself for his country, or Codrus leaping into the fiery gulf. A wily Father Inquisitor, coolly and with plenary authority condemning hundreds of helpless, unoffending victims, to the flames or to the horrors of a living tomb, while he himself would not suffer a hair of his head to be hurt, is to me a character without any qualifying trait in it. Again; the Spanish conqueror and hero, the favourite of his monarch, who enticed thirty thousand poor Mexicans into

a large open building, under promise of strict faith and cordial good-will, and then set fire to it, making sport of the cries and agonies of these deluded creatures, is an instance of uniting the most hardened cruelty with the most heartless selfishness. His plea was keeping no faith with heretics: this was Guy Faux's too; but I am sure at least that the latter kept faith with himself: he was in earnest in his professions. *His* was not gay, wanton, unfeeling depravity; he did not murder in sport; it was serious work that he had taken in hand. To see this arch-bigot, this heart-whole traitor, this pale miner in the infernal regions, skulking in his retreat with his cloak and dark lanthorn, moving cautiously about among his barrels of gunpowder loaded with death, but not yet ripe for destruction, regardless of the lives of others, and more than indifferent to his own, presents a picture of the strange infatuation of the human understanding, but not of the depravity of the human will, without an equal. There were thousands of pious Papists privy to and ready to applaud the deed when done:—there was no one but our old fifth-of-November friend, who still flutters in rags and straw on the occasion, that had the courage to attempt it. In him stern duty and unshaken faith prevailed over natural frailty.

It is impossible, upon Catholic principles, not to admit the force of this reasoning; we can only not help smiling (with the writer) at the simplicity of the gulled editor, swallowing the dregs of Loyola for the very quintessence of sublimated reason in England at the commencement of the nineteenth century. We will just, as a contrast, show what we Protestants (who are a party concerned) thought upon the same subject, at a period rather nearer to the heroic project in question.

The Gunpowder Treason was the subject which called forth the earliest specimen which is left us of the pulpit eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. When he preached the Sermon on that anniversary, which is printed at the end of the folio edition of his Sermons, he was a young man just commencing his ministry, under the auspices of Archbishop Laud. From the learning, and maturest oratory, which it manifests, one should rather have conjectured it to have proceeded from the same person after he was ripened by

time into a Bishop and Father of the Church.—"And, really, these *Romano-barbari* could never pretend to any precedent for an act so barbarous as theirs. Adramelech, indeed, killed a king, but he spared the people; Haman would have killed the people, but spared the king; but that both king and people, princes and judges, branch and rush and root, should die at once (as if Caligula's wish were actuated, and all England upon one head), was never known till now, that all the malice of the world met in this as in a centre. The Sicilian even-song, the matins of St Bartholomew, known for the pitiless and damned massacres, were but *κάπνοῦ σκίας ὄναρ*, the dream of the shadow of smoke, if compared with this great fire. *In tam occupato sæcula fabulas vulgares nequitia non invenit.* This was a busy age; Herostratus must have invented a more sublimed malice than the burning of one temple, or not have been so much as spoke of since the discovery of the powder treason. But I must make more haste, I shall not else climb the sublimity of this impiety. Nero was sometimes the *populare odium*, was popularly hated, and deserved it too, for he slew his master, and his wife, and all his family, once or twice over,—opened his mother's womb,—fired the city, laughed at it, slandered the Christians for it; but yet all these were but *principia malorum*, the very first rudiments of evil. Add, then, to these, Herod's master-piece at Ramah, as it was deciphered by the tears and sad threnes of the matrons in an universal mourning for the loss of their pretty infants; yet this of Herod will prove but an infant wickedness, and that of Nero the evil but of one city. I would willingly have found out an example, but see I cannot; should I put into the scale the extract of all the old tyrants famous in antique stories,—

> Bistonii stabulum regis, Busiridis aras,
> Antiphatæ mensas, et Taurica regna Thoantis;—

should I take for true story the highest cruelty as it was fancied by the most hieroglyphical Egyptian, this alone would weigh them down, as if the Alps were put in scale against the dust of a balance. For had this accursed treason prospered, we should have had the whole kingdom mourn for the inestimable loss of its chiefest glory, its life, its present joy, and all its very hopes for the future. For such was their destined malice, that they would not only have inflicted so cruel a blow, but have made it incurable, by cutting off our supplies of joy, the whole succession of the Line Royal. Not only the vine itself, but all the *gemmulæ*, and the tender olive branches, should either have been bent to their intentions, and made to grow crooked, or else been broken.

"And now, after such a sublimity of malice, I will not instance in the sacrilegious ruin of the neighbouring temples, which needs must have perished in the flame,—nor in the disturbing the ashes of our intombed kings, devouring their dead ruins like sepulchral dogs,—these are but minutes, in respect of the ruin prepared for the living temples:—

> Stragem sed istam non tulit
> Christus cadentum Principum
> Impune, ne forsan sui
> Patris periret fabrica.
> Ergo quæ poterit lingua retexere
> Laudes, Christe, tuas, qui domitum struis
> Infidum populum cum Duce perfido!"

In such strains of eloquent indignation did Jeremy Taylor's young oratory inveigh against that stupendous attempt, which he truly says had no parallel in ancient or modern times. A century and a half of European crimes has elapsed since he made the assertion, and his position remains in its strength. He wrote near the time in which the nefarious project had like to have been completed. Men's minds still

were shuddering from the recentness of the escape. It must have been within his memory, or have been sounded in his ears so young by his parents, that he would seem, in his maturer years, to have remembered it. No wonder then that he describes it in words that burn. But to us, to whom the tradition has come slowly down, and has had time to cool, the story of Guido Vaux sounds rather like a tale, a fable, and an invention, than true history. It supposes such gigantic audacity of daring, combined with such more than infantile stupidity in the motive,—such a combination of the fiend and the monkey,—that credulity is almost swallowed up in contemplating the singularity of the attempt. It has accordingly, in some degree, shared the fate of fiction. It is familiarized to us in a kind of serio-ludicrous way, like the story of *Guy of Warwick*, or *Valentine and Orson*. The way which we take to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance is well adapted to keep up this fabular notion. Boys go about the streets annually with a beggarly scarecrow dressed up, which is to be burnt, indeed, at night, with holy zeal; but, meantime, they beg a penny for *poor Guy:* this periodical petition, which we have heard from our infancy,—combined with the dress and appearance of the effigy, so well calculated to move compassion,—has the effect of quite removing from our fancy the horrid circumstances of the story which is thus commemorated; and in *poor Guy* vainly should we try to recognize any of the features of that tremendous madman in iniquity, Guido Vaux, with his horrid crew of accomplices, that sought to emulate earthquakes and bursting volcanoes in their more than mortal mischief.

Indeed, the whole ceremony of burning Guy Faux, or *the Pope*, as he is indifferently called, is a sort of *Treason Travestie*, and admirably adapted to lower our feelings upon this memorable subject. The printers

of the little duodecimo *Prayer Book*, printed by T. Baskett,[1] in 1749, which has the effigy of his sacred Majesty George II. piously prefixed, have illustrated the service (a very fine one in itself) which is appointed for the Anniversary of this Day, with a print, which it is not very easy to describe, but the contents appear to be these :—The scene is a room, I conjecture in the king's palace. Two persons,—one of whom I take to be James himself, from his wearing his hat while the other stands bare-headed,—are intently surveying a sort of speculum, or magic mirror, which stands upon a pedestal in the midst of the room, in which a little figure of Guy Faux with his dark lantern approaching the door of the Parliament House is made discernible by the light proceeding from a *great eye* which shines in from the topmost corner of the apartment, by which eye the pious artist no doubt meant to designate Providence. On the other side of the mirror, is a figure doing something, which puzzled me when a child, and continues to puzzle me now. The best I can make of it is, that it is a conspirator busy laying the train,—but then, why is he represented in the king's chamber ? —Conjecture upon so fantastical a design is vain, and I only notice the print as being one of the earliest graphic representations which woke my childhood into wonder, and doubtless combined with the mummery before-mentioned, to take off the edge of that horror which the naked historical mention of Guido's conspiracy could not have failed of exciting.

Now that so many years are past since that abomin-

[1] The same, I presume, upon whom the clergyman in the song of the *Vicar and Moses*, not without judgment, passes this memorable censure—

> Here, Moses, the King :—
> 'Tis a scandalous thing
> That this Baskett should print for the Crown.

able machination was happily frustrated, it will not, I hope, be considered a profane sporting with the subject, if we take no very serious survey of the consequences that would have flowed from this plot if it had had a successful issue. The first thing that strikes us, in a selfish point of view, is the material change which it must have produced in the course of the nobility. All the ancient peerage being extinguished, as it was intended, at one blow, the *Red-Book* must have been closed for ever, or a new race of peers must have been created to supply the deficiency ; as the first part of this dilemma is a deal too shocking to think of, what a fund of mouth-watering reflections does this give rise to in the breasts of us plebeians of A.D. 1823. Why you or I, reader, might have been Duke of —— or Earl of ——: I particularize no titles, to avoid the least suspicion of intention to usurp the dignities of the two noblemen whom I have in my eye :—but a feeling more dignified than envy sometimes excites a sigh, when I think how the posterity of Guido's Legion of Honour (among whom you or I might have been) might have rolled down "dulcified," as Burke expresses it, "by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations, from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring." [1] What new orders of merit, think you, this English Napoleon would have chosen? Knights of the Barrel, or Lords of the Tub, Grand Almoners of the Cellar, or Ministers of Explosion. We should have given the Train *couchant*, and the Fire *rampant* in our arms ; we should have quartered the dozen white matches in our coats ;—the Shallows would have been nothing to us.

Turning away from these mortifying reflections, let us contemplate its effect upon the *other house*, for

[1] Letter to a Noble Lord.

they were all to have gone together,—King, Lords, Commons———

To assist our imagination, let us take leave to suppose,—and we do it in the harmless wantonness of fancy,—to suppose that the tremendous explosion had taken place in our days;—we better know what a House of Commons is in our days, and can better estimate our loss;—let us imagine, then, to ourselves, the United Members sitting in full conclave above—Faux just ready with his train and matches below; in his hand a "reed tipt with fire"—he applies the fatal engine———

To assist our notions still further, let us suppose some lucky dog of a reporter, who had escaped by miracle upon some plank of St Stephen's benches, and came plump upon the roof of the adjacent Abbey, from whence descending, at some neighbouring coffee-house, first wiping his clothes and calling for a glass of lemonade, he sits down and reports what he had heard and seen (quorum pars magna fuit) for the *Morning Post* or the *Courier*,—we can scarcely imagine him describing the event in any other words but some such as these:—

"A *Motion* was put and carried, That this House do *adjourn*: That the Speaker do *quit the Chair*. The House ROSE amid clamours for Order."

In some such way the event might most technically have been conveyed to the public. But a poetical mind, not content with this dry method of narration, cannot help pursuing the effects of this tremendous blowing up, this adjournment in the air *sine die*. It sees the benches mount,—the Chair first, and then the benches, and first the Treasury Bench, hurried up in this nitrous explosion; the Members, as it were, pairing off; Whigs and Tories taking their friendly apotheosis together, (as they did their sandwiches below in Bellamy's room). Fancy, in her

flight, keeps pace with the aspiring legislators, she sees the awful seat of order mounting till it becomes finally fixed a constellation, next to Cassiopeia's chair, —the wig of him that sat in it taking its place near Berenice's curls. St Peter, at Heaven's wicket,—no, not St Peter,—St Stephen, with open arms, receives his own———

While Fancy beholds these celestial appropriations, Reason, no less pleased, discerns the mighty benefit which so complete a renovation must produce below. Let the most determined foe to corruption, the most thorough-paced redresser of abuses, try to conceive a more absolute purification of the House than this was calculated to produce ;—why, Pride's Purge was nothing to it ;—the whole borough-mongering system would have been got rid of, fairly *exploded ;*—with it, the senseless distinctions of party must have disappeared ; faction must have vanished ; corruption have expired in air. From Hundred, Tything, and Wapentake, some new Alfred would have convened, in all its purity, the primitive Wittenagemot,—fixed upon a basis of property or population, permanent as the poles———

From this dream of universal restitution, Reason and Fancy with difficulty awake to view the real state of things. But, blessed be Heaven, St Stephen's walls are yet standing, all her seats firmly secured ; nay, some have doubted (since the Septennial Act) whether gunpowder itself, or any thing short of a *Committee above stairs*, would be able to shake any one member from his seat ;—that great and final improvement to the Abbey, which is all that seems wanting, —the removing Westminster-hall and its appendages, and letting in the view of the Thames,—must not be expected in our days. Dismissing, therefore, all such speculations as mere tales of a tub, it is the duty of every honest Englishman to endeavour, by means

less wholesome than Guido's, to ameliorate, without extinguishing, Parliaments; to hold the *lantern* to the dark places of corruption; to apply the *match* to the rotten parts of the system only; and to wrap himself up, not in the muffling mantle of conspiracy, but in the warm, honest *cloak* of integrity and patriotic intention. ELIA.

LETTER TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN

WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED

MY DEAR SIR,—The question which you have done me the honour to propose to me, through the medium of our common friend Mr Grierson, I shall endeavour to answer with as much exactness as a limited observation and experience can warrant.

You ask—or rather, Mr Grierson in his own interesting language asks for you—"Whether a person at the age of sixty-three, with no more proficiency than a tolerable knowledge of most of the characters of the English alphabet at first sight amounts to, by dint of persevering application, and good masters,—a docile and ingenuous disposition on the part of the pupil always pre-supposed—may hope to arrive, within a presumable number of years, at that degree of attainments, which shall entitle the possessor to the

character, which you are on so many accounts justly desirous of acquiring, of a *learned man*."

This is fairly and candidly stated—only I could wish that on one point you had been a little more explicit. In the mean time, I will take it for granted, that by a "knowledge of the alphabetic characters," you confine your meaning to the single powers only, as you are silent on the subject of the diphthongs, and harder combinations.

Why truly, Sir, when I consider the vast circle of sciences—it is not here worth while to trouble you with the distinction between learning and science—which a man must be understood to have made the tour of in these days, before the world will be willing to concede to him the title which you aspire to, I am almost disposed to reply to your inquiry by a direct answer in the negative.

However, where all cannot be compassed, a great deal that is truly valuable may be accomplished. I am unwilling to throw out any remarks that should have a tendency to damp a hopeful genius; but I must not in fairness conceal from you that you have much to do. The consciousness of difficulty is sometimes a spur to exertion. Rome—or rather, my dear Sir, to borrow an illustration from a place, as yet more familiar to you—Rumford—Rumford—was not built in a day.

Your mind as yet, give me leave to tell you, is in the state of a sheet of white paper. We must not blot or blur it over too hastily. Or, to use an opposite simile, it is like a piece of parchment all be-scrawled and be-scribbled over with characters of no sense or import, which we must carefully erase and remove, before we can make way for the authentic characters or impresses, which are to be substituted in their stead by the corrective hand of science.

Your mind, my dear Sir, again resembles that same

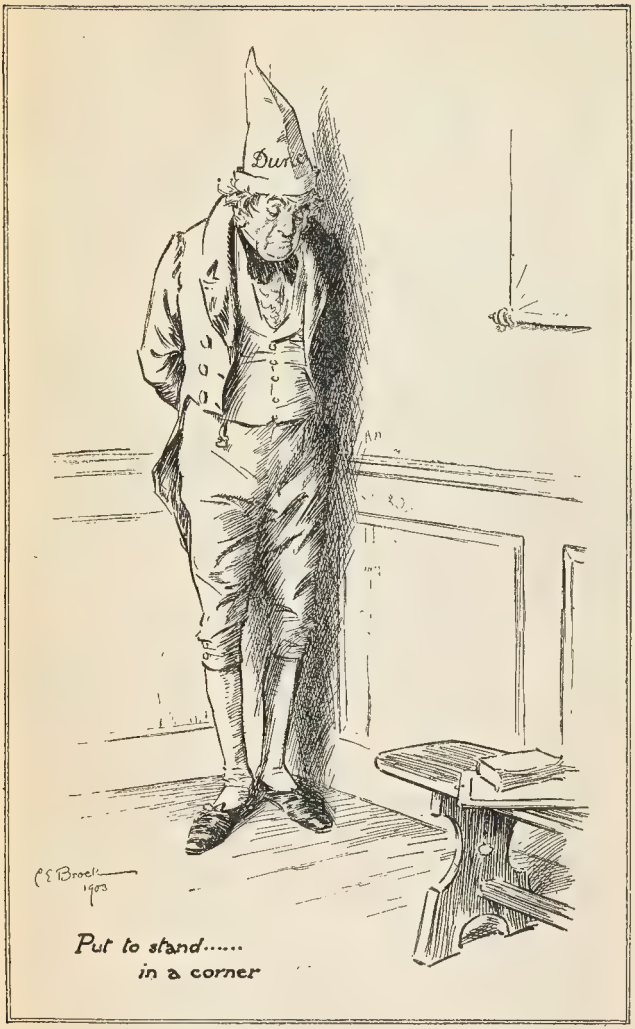
parchment, which we will suppose a little hardened by time and disuse. We may apply the characters, but are we sure that the ink will sink?

You are in the condition of a traveller, that has all his journey to begin. And again, you are worse off than the traveller which I have supposed—for you have already lost your way.

You have much to learn, which you have never been taught; and more, I fear, to unlearn, which you have been taught erroneously. You have hitherto, I dare say, imagined, that the sun moves round the earth. When you shall have mastered the true solar system, you will have quite a different theory upon that point, I assure you. I mention but this instance. Your own experience, as knowledge advances, will furnish you with many parallels.

I can scarcely approve of the intention, which Mr Grierson informs me you had contemplated, of entering yourself at a common seminary, and working your way up from the lower to the higher forms with the children. I see more to admire in the modesty, than in the expediency, of such a resolution. I own I cannot reconcile myself to the spectacle of a gentleman at your time of life seated, as must be your case at first, below a Tyro of four or five—for at that early age the rudiments of education usually commence in this country. I doubt whether more might not be lost in the point of fitness, than would be gained in the advantages which you propose to yourself by this scheme.

You say, you stand in need of emulation; that this incitement is nowhere to be had but at a public school; that you should be more sensible of your progress by comparing it with the daily progress of those around you. But have you considered the nature of emulation; and how it is sustained at those tender years, which you would have to come in



Put to stand.....
in a corner

competition with? I am afraid you are dreaming of academic prizes and distinctions. Alas! in the university, for which you are preparing, the highest medal would be a silver penny, and you must graduate in nuts and oranges.

I know that Peter, the great Czar—or Emperor—of Muscovy, submitted himself to the discipline of a dock-yard at Deptford, that he might learn, and convey to his countrymen, the noble art of ship-building. You are old enough to remember him, or at least the talk about him. I call to mind also other great princes, who, to instruct themselves in the theory and practice of war, and set an example of subordination to their subjects, have condescended to enrol themselves as private soldiers; and, passing through the successive ranks of corporal, quartermaster, and the rest, have served their way up to the station, at which most princes are willing enough to set out—of General and Commander-in-Chief over their own forces. But—besides that there is oftentimes great sham and pretence in their show of mock humility—the competition which they stooped to was with their co-evals, however inferior to them in birth. Between ages so very disparate, as those which you contemplate, I fear there can no salutary emulation subsist.

Again, in the other alternative, could you submit to the ordinary reproofs and discipline of a day-school? Could you bear to be corrected for your faults? Or how would it look to see you put to stand, as must be the case sometimes, in a corner?

I am afraid that the idea of a public school in your circumstances must be given up.

But is it impossible, my dear Sir, to find some person of your own age—if of the other sex, the more agreeable perhaps—whose information, like your own, has rather lagged behind their years, who

should be willing to set out from the same point with yourself, to undergo the same tasks—thus at once inciting and sweetening each other's labours in a sort of friendly rivalry? Such a one, I think, it would not be difficult to find in some of the western parts of this island—about Dartmoor for instance.

Or what if, from your own estate—that estate which, unexpectedly acquired so late in life, has inspired into you this generous thirst after knowledge, you were to select some elderly peasant, that might best be spared from the land, to come and begin his education with you, that you might till, as it were, your minds together—one, whose heavier progress might invite, without a fear of discouraging your emulation? We might then see—starting from an equal post—the difference of the clownish and the gentle blood.

A private education then, or such a one as I have been describing, being determined on, we must in the next place look for a preceptor:—for it will be some time before either of you, left to yourselves, will be able to assist the other to any great purpose in his studies.

And now, my dear Sir, if in describing such a tutor as I have imagined for you, I use a style a little above the familiar one in which I have hitherto chosen to address you, the nature of the subject must be my apology. *Difficile est de scientiis inscienter loqui*, which is as much as to say that "in treating of scientific matters it is difficult to avoid the use of scientific terms." But I shall endeavour to be as plain as possible. I am not going to present you with the *ideal* of a pedagogue, as it may exist in my fancy, or has possibly been realized in the persons of Buchanan and Busby. Something less than perfection will serve our turn. The scheme which I propose in this first or introductory letter, has

reference to the first four or five years of your education only; and in enumerating the qualifications of him that should undertake the direction of your studies, I shall rather point out the *minimum*, or *least*, that I shall require of him, than trouble you in the search of attainments neither common nor necessary to our immediate purpose.

He should be a man of deep and extensive knowledge. So much at least is indispensable. Something older than yourself, I could wish him, because years add reverence.

To his age and great learning, he should be blest with a temper and a patience, willing to accommodate itself to the imperfections of the slowest and meanest capacities. Such a one in former days Mr Hartlib appears to have been, and such in our days I take Mr Grierson to be; but our friend, you know, unhappily has other engagements. I do not demand a consummate grammarian; but he must be a thorough master of vernacular orthography, with an insight into the accentualities and punctualities of modern Saxon, or English. He must be competently instructed (or how shall he instruct you?) in the tetralogy, or first four rules, upon which not only arithmetic, but geometry, and the pure mathematics themselves, are grounded. I do not require that he should have measured the globe with Cook, or Ortelius, but it is desirable that he should have a general knowledge (I do not mean a very nice or pedantic one) of the great division of the earth into four parts, so as to teach you readily to name the quarters. He must have a genius capable in some degree of soaring to the upper element, to deduce from thence the not much dissimilar computation of the cardinal points, or hinges, upon which those invisible phenomena, which naturalists agree to term *winds*, do perpetually shift and turn. He must instruct you, in imitation of the

old Orphic fragments (the mention of which has possibly escaped you), in numeric and harmonious responses, to deliver the number of solar revolutions, within which each of the twelve periods, into which the *Annus Vulgaris*, or common year, is divided, doth usually complete and terminate itself. The intercalaries, and other subtle problems, he will do well to omit, till riper years, and course of study, shall have rendered you more capable thereof. He must be capable of embracing all history, so as from the countless myriads of individual men, who have peopled this globe of earth—*for it is a globe*—by comparison of their respective births, lives, deaths, fortunes, conduct, prowess, &c., to pronounce, and teach you to pronounce, dogmatically and catechetically, who was the richest, who was the strongest, who was the wisest, who was the meekest man, that ever lived; to the facilitation of which solution, you will readily conceive, a smattering of biography would in no inconsiderable degree conduce. Leaving the dialects of men (in one of which I shall take leave to suppose you by this time at least superficially instituted), you will learn to ascend with him to the contemplation of the unarticulated language, which was before the written tongue; and, with the aid of the elder Phrygian or Æsopic key, to interpret the sounds by which the animal tribes communicate their minds—evolving moral instruction with delight from the dialogue of cocks, dogs, and foxes. Or marrying theology with verse, from whose mixture a beautiful and healthy offspring may be expected, in your own native accents (but purified) you will keep time together to the profound harpings of the more modern or Wattsian hymnics.

Thus far I have ventured to conduct you to a "hillside, whence you may discern the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at

the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming." [1]

With best respects to Mr Grierson, when you see him,

I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

ELIA.

April 1st, 1823.

[1] Milton's Tractate on Education, addressed to Mr Hartlib.

A VISION OF HORNS

MY thoughts had been engaged last evening in solving the problem, why in all times and places the *horn* has been agreed upon as the symbol, or honourable badge, of married men. Moses's horn, the horn of Ammon, of Amalthea, and a cornucopia of legends besides, came to my recollection, but afforded no satisfactory solution, or rather involved the question in deeper obscurity. Tired with the fruitless chase of inexplicant analogies, I fell asleep, and dreamed in this fashion.

Methought certain scales or films fell from my eyes, which had hitherto hindered these little tokens from being visible. I was somewhere in the Cornhill (as it might be termed) of some Utopia. Busy citizens jostled each other, as they may do in our streets, with care (the care of making a penny) written upon their foreheads; and *something else*, which is rather imagined, than distinctly imaged, upon the brows of my own friends and fellow-townsmen.

In my first surprise I supposed myself gotten into some forest—Arden, to be sure, or Sherwood; but the dresses and deportment, all civic, forbade me to continue in that delusion. Then a scriptural thought crossed me (especially as there were nearly as many Jews as Christians among them), whether it might not be the Children of Israel going up to besiege Jericho. I was undeceived of both errors by the sight of many faces which were familiar to me. I found myself strangely (as it will happen in dreams)

at one and the same time in an unknown country, with known companions. I met old friends, not with new faces, but with their old faces oddly adorned in front, with each man a certain corneous excrescence. Dick Mitis, the little cheesemonger in St ****'s Passage, was the first that saluted me, with his hat off—you know Dick's way to a customer—and, I not being aware of him, he thrust a strange beam into my left eye, which pained and grieved me exceedingly; but, instead of apology, he only grinned and fleered in my face, as much as to say, "It is the custom of the country," and passed on.

I had scarce time to send a civil message to his lady, whom I have always admired as a pattern of a wife,—and do indeed take Dick and her to be a model of conjugal agreement and harmony,—when I felt an ugly smart in my neck, as if something had gored it behind, and turning round, it was my old friend and neighbour, Dulcet, the confectioner, who, meaning to be pleasant, had thrust his protuberance right into my nape, and seemed proud of his power of offending.

Now I was assailed right and left, till in my own defence I was obliged to walk sideling and wary, and look about me, as you guard your eyes in London streets; for the horns thickened, and came at me like the ends of umbrellas poking in one's face.

I soon found that these towns-folk were the civillest best-mannered people in the world, and that if they had offended at all, it was entirely owing to their blindness. They do not know what dangerous weapons they protrude in front, and will stick their best friends in the eye with provoking complacency. Yet the best of it is, they can see the beams on their neighbours' foreheads, if they are as small as motes, but their own beams they can in no wise discern.

There was little Mitis, that I told you I just encountered—he has simply (I speak of him at home in his own shop) the smoothest forehead in his own conceit—he will stand you a quarter of an hour together contemplating the serenity of it in the glass, before he begins to shave himself in a morning—yet you saw what a desperate gash he gave me.

Desiring to be better informed of the ways of this extraordinary people, I applied myself to a fellow of some assurance, who (it appeared) acted as a sort of interpreter to strangers—he was dressed in a military uniform, and strongly resembled Colonel ———, of the guards;—and "pray, Sir," said I, "have all the inhabitants of your city these troublesome excrescences? I beg pardon; I see you have none. You perhaps are single." "Truly, sir," he replied with a smile, "for the most part we have, but not all alike. There are some, like Dick, that sport but one tumescence. Their ladies have been tolerably faithful—have confined themselves to a single aberration or so—these we calls Unicorns. Dick, you must know, is my Unicorn. [He spoke this with an air of invincible assurance.] Then we have Bicorns, Tricorns, and so on up to Millecorns. [Here methought I crossed and blessed myself in my dream.] Some again we have—there goes one—you see how happy the rogue looks—how he walks smiling and perking up his face, as if he thought himself the only man. He is not married yet, but on Monday next he leads to the altar the accomplished widow Dacres, relict of our late sheriff."

"I see, Sir," said I, "and observe that he is happily free from the national *goitre* (let me call it), which distinguishes most of your countrymen."

"Look a little more narrowly," said my conductor.

I put on my spectacles; and observing the man a little more diligently, above his forehead I could mark

a thousand little twinkling shadows dancing the horn-pipe, little hornlets, and rudiments of horn, of a soft and pappy consistence (for I handled some of them), but which, like coral out of water, my guide informed me would infallibly stiffen and grow rigid within a week or two from the expiration of his bachelorhood.

Then I saw some horns strangely growing out behind, and my interpreter explained these to be married men whose wives had conducted themselves with infinite propriety since the period of their marriage, but were thought to have antedated their good men's titles, by certain liberties they had indulged themselves in, prior to the ceremony. This kind of gentry wore their horns backwards, as has been said, in the fashion of the old pig-tails; and as there was nothing obtrusive or ostentatious in them, nobody took any notice of it.

Some had pretty little budding antlers, like the first essays of a young faun. These, he told me, had wives, whose affairs were in a hopeful way, but not quite brought to a conclusion.

Others had nothing to show, only by certain red angry marks and swellings in their foreheads, which itched the more they kept rubbing and chafing them; it was to be hoped that something was brewing.

I took notice that every one jeered at the rest, only none took notice of the sea-captains; yet these were as well provided with their tokens as the best among them. This kind of people, it seems, taking their wives upon so contingent tenures, their lot was considered as nothing but natural,—so they wore their marks without impeachment, as they might carry their cockades, and nobody respected them a whit the less for it.

I observed, that the more sprouts grew out of a man's head, the less weight they seemed to carry with them; whereas, a single token would now and

then appear to give the wearer some uneasiness. This shows that use is a great thing.

Some had their adornings gilt, which needs no explanation ; while others, like musicians, went sounding theirs before them—a sort of music which I thought might very well have been spared.

It was pleasant to see some of the citizens encounter between themselves ; how they smiled in their sleeves at the shock they received from their neighbour, and none seemed conscious of the shock which their neighbour experienced in return.

Some had great corneous stumps, seemingly torn off and bleeding. These, the interpreter warned me, were husbands who had retaliated upon their wives, and the badge was in equity divided between them.

While I stood discerning of these things, a slight tweak on my cheek unawares, which brought tears into my eyes, introduced to me my friend Placid, between whose lady and a certain male cousin, some idle flirtations I remember to have heard talked of; but that was all. He saw he had somehow hurt me, and asked my pardon with that round unconscious face of his, and looked so tristful and contrite for his no-offence, that I was ashamed for the man's penitence. Yet I protest it was but a scratch. It was the least little hornet of a horn that could be framed. "Shame on the man," I secretly exclaimed, "who could thrust so much as the value of a hair into a brow so unsuspecting and inoffensive. What then must they have to answer for, who plant great, monstrous, timber-like, projecting antlers upon the heads of those whom they call their friends, when a puncture of this atomical tenuity made my eyes to water at this rate. All the pincers at Surgeons' Hall cannot pull out for Placid that little hair."

I was curious to know what became of these

frontal excrescences when the husbands died ; and my guide informed me that the chemists in their country made a considerable profit by them, extracting from them certain subtile essences :—and then I remembered, that nothing was so efficacious in my own for restoring swooning matrons, and wives troubled with the vapours, as a strong sniff or two at the composition, appropriately called hartshorn—far beyond *sal volatile.*

Then also I began to understand, why a man, who is the jest of the company, is said to be the butt —as much as to say, such a one butteth with the horn.

I inquired if by no operation these wens were ever extracted ; and was told that there was indeed an order of dentists, whom they call canonists in their language, who undertook to restore the forehead to its pristine smoothness ; but that ordinarily it was not done without much cost and trouble ; and when they succeeded in plucking out the offending part it left a painful void, which could not be filled up ; and that many patients who had submitted to the excision, were eager to marry again, to supply with a good second antler the baldness and deformed gap left by the extraction of the former, as men losing their natural hair substitute for it a less becoming periwig.

Some horns I observed beautifully taper, smooth, and (as it were) flowering. These I understand were the portions brought by handsome women to their spouses ; and I pitied the rough, homely, unsightly deformities on the brows of others, who had been deceived by plain and ordinary partners. Yet the latter I observed to be by far the most common—the solution of which I leave to the natural philosopher.

One tribute of married men I particularly admired at, who, instead of horns, wore, engrafted on their

forehead, a sort of horn-book. "This," quoth my guide, "is the greatest mystery in our country, and well worth an explanation. You must know that all infidelity is not of the senses. We have as well intellectual, as material, wittols. These, whom you see decorated with the Order of the Book—are triflers, who encourage about their wives' presence the society of your men of genius (their good friends, as they call them)—literary disputants, who ten to one out-talk the poor husband, and commit upon the understanding of the woman a violence and estrangement in the end, little less painful than the coarser sort of alienation. Whip me these knaves—[my conductor here expressed himself with a becoming warmth] —whip me them, I say, who with no excuse from the passions, in cold blood seduce the minds, rather than the persons, of their friends' wives; who, for the tickling pleasure of hearing themselves prate, dehonestate the intellects of married women, dishonouring the husband in what should be his most sensible part. If I must be——[here he used a plain word] let it be by some honest sinner like myself, and not by one of these gad-flies, these debauchers of the understanding, these flattery-buzzers." He was going on in this manner, and I was getting insensibly pleased with my friend's manner (I had been a little shy of him at first), when the dream suddenly left me, vanishing—as Virgil speaks—through the gate of Horn.

ELIA.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEFUNCT [1]

Nought but a blank remains, a dead void space,
A step of life that promised such a race.—DRYDEN

NAPOLEON has now sent us back from the grave sufficient echoes of his living renown: the twilight of posthumous fame has lingered long enough over the spot where the sun of his glory set; and his name must at length repose in the silence, if not in the darkness of night. In this busy and evanescent scene, other spirits of the age are rapidly snatched away, claiming our undivided sympathies and regrets, until in turn they yield to some newer and more absorbing grief. Another name is now added to the list of the mighty departed, a name whose influence upon the hopes and fears, the fates and fortunes of our countrymen, has rivalled, and perhaps eclipsed that of the defunct "child and champion of Jacobinism," while it is associated with all the sanctions of legitimate government, all the sacred authorities of social order and our most holy religion. We speak of one, indeed, under whose warrant heavy and incessant contributions were imposed upon our fellow-citizens, but who exacted

[1] Since writing this article, we have been informed that the object of our funeral-oration is not definitively dead, but only moribund. So much the better; we shall have an opportunity of granting the request made to Walter by one of the children in the wood, and "kill him two times." The Abbé de Vertot having a siege to write, and not receiving the materials in time, composed the whole from his invention. Shortly after its completion, the expected documents arrived, when he threw them aside, exclaiming—"You are of no use to me now; I have carried the town."

nothing without the signet and sign-manual of most devout Chancellors of the Exchequer. Not to dally longer with the sympathies of our readers, we think it right to premonish them that we are composing an epicedium upon no less distinguished a personage than the Lottery, whose last breath, after many penultimate puffs, has been sobbed forth by sorrowing contractors, as if the world itself were about to be converted into a blank. There is a fashion of eulogy, as well as of vituperation; and though the Lottery stood for some time in the latter predicament, we hesitate not to assert that "*multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*" Never have we joined in the senseless clamour which condemned the only tax whereto we became voluntary contributors, the only resource which gave the stimulus without the danger or infatuation of gambling, the only alembic which in these plodding days sublimised our imaginations, and filled them with more delicious dreams than ever flitted athwart the sensorium of Alnaschar.

Never can the writer forget when, as a child, he was hoisted upon a servant's shoulder in Guildhall, and looked down upon the installed and solemn pomp of the then drawing Lottery. The two awful cabinets of iron, upon whose massive and mysterious portals, the royal initials were gorgeously emblazoned, as if after having deposited the unfulfilled prophecies within, the King himself had turned the lock and still retained the key in his pocket;—the blue-coat boy, with his naked arm, first converting the invisible wheel, and then diving into the dark recess for a ticket;—the grave and reverend faces of the commissioners eyeing the announced number;—the scribes below calmly committing it to their huge books;—the anxious countenances of the surrounding populace, while the giant figures of Gog and Magog, like presiding deities, looked down with a grim silence upon

the whole proceeding,—constituted altogether a scene, which combined with the sudden wealth supposed to be lavished from those inscrutable wheels, was well calculated to impress the imagination of a boy with reverence and amazement. Jupiter, seated between the two fatal urns of good and evil, the blind Goddess with her cornucopia, the Parcæ wielding the distaff, the thread of life, and the abhorred shears, seemed but dim and shadowy abstractions of mythology, when I had gazed upon an assemblage exercising, as I dreamt, a not less eventful power, and all presented to me in palpable and living operation. Reason and experience, ever at their old spiteful work of catching and destroying the bubbles which youth delighted to follow, have indeed dissipated much of this illusion, but my mind so far retained the influence of that early impression, that I have ever since continued to deposit my humble offerings at its shrine whenever the ministers of the Lottery went forth with type and trumpet to announce its periodical dispensations; and though nothing has been doled out to me from its undiscerning coffers but blanks, or those more vexatious tantalizers of the spirit, denominated small prizes, yet do I hold myself largely indebted to this most generous diffuser of universal happiness. Ingrates that we are! are we to be thankful for no benefits that are not palpable to sense, to recognise no favours that are not of marketable value, to acknowledge no wealth unless it can be counted with the five fingers? If we admit the mind to be the sole depositary of genuine joy, where is the bosom that has not been elevated into a temporary elysium by the magic of the Lottery? Which of us has not converted his ticket, or even his sixteenth share of one, into a nest-egg of Hope, upon which he has sate brooding in the secret roosting-places of his heart, and hatched it into a thousand fantastical apparitions?

What a startling revelation of the passions if all the aspirations engendered by the Lottery could be made manifest! Many an impecuniary epicure has gloated over his locked-up warrant for future wealth, as a means of realizing the dream of his namesake in the "Alchemist,"—

> My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,—
> Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
> With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies;
> The tongues of carps, dormice, and camel's heels
> Boiled i' the spirit of Sol, and dissolved in pearl,
> (Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy;)
> And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
> Headed with diamant and carbuncle.—
> My footboy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmons,
> Knots, godwits, lampreys; I myself will have
> The beards of barbels served:—instead of salads
> Oil'd mushrooms, and the swelling unctuous paps
> Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off.
> Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce,
> For which I'll say unto my cook—"There's gold,
> Go forth, and be a knight."

Many a doating lover has kissed the scrap of paper whose promissory shower of gold was to give up to him his otherwise unattainable Danaë: Nimrods have transformed the same narrow symbol into a saddle, by which they have been enabled to bestride the backs of peerless hunters; while nymphs have metamorphosed its Protean form into—

> Rings, gaudes, conceits,
> Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,

and all the braveries of dress, to say nothing of the obsequious husband, the two-footman'd carriage, and the opera-box. By the simple charm of this numbered and printed rag, gamesters have, for a time at least, recovered their losses, spendthrifts have cleared off mortgages from their estates, the imprisoned debtor has leapt over his lofty boundary of circumscription and restraint, and revelled in all the joys of

Nymphs have metamorphosed
its Protean form -

liberty and fortune; the cottage walls have swelled out into more goodly proportion than those of Baucis and Philemon; poverty has tasted the luxuries of competence, labour has lolled at ease in a perpetual arm-chair of idleness, sickness has been bribed into banishment, life has been invested with new charms, and death deprived of its former terrors. Nor have the affections been less gratified than the wants, appetites, and ambitions of mankind. By the conjurations of the same potent spell, kindred have lavished anticipated benefits upon one another, and charity upon all. Let it be termed a delusion; a fool's paradise is better than the wise man's Tartarus: be it branded as an Ignis fatuus, it was at least a benevolent one, which instead of beguiling its followers into swamps, caverns, and pitfalls, allured them on with all the blandishments of enchantment to a garden of Eden, an ever-blooming elysium of delight. True, the pleasures it bestowed were evanescent, but which of our joys are permanent? and who so inexperienced as not to know that anticipation is always of higher relish than reality, which strikes a balance both in our sufferings and enjoyments. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," and fruition, in the same proportion, invariably falls short of hope. "Men are but children of a larger growth," who may amuse themselves for a long time in gazing at the reflection of the moon in the water, but, if they jump in to grasp it, they may grope for ever, and only get the farther from their object. He is the wisest who keeps feeding upon the future, and refrains as long as possible from undeceiving himself, by converting his pleasant speculations into disagreeable certainties.

The true mental epicure always purchased his ticket early, and postponed enquiry into its fate to the last possible moment, during the whole of which intervening period he had an imaginary twenty

thousand locked up in his desk,—and was not this well worth all the money? Who would scruple to give twenty pounds interest for even the ideal enjoyment of as many thousands during two or three months? "*Crede quod habes, et habes*," and the usufruct of such a capital is surely not dear at such a price. Some years ago, a gentleman in passing along Cheapside saw the figures 1069, of which number he was the sole proprietor, flaming on the window of a lottery office as a capital prize. Somewhat flurried by this discovery, not less welcome than unexpected, he resolved to walk round St Paul's that he might consider in what way to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and family; but, upon repassing the shop, he observed that the number was altered to 10,069, and upon inquiry, had the mortification to learn that his ticket was a blank, and had only been stuck up in the window by a mistake of the clerk. This effectually calmed his agitation, but he always speaks of himself as having once possessed twenty thousand pounds, and maintains that his ten-minutes' walk round St Paul's was worth ten times the purchase-money of the ticket. A prize thus obtained, has, moreover, this special advantage;—it is beyond the reach of fate, it cannot be squandered, bankruptcy cannot lay siege to it, friends cannot pull it down, nor enemies blow it up; it bears a charmed life, and none of woman born can break its integrity, even by the dissipation of a single fraction. Show me the property in these perilous times that is equally compact and impregnable. We can no longer become enriched for a quarter of an hour; we can no longer succeed in such splendid failures; all our chances of making such a miss have vanished with the last of the Lotteries.

Life will now become a flat, prosaic routine of matter-of-fact, and sleep itself, erst so prolific of

numerical configurations and mysterious stimulants to lottery adventure, will be disfurnished of its figures and figments. People will cease to harp upon the one lucky number suggested in a dream, and which forms the exception, while they are scrupulously silent upon the ten thousand falsified dreams which constitute the rule. Morpheus will stifle Cocker with a handful of poppies, and our pillows will be no longer haunted by the book of numbers.

And who, too, shall maintain the art and mystery of puffing, in all its pristine glory, when the lottery professors shall have abandoned its cultivation? They were the first, as they will assuredly be the last, who fully developed the resources of that ingenious art; who cajoled and decoyed the most suspicious and wary reader into a perusal of their advertisements by devices of endless variety and cunning: who baited their lurking schemes with midnight murders, ghost stories, crim-cons, bon-mots, balloons, dreadful catastrophes, and every diversity of joy and sorrow, to catch newspaper-gudgeons. Ought not such talents to be encouraged? Verily the abolitionists have much to answer for!

And now, having established the felicity of all those who gained imaginary prizes, let us proceed to show that the equally numerous class who were presented with real blanks, have not less reason to consider themselves happy. Most of us have cause to be thankful for that which is bestowed, but we have all, probably, reason to be still more grateful for that which is withheld, and more especially for our being denied the sudden possession of riches. In the Litany, indeed, we call upon the Lord to deliver us "in all time of our wealth;" but how few of us are sincere in deprecating such a calamity! Massinger's Luke, and Ben Jonson's Sir Epicure Mammon, and Pope's Sir Balaam, and our own daily observation,

might convince us that the devil "now tempts by making rich, not making poor." We may read in the Guardian a circumstantial account of a man who was utterly ruined by gaining a capital prize :—we may recollect what Dr Johnson said to Garrick, when the latter was making a display of his wealth at Hampton Court,—"Ah, David! David! these are the things that make a death-bed terrible;"—we may recall the Scripture declaration, as to the difficulty a rich man finds in entering into the kingdom of Heaven, and combining all these denunciations against opulence, let us heartily congratulate one another upon our lucky escape from the calamity of a twenty or thirty thousand pound prize! The fox in the fable, who accused the unattainable grapes of sourness, was more of a philosopher than we are generally willing to allow. He was an adept in that species of moral alchemy, which turns every thing to gold, and converts disappointment itself into a ground of resignation and content. Such we have shown to be the great lesson inculcated by the Lottery when rightly contemplated; and if we might parody M. de Chateaubriand's jingling expression,—"*le Roi est mort: vive le Roi*," we should be tempted to exclaim, "The Lottery is no more—long live the Lottery!"

UNITARIAN PROTESTS

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND OF THAT PERSUASION NEWLY MARRIED

DEAR M——, Though none of your acquaintance can with greater sincerity congratulate you upon this happy conjuncture than myself, one of the oldest of them, it was with pain I found you, after the ceremony, depositing in the vestry-room what is called a Protest. I thought you superior to this little sophistry. What, after submitting to the service of the Church of England—after consenting to receive a boon from her, in the person of your amiable consort—was it consistent with sense, or common good manners, to turn round upon her, and flatly taunt her with false worship? This language is a little of the strongest in your books and from your pulpits, though there it may well enough be excused from religious zeal and the native warmth of nonconformity. But at the altar—the Church of England altar—adopting her forms and complying with her requisitions to the letter—to be consistent, together with the practice, I fear, you must drop the language of dissent. You are no longer sturdy Non Cons; you are there Occasional Conformists. You submit to accept the privileges communicated by a form of words, exceptionable, and perhaps justly, in your view; but, so submitting, you have no right to quarrel with the ritual which you have just condescended to owe an obligation to. They do not force you into their churches. You come voluntarily, knowing the terms. You marry in the name of the

Trinity. There is no evading this by pretending that you take the formula with your own interpretation, (and so long as you can do this, where is the necessity of Protesting?) : for the meaning of a vow is to be settled by the sense of the imposer, not by any forced construction of the taker : else might all vows, and oaths too, be eluded with impunity. You marry then essentially as Trinitarians ; and the altar no sooner satisfied than, hey presto, with the celerity of a juggler, you shift habits, and proceed pure Unitarians again in the vestry. You cheat the Church out of a wife, and go home smiling in your sleeves that you have so cunningly despoiled the Egyptians. In plain English, the Church has married you in the name of so and so, assuming that you took the words in her sense, but you outwitted her ; you assented to them in your sense only, and took from her what, upon a right understanding, she would have declined giving you.

This is the fair construction to be put upon all Unitarian marriages as at present contracted ; and so long as you Unitarians could salve your consciences with the equivoque, I do not see why the Established Church should have troubled herself at all about the matter. But the Protesters necessarily see further. They have some glimmerings of the deception ; they apprehend a flaw somewhere ; they would fain be honest, and yet they must marry notwithstanding ; for honesty's sake, they are fain to dehonestate themselves a little. Let me try the very words of your own Protest, to see what confessions we can pick out of them.

"As Unitarians therefore we (you and your newly espoused bride) most solemnly protest against the service (which yourselves have just demanded) because we are thereby called upon, not only tacitly to acquiesce, but to profess a belief in a doctrine

which is a dogma, as we believe, totally unfounded." But do you profess that belief during the ceremony; or are you only called upon for the profession but do not make it? If the latter, then you fall in with the rest of your more consistent brethren, who waive the Protest; if the former, then, I fear, your Protest cannot save you.

Hard and grievous it is, that in any case an institution so broad and general as the union of man and wife should be so cramped and straitened by the hands of an imposing hierarchy, that to plight troth to a lovely woman a man must be necessitated to compromise his truth and faith to Heaven; but so it must be, so long as you chuse to marry by the forms of the Church over which that hierarchy presides.

Therefore, say you, we Protest. O poor and much-fallen word Protest! It was not so that the first heroic reformers protested. They departed out of Babylon once for good and all; they came not back for an occasional contact with her altars; a dallying, and then a protesting against dalliance; they stood not shuffling in the porch, with a Popish foot within, and its lame Lutheran fellow without, halting betwixt. These were the true Protestants. You are—Protesters.

Besides the inconsistency of this proceeding, I must think it a piece of impertinence—unseasonable at least, and out of place, to obtrude these papers upon the officiating clergyman—to offer to a public functionary an instrument which by the tenor of his function he is not obliged to accept, but, rather, he is called upon to reject. Is it done in his clerical capacity? he has no power of redressing the grievance. It is to take the benefit of his ministry and then insult him. If in his capacity of fellow Christian only, what are your scruples to him, so long as you yourselves are able to get over them, and do get over them by

the very fact of coming to require his services? The thing you call a Protest might with just as good a reason be presented to the churchwarden for the time being, to the parish clerk, or the pew opener.

The Parliament alone can redress your grievance, if any. Yet I see not how with any grace your people can petition for relief, so long as, by the very fact of your coming to Church to be married, they do *bonâ fide* and strictly relieve themselves. The Upper House, in particular, is not unused to these same things called Protests, among themselves. But how would this honourable body stare to find a noble Lord conceding a measure, and in the next breath, by a solemn Protest disowning it. A Protest there is a reason given for non-compliance, not a subterfuge for an equivocal occasional compliance. It was reasonable in the primitive Christians to avert from their persons, by whatever lawful means, the compulsory eating of meats which had been offered unto idols. I dare say the Roman Prefects and Exarchats had plenty of petitioning in their days. But what would a Festus, or Agrippa, have replied to a petition to that effect, presented to him by some evasive Laodicean, with the very meat between his teeth, which he had been chewing voluntarily rather than abide the penalty? Relief for tender consciences means nothing, where the conscience has previously relieved itself; that is, has complied with the injunctions which it seeks preposterously to be rid of. Relief for conscience there is properly none, but what by better information makes an act appear innocent and lawful, with which the previous conscience was not satisfied to comply. All else is but relief from penalties, from scandal incurred by a complying practice, where the conscience itself is not fully satisfied.

But, say you, we have hard measure; the Quakers are indulged with the liberty denied to us. They

have; and dearly have they earned it. You have come in (as a sect at least) in the cool of the evening; at the eleventh hour. The Quaker character was hardened in the fires of persecution in the seventeenth century; not quite to the stake and faggot, but little short of that, they grew up and thrived against noisome prisons, cruel beatings, whippings, stockings. They have since endured a century or two of scoffs, contempts; they have been a bye-word, and a nay-word; they have stood unmoved: and the consequence of long conscientious resistance on one part is invariably, in the end, remission on the other. The legislature, that denied you the tolerance, which I do not know that at that time you even asked, gave them the liberty which, without granting, they would have assumed. No penalties could have driven them into the Churches. This is the consequence of entire measures. Had the early Quakers consented to take oaths, leaving a Protest with the clerk of the court against them in the same breath with which they had taken them, do you in your conscience think that they would have been indulged at this day in their exclusive privilege of Affirming? Let your people go on for a century or so, marrying in your own fashion, and I will warrant them before the end of it the legislature will be willing to concede to them more than they at present demand.

Either the institution of marriage depends not for its validity upon hypocritical compliances with the ritual of an alien Church; and then I do not see why you cannot marry among yourselves, as the Quakers, without their indulgence, would have been doing to this day; or it does depend upon such ritual compliance, and then in your Protests you offend against a divine ordinance. I have read in the Essex Street Liturgy a form for the celebration of marriage. Why is this become a dead letter? O! it has never been

legalised; that is to say, in the law's eye it is no marriage. But do you take upon you to say, in the view of the gospel it would be none? Would your own people at least look upon a couple so paired, to be none? But the case of dowries, alimonies, inheritances, &c., which depend for their validity upon the ceremonial of the Church by law established—are these nothing? That our children are not legally *Filii Nullius*—is this nothing? I answer, nothing; to the preservation of a good conscience, nothing; to a consistent christianity, less than nothing. Sad worldly thorns they are indeed, and stumbling blocks, well worthy to be set out of the way by a legislature calling itself Christian; but not likely to be removed in a hurry by any shrewd legislators, who perceive that the petitioning complainants have not so much as bruised a shin in the resistance; but, prudently declining the briars and the prickles, nestle quietly down in the smooth two-sided velvet of a Protesting Occasional Conformity.—I am, dear sir,

With much respect, yours, &c.,

ELIA.

MANY FRIENDS

UNFORTUNATE is the lot of that man, who can look round about the wide world, and exclaim with truth, *I have no friend!* Do you know any such lonely sufferer? For mercy sake send him to me. I can afford him plenty. He shall have them good, cheap. I have enough and to spare. Truly society is the balm of human life. But you may take a surfeit from sweetest odours administered to satiety. Hear my case, dear *Variorum*, and pity me. I am an elderly gentleman—not old—a sort of middle-aged-gentleman-and-a-half—with a tolerable larder, cellar, &c.; and a most unfortunately easy temper for the callous front of impertinence to try conclusions on. My day times are entirely engrossed by the business of a public office, where I am anything but alone from nine till five. I have forty fellow-clerks about me during those hours; and, though the human face

be divine, I protest that so many human faces seen every day do very much diminish the homage I am willing to pay to that divinity. It fares with these divine resemblances as with a Polytheism. Multiply the object and you infallibly enfeeble the adoration. "What a piece of work is Man! how excellent in faculty," &c. But a great many men together—a hot huddle of rational creatures—Hamlet himself would have lowered his contemplation a peg or two in my situation. *Tædet me harum quotidianarum formarum.* I go home every day to my late dinner, absolutely famished and face-sick. I am sometimes fortunate enough to go off unaccompanied. The relief is restorative like sleep; but far oftener, alas! some one of my fellows, who lives *my way* (as they call it) does me the sociality of walking with me. He sees me to the door; and now I figure to myself a snug fire-side—comfortable meal—a respiration from the burthen of society—and the blessedness of a single knife and fork. I sit down to my solitary mutton, happy as Adam when a bachelor. I have not swallowed a mouthful, before a startling ring announces the visit of a *friend.* O! for an everlasting muffle upon that appalling instrument of torture! A knock makes me nervous; but a ring is a positive fillip to all the sour passions of my nature: —and yet such is my effeminacy of temperament, I neither tie up the one nor dumbfound the other. But these accursed friends, or fiends, that torment me thus! They come in with a full consciousness of their being unwelcome—with a sort of grin of triumph over your weakness. My soul sickens within when they enter. I can scarcely articulate a "how d'ye." My digestive powers fail. I have enough to do to maintain them in any healthiness when alone. Eating is a solitary function; you may drink in company. Accordingly the bottle soon

Pleasant, excellent young women....
But they were too tall.

C.E. Brock
1903

succeeds; and such is my infirmity, that the reluctance soon subsides before it. The visitor becomes agreeable. I find a great deal that is good in him; wonder I should have felt such aversion on his first entrance; we get chatty, conversible; insensibly comes midnight; and I am dismissed to the cold bed of celibacy (the only place, alas! where I am suffered to be alone) with the reflection that another day has gone over my head without the possibility of enjoying my own free thoughts in solitude even for a solitary moment. O for a Lodge in some vast wilderness! the den of those Seven Sleepers (conditionally the other six were away)—a *Crusoe* solitude!

What most disturbs me is, that my chief annoyers are mostly young men. Young men, let them think as they please, are no company *singly* for a gentleman of my years. They do mighty well in a mixed society, and where there are females to take them off, as it were. But to have the load of one of them to one's own self for successive hours conversation is unendurable.

There was my old friend Captain Beacham—he died some six years since, bequeathing to my friendship three stout young men, his sons, and seven girls, the tallest in the land. Pleasant, excellent young women they were, and for their sakes I did, and could endure much. But they were too tall. I am superstitious in that respect, and think that to a just friendship, something like proportion in stature as well as mind is desirable. Now I am five feet and a trifle more. Each of these young women rose to six, and one exceeded by two inches. The brothers are proportionably taller. I have sometimes taken the altitude of this friendship; and on a modest computation I may be said to have known at one time a whole furlong of Beachams. But the young women are married off, and dispersed among the provinces.

The brothers are left. Nothing is more distasteful than these relics and parings of past friendships—unmeaning records of agreeable hours flown. There are three of them. If they hunted in triples, or even couples, it were something ; but by a refinement of persecution, they contrive to come singly ; and so spread themselves out into three evenings molestation in a week. Nothing is so distasteful as the sight of their long legs, couched for continuance upon my fender. They have been mates of Indiamen ; and one of them in particular has a story of a shark swallowing a boy in the bay of Calcutta. I wish the shark had swallowed *him*. Nothing can be more useless than their conversation to me, unless it is mine to them. We have no ideas (save of eating and drinking) in common. The shark story has been told till it cannot elicit a spark of attention; but it goes on just as usual. When I try to introduce a point of literature, or common life, the mates gape at me. When I fill a glass, they fill one too. Here is sympathy. And for this poor correspondency of having a gift of swallowing and retaining liquor in common with my fellow-creatures, I am to be tied up to an ungenial intimacy abhorrent from every sentiment, and every sympathy besides. But I cannot break the bond. They are sons of my old friend.

LEPUS.

TOM PRY

MY friend Tom Pry is a kind warm-hearted fellow, with no one failing in the world but an excess of the passion of *Curiosity*. He knows every body's name, face, and domestic affairs. He scents out a match three months before the parties themselves are quite agreed about it. Like the man in the play, *homo est* and no human interest escapes him. I have sometime wondered how he gets all his information. Mere inquisitiveness would not do his business. Certainly the bodily make has much to do with the character. The auricular organs in my friend Tom do not lie flapping against his head as with common mortals, but they perk up like those of a hare at form. The lowest sound cannot elude him. Every parlour and drawing-room is to him a whispering gallery. His own name, pronounced in the utmost compression of susurration, they say, he catches at a quarter furlong interval. I suspect sometimes that the faculty of hearing with him is analogous to the scent in some animals. He seems hung round with ears, like the pagan emblem of Fame, and to imbibe sounds at every pore. You cannot take a walk of business or pleasure, but you are taxed with it by him next morning, with some shrewd guess at the purpose of it. You dread him as you would an inquisitor, or the ubiquitarian power of the old Secret Tribunal. He is the bird of the air, who sees the matter. He has lodgings at a corner house, which looks out four ways ; and though you go a roundabout way to evade his investigation, you are somehow seen notwithstanding. He sees at multiplied angles. He

is a sort of second memory to all his friends, an excellent refresher to a dull or oblivious conscience; for he can repeat to you at any given time all that ever you have done in your life. He should have been a death-bed confessor. His appetite for information is omnivorous. To get at the *name* only of a stranger whom he passes in the street, he counts a God-send; what further he can pick up is a luxury. His friends joke with him about his innocent propensity, but the bent of nature is too deeply burned to be removed with such forks. *Usque recurrit.* I myself in particular had been rallying him pretty sharply one day upon the foible, and it seemed to impress him a little. He asked no more questions that morning. But walking with him in St James's Park in the evening, we met an old Gentleman unknown to him, who bowed to me. I could see that Tom kept his passion within with great struggles. Silence was observed for ten minutes, and I was congratulating myself on my friend's mastery over this inordinate appetite of knowing every thing, when we had not past the Queen's gate a pace or two, but the fire burnt within him, and he said, as if with indifference, "By the way, who was that friend of yours who bowed to you just now?" He has a place in the Post-office, which I think he chose for the pleasure of reading superscriptions. He is too honourable a man, I am sure, to get clandestinely at the contents of a letter not addressed to him, but the outside he cannot resist. It tickles him. He plays about the flame, as it were; contents himself with a superficial caress, when he can get at nothing more substantial. He has a handsome seal, which he keeps to proffer to such of his friends as have not one in readiness, when they would fold up an epistle; nay, he will seal it for you, and pays himself by discovering the direction. As I have no directionary secrets, I

generally humour him with pretending to have left my seal at home (though I carry a rich gold one, which was my grandfather's, always about me), to gratify his harmless inclination. He is the cleverest of sealing a letter of any man I ever knew, and turns out the cleanest impressions. It is a neat but slow operation with him—he has so much more time to drink in the direction. With all this curiosity, he is the finest tempered fellow in the world. You may banter him from morning to night, but never ruffle his temper. We sometimes raise reports to mislead him, as that such a one is going to be married next month, &c.; but he has an instinct, as I called it before, which prevents his yielding to the imposition. He distinguishes *at hearing* between giddy rumour and steady report. He listens with dignity, and his prying is without credulity.

LEPUS.

TOM PRY'S WIFE

YOU say you were diverted with my description of the "Curious Man." Tom is in some respects an amusing character enough, but then it is by no means uncommon. But what power of words can paint Tom's wife? My pencil faulters while I attempt it. But I am ambitious that the portraits should hang side by side: they may set off one another. Tom's passion for knowledge in the *pursuit* is intense and restless, but when satisfied it sits down and seeks no further. He must know all about every thing, but his desires terminate in mere science. Now as far as the *pure mathematics*, as they are called, transcend the *practical*, so far does Tom's curiosity, to my mind, in elegance and disinterestedness, soar above the craving, gnawing, *mercenary* (if I may so call it) inquisitiveness of his wife.

Mrs Priscilla Pry must not only know all about your private concerns, but be as deeply concerned herself for them: she will pluck at the very heart of your mystery. She must anatomise and skin you, absolutely lay your feelings bare. Her passions are reducible to two, but those are stronger in her than in any human creature—*pity* and *envy*. I will try to illustrate it. She has intimacy with two families—the Grimstones and the Gubbins's. The former are sadly pinched to live, the latter are in splendid circumstances: the former tenant an obscure third floor in Devereux Court, the latter occupy a stately mansion in May-fair. I have accompanied her to both these domiciles. She will burst into the incommodious lodging of poor Grimstone and his wife at

some unseasonable hour, when they are at their meagre dinner, with a "Bless me! what a dark passage you have! I could hardly find my way upstairs! Isn't there a drain somewhere? Well, I like to see you at your *little* bit of mutton!" But her treat is to catch them at a meal of solitary potatoes. Then does her sympathy burgeon, and bud out into a thousand flowers of rhetorical pity and wonder; and it is trumpeted out afterwards to all her acquaintance, that the poor Grimstones were "making a dinner without flesh yesterday." The word *poor* is her favorite; the word (on my conscience) is endeared to her beyond any monosyllable in the language. Poverty in the tone of her compassion, is somehow doubled; it is emphatically what a dramatist, with some licence, has called *poor poverty*. It is stark-naked indigence, and never in her mind connected with any mitigating circumstances of self-respect and independence in the owner, which give to poverty a dignity. It is an object of pure pity, and nothing else. This is her first way. Change we the scene to May-fair and the Gubbins's. Suppose it a morning call:—

"Bless me!—(for she equally blesses herself against want and abundance)—what a style you *do* live in! what elegant curtains! You must have a great income to afford all these things. I wonder you can ever visit such poor folks as we:"—with more to the same purpose, which I must cut short, not to be tedious. She pumps all her friends to know the exact income of all her friends. Such a one must have a great salary. Do you think he has as much as eight hundred a year—seven hundred and fifty perhaps? A wag once told her I had fourteen hundred—(Heaven knows we Bank Clerks, though with no reason to complain, in few cases realise that luxury)—and the fury of her wonder, till I undeceived

her, nearly worked her spirits to a fever. Now Pry is equally glad to get at his friends' circumstances; but his curiosity is disinterested, as I said, and passionless. No emotions are consequent upon the satisfaction of it. He is a philosopher who loves knowledge for its own sake; she is not content with a *lumen siccum* (dry knowledge, says Bacon, is best); the success of her researches is nothing, but as it feeds the two main springs between which her soul is kept in perpetual conflict—Pity, and Envy.

LEPUS.

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY

[About the year 18—, one R——d, a respectable London merchant (since dead), stood in the pillory for some alleged fraud upon the Revenue. Among his papers were found the following "Reflections," which we have obtained by favour of our friend Elia, who knew him well, and had heard him describe the train of his feelings upon that trying occasion almost in the words of the MS. Elia speaks of him as a man (with the exception of the peccadillo aforesaid) of singular integrity in all his private dealings, possessing great suavity of manner, with a certain turn for humour. As our object is to present human nature under every possible circumstance, we do not think that we shall sully our pages by inserting it.—*Editor.*]

Scene—Opposite the Royal Exchange.
Time—Twelve to One, Noon.

KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in

turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind?—and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points, I beseech you;—N.N. by W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honour of me! How grand I stand here! I never before felt so sensibly the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it? [*Here an egg narrowly misses him*]. That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincence. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow these coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. [*A brick is let fly*]. Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. [*A coal flies*]. Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles at three ha'-pence a pound shall stand at a cold simmer.

Now, south about, Ketch. I would enjoy australian popularity.

What my friends from over the water! Old benchers—flies of a day—ephemeral Romans—welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? can it dispeople purgatory—ha!

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces, like Persians at the sunrise, bent singly on mine alone? It was wont to be esteemed an ordinary visnomy, a quotidian merely. Doubtless, these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation—some intimations, as it were, of wisdom, valour, piety, and so forth. My sight dazzles; and, if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painter now to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient—the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artizans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St James's air in these my new friends. How my prospects shift, and brighten! Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be anywhere in that group, his fortune is made for ever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile, which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were—you understand me? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture—a gentle enthusiamus—which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvass. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House, not made of every wood! Lodging, that pays no rent; airy and

commodious; which, owing no window tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and overlooking, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit, that instructs without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit! Throne, unshared and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor! Honour without co-rival! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen? From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned as if a winged messenger hovered over them; and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true overseer! What though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate!* Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing! Thou younger brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claims presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know, that thou art far higher born! Let that domicile for groundling rogues and base earth-kissing varlets envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting-house, the temporary retreat of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Prynne hover over thee—Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebbeare—from their (little more elevated) stations they look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly! Gresham's wonder, hail! I stand upon

That domicile for groundling rogues.

a level with all your kings. They, and I, from equal heights, with equal superciliousness, o'er-look the plodding money-hunting tribe below; who, busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent, grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals![1] He closed the Exchequer; I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters? 'tis their fatal chime. That the ever-winged hours would but stand still! but I must descend, descend from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

[1] A statue of Charles II. by the elder Cibber, adorns the front of the Exchange. He stands also on high, in the train of his crowned ancestors, in his proper order, *within* that building. But the merchants of London, in a superfœtation of loyalty, have, within a few years, caused to be erected another effigy of him on the ground in the centre of the interior. We do not hear that a fourth is in contemplation.—*Editor.*

THE LAST PEACH

I AM the miserablest man living. Give me counsel, dear Editor. I was bred up in the strictest principles of honesty, and have passed my life in punctual adherence to them. Integrity might be said to be ingrained in our family. Yet I live in constant fear of one day coming to the gallows.

Till the latter end of last Autumn I never experienced these feelings of self-mistrust, which ever since have embittered my existence. From the apprehension of that unfortunate man whose story began to make so great an impression upon the public about that time, I date my horrors. I never can get it out of my head that I shall some time or other commit a forgery, or do some equally vile thing. To make matters worse I am in a banking-house. I sit surrounded with a cluster of bank-notes. These were formerly no more to me than meat to a butcher's dog. They are now as toads and aspics. I feel all day like one situated amidst gins and pitfalls. Sovereigns, which I once took such pleasure in counting out, and scraping up with my little tin shovel (at which I was the most expert in the banking-house), now scald my hands. When I go to sign my name I set down that of another person, or write my own in a counterfeit character. I am beset with temptations without motive. I want no more wealth than I possess. A more contented being than myself, as to money matters, exists not. What should I fear?

When a child I was once let loose, by favour of a nobleman's gardener, into his Lordship's magnificent fruit garden, with full leave to pull the currants and

the gooseberries; only I was interdicted from touching the wall fruit. Indeed, at that season (it was the end of Autumn) there was little left. Only on the South wall (can I forget the hot feel of the brick-work?) lingered the one last peach. Now peaches are a fruit which I always had, and still have, an almost utter aversion to. There is something to my palate singularly harsh and repulsive in the flavour of them. I know not by what demon of contradiction inspired, but I was haunted with an irresistible desire to pluck it. Tear myself as often as I would from the spot, I found myself still recurring to it, till, maddening with desire, (desire I cannot call it,) with wilfulness rather—without appetite—against appetite, I may call it—in an evil hour I reached out my hand, and plucked it. Some few raindrops just then fell; the sky (from a bright day) became overcast; and I was a type of our first parents, after the eating of that fatal fruit. I felt myself naked and ashamed; stripped of my virtue, spiritless. The downy fruit, whose sight rather than savour had tempted me, dropped from my hand, never to be tasted. All the commentators in the world cannot persuade me but that the Hebrew word in the second chapter of Genesis, translated apple, should be rendered peach. Only this way can I reconcile that mysterious story.

Just such a child at thirty am I among the cash and valuables, longing to pluck, without an idea of enjoyment further. I cannot reason myself out of these fears: I dare not laugh at them. I was tenderly and lovingly brought up. What then? Who that in life's entrance has seen the babe F——, from the lap stretching out his little fond mouth to catch the maternal kiss, could have predicted, or as much as imagined, that life's very different exit? The sight of my own fingers torments me; they seem so admirably constructed for—pilfering. Then the

jugular vein which I have in common ——; in an emphatic sense may I say with David, I am "fearfully made." All my mirth is poisoned by these unhappy suggestions. If, to dissipate reflection, I hum a tune, it changes to the "Lamentations of a Sinner." My very dreams are tainted. I awake with a shocking feeling of my hand in some pocket.

Advise me, dear Editor, on this painful heart-malady. Tell me, do you feel any thing allied to it in yourself? Do you never feel an itching, as it were—a *dactylomania*—or am I alone? You have my honest confession. My next may appear from Bow-Street.

SUSPENSURUS.

A CHARACTER

A DESK at the Bank of England is *primâ facie* not the point in the world that seems best adapted for an insight into the characters of men; yet something may be gleaned from the barrenest soil. There is EGOMET, for instance. By the way, how pleasant it is to string up one's acquaintance thus, in the grumbler's corner of some newspaper, and for them to know nothing at all about it; nay, for them to read their own characters and suspect nothing of the matter. Blessings on the writer who first made use of Roman names. It is only calling Tomkins—Caius; and Jenkins—Titus; or whipping Hopkins upon the back of Scævola, and you have the pleasure of executing sentence with no pain to the offender. This hanging in effigy is delightful; it evaporates the spleen without souring the blood, and is altogether the most gentlemanly piece of Jack-Ketchery imaginable.

EGOMET, then, has been my desk-fellow for thirty years. He is a remarkable species of selfishness. I do not mean that he is attentive to his own gain; I acquit him of that common-place manifestation of the foible. I shoot no such small deer. But his sin is a total absorption of mind in things relating to himself—*his* house—*his* horse—*his* stable—*his* gardener, &c. Nothing that concerns himself can he imagine to be indifferent to you.—He does my sympathy too much honour. The worst is, he takes no sort of interest whatever in *your* horse, house, stable, gardener, &c. If you begin a discourse about your own household economy and small matters, he treats it with the most mortifying indifference. He has

discarded all pronouns for the first-personal. His inattention, or rather aversion, to hear, is no more than what is a proper return to a self-important babbler of his own little concerns; but then, if he will not give, why should he expect to receive, a hearing? "There is no reciprocity in this."

There is an egotism of vanity; but his is not that species either. He is not vain of any talent, or indeed properly of any thing he possesses; but his doings and sayings, his little pieces of good or ill luck, the sickness of his maid, the health of his pony, the question whether he shall ride or walk home to-day to Clapham, the shape of his hat or make of his boot; his poultry, and how many eggs they lay daily—are the never ending topics of his talk. *Your* goose might lay golden eggs without exciting in him a single curiosity to hear about it.

He is alike throughout; his large desk, which abuts on mine—*nimium vicini*, alas! is a vast lumber chest composed of every scrap of most insignificant paper, even to dinner invitation cards, every fragment that has been addressed to him, or in any way has concerned himself. My elbow aches with being perpetually in the way of his sudden jerking of it up, which he does incessantly to hunt for some worthless scrap of the least possible self-reference; this he does without notice, and without ceremony. I should like to make a bonfire of the ungainful mass—but I should not like it either; with it would fall down at once all the structure of his pride—his fane of Diana, his treasure, his calling, the business he came into the world to do.

I said before, he is not avaricious—not egotistical in the vain sense of the word either; therefore the term selfishness, or egotism, is improperly applied to his distemper; it is the sin of self-fullness. Neither is himself, properly speaking, an object of his con-

templation at all; it is the things which belong or refer to himself. His conversation is one entire soliloquy; or it may be said to resemble Robinson Crusoe's self-colloquies in his island: you are the parrot sitting by. Begin a story, however modest, of your own concerns (something of real interest perhaps), and the little fellow contracts and curls up into his little self immediately, and, with shut ears, sits unmoved, self-centered, as remote from your joys or sorrows as a Pagod or a Lucretian Jupiter.

LEPUS.

A POPULAR FALLACY

THAT A DEFORMED PERSON IS A LORD

AFTER a careful perusal of the most approved works that treat of nobility, and of its origin, in these realms in particular, we are left very much in the dark as to the original patent, in which this branch of it is recognised. Neither Camden in his "Etymologie and Original of Barons," nor Dugdale in his "Baronage of England," nor Selden (a more exact and laborious enquirer than either) in his "Titles of Honour," afford a glimpse of satisfaction upon the subject. There is an heraldic term, indeed, which seems to imply gentility, and the right to coat armour, (but nothing further) in persons thus qualified. But the *sinister bend* is more probably interpreted, by the best writers on this science, of some irregularity of birth, than of bodily conformation. Nobility is either hereditary, or by creation, commonly called patent. Of the former kind the title in question cannot be, seeing that the notion of it is limited to a personal distinction, which does not necessarily follow in the blood. Honours of this nature, as Mr Anstey very well observes, descend moreover in a *right line*. It must be by patent then, if any thing. But who can show it? How comes it to be dormant? Under what king's reign is it patented? Among the grounds of nobility, cited by the learned Mr Ashmole, after "Services in the Field or in the Council Chamber," he judiciously sets down "Honours conferred by the sovereign out of mere benevolence, or as favouring one subject rather than another, for some

likeness or conformity observed (or but supposed) in him to the royal nature;" and instances the graces showered upon Charles Brandon, who "in his goodly person being thought not a little to favour the port and bearing of the king's own majesty, was by that sovereign, King Henry the Eighth, for some or one of these respects, highly promoted and preferred." Here, if any where, we thought we had discovered a clue to our researches. But after a painful investigation of the rolls and records under the reign of Richard the Third, or Richard Crouchback, as he is more usually designated in the chronicles, from a traditionary stoop, or gibbosity in that part,—we do not find that that monarch conferred any such lordships, as are here pretended, upon any subject, or subjects, on a simple plea of "conformity" in that respect to the "royal nature." The posture of affairs in those tumultuous times, preceding the battle of Bosworth, possibly left him at no leisure to attend to such niceties. Further than his reign we have not extended our enquiries; the kings of England who preceded, or followed him, being generally described by historians to have been of straight and clean limbs, the "natural derivative (says Daniel [1]) of high blood, if not its primitive recommendation to such ennoblement, as denoting strength and martial prowess—the qualities set most by in that fighting age." Another motive, which inclines us to scruple the validity of this claim, is the remarkable fact, that none of the persons, in whom the right is supposed to be vested, do ever insist upon it themselves. There is no instance of any of them "suing his patent," as the law-books call it; much less of his having actually stepped up into his proper seat, as, so qualified, we might expect that some of them would have had the spirit to do, in the House of Lords.

[1] History of England, *Temporibus Edwardi Primi et sequentibus.*

On the contrary, it seems to be a distinction thrust upon them. "Their title of Lord, (says one of their own body, speaking of the common people) I never much valued, and now I entirely despise: and yet they will force it upon me as an honour which they have a right to bestow, and which I have none to refuse."[1] Upon a dispassionate review of the subject, we are disposed to believe that there is no right to the peerage incident to mere bodily configuration; that the title in dispute is merely honorary, and depending upon the breath of the common people; which in these realms is so far from the power of conferring nobility, that the ablest constitutionalists have agreed in nothing more unanimously, than in the maxim that the King is the sole fountain of honour.

[1] Hay on Deformity.

REMINISCENCES OF JUKE JUDKINS, ESQ., OF BIRMINGHAM

I AM the only son of a considerable brazier in Birmingham, who dying in 1803, left me successor to the business, with no other encumbrance than a sort of rent-charge, which I am enjoined to pay out it, of ninety-three pounds sterling *per annum* to his widow, my mother; and which the improving state of the concern, I bless God, has hitherto enabled me to discharge with punctuality. (I say, I am enjoined to pay the said sum, but not strictly obligated; that is to say, as the will is worded, I believe the law would relieve me from the payment of it; but the wishes of a dying parent should in some sort have the effect of law.) So that though the annual profits of my business, on an average of the last three or four years, would appear to an indifferent observer, who should inspect my shop-books, to amount to the sum of one thousand three hundred and three pounds, odd shillings, the real proceeds in that time have fallen short of that sum to the amount of the aforesaid payment of ninety-three pounds sterling annually.

I was always my father's favourite. He took a delight to the very last in recounting the little sagacious tricks, and innocent artifices, of my childhood. One manifestation thereof I never heard him repeat without tears of joy trickling down his cheeks. It seems that when I quitted the parental roof (Aug. 27, 1788), being then six years and not quite a month old, to proceed to the Free School at Warwick, where

father was a sort of trustee, my mother—as others are usually provident on these occasions—stuffed the pockets of the coach, which was to me and six more children of my own growth, me at the seminary, with a prodigious quantity of gingerbread, which I remember my father said was more than was needed; and so indeed it was, for if I had been to eat it all myself, it would have got stale and mouldy before it had been half spent. The consideration whereof set me upon my contrivances how I might secure to myself as much of the gingerbread as would keep good for the next two or three days, and yet none of the rest in manner be wasted. I had a little pair of pocket-compasses which I usually carried about me for the purpose of making draughts and measurements, at which I was always very ingenious, of the various engines and mechanical inventions, in which such a town as Birmingham abounded. By the means of these, and a small penknife, which my father had given me, I cut out the one half of the cake, calculating that the remainder would reasonably serve my turn, and subdividing it into many little slices, which were curious to see for the neatness and niceness of their proportion, I sold it out in so many pennyworths to my young companions, as served us all the way to Warwick, which is a distance of some twenty miles from this town; and very merry, I assure you, we made ourselves with it, feasting all the way. By this honest stratagem I put double the prime cost of the gingerbread into my purse, and secured as much as I thought would keep good and moist for my next two or three days' eating. When I told this to my parents on their first visit to me at Warwick, my father (good man) patted me on the cheek, and stroked my head, and seemed as if he could never make enough of me; but my mother

unaccountably burst into tears, and said "it was a very niggardly action," or some such expression, and that "she would rather it would please God to take me,"—meaning, God help me, that I should die—"than that she should live to see me grow up a *mean man*"—which shows the difference of parent from parent, and how some mothers are more harsh and intolerant to their children than some fathers; when we might expect quite the contrary. My father, however, loaded me with presents from that time, which made me the envy of my schoolfellows. As I felt this growing disposition in them, I naturally sought to avert it by all the means in my power; and from that time I used to eat my little packages of fruit, and other nice things, in a corner so privately, that I was never found out. Once, I remember, I had a huge apple sent me, of that sort which they call *cats'-heads.* I concealed this all day under my pillow; and at night, but not before I had ascertained that my bedfellow was sound asleep,—which I did by pinching him rather smartly two or three times, which he seemed to perceive no more than a dead person, though once or twice he made a motion as he would turn, which frightened me—I say, when I had made all sure, I fell to work upon my apple; and though it was as big as an ordinary man's two fists, I made shift to get through it before it was time to get up; and a more delicious feast I never made, —thinking all night what a good parent I had (I mean my father) to send me so many nice things, when the poor lad that lay by me had no parent or friend in the world to send him any thing nice; and thinking of his desolate condition, I munched and munched as silently as I could, that I might not set him alonging if he overheard me: and yet for all this considerateness, and attention to other people's feelings, I was never much a favourite with my

schoolfellows, which I have often wondered at, seeing that I never defrauded any one of them of the value of a halfpenny, or told stories of them to their master, as some little lying boys would do, but was ready to do any of them all the services in my power, that were consistent with my own well doing. I think nobody can be expected to go further than that. But I am detaining my reader too long in recording my juvenile days. It is time that I should go forward to a season when it became natural that I should have some thoughts of marrying, and, as they say, settling in the world. Nevertheless my reflections on what I may call the boyish period of my life may have their use to some readers. It is pleasant to trace the man in the boy; to observe shoots of generosity in those young years, and to watch the progress of liberal sentiments, and what I may call a genteel way of thinking, which is discernible in some children at a very early age, and usually lays the foundation of all that is praiseworthy in the manly character afterwards.

With the warmest inclinations towards that way of life, and a serious conviction of its superior advantages over a single one, it has been the strange infelicity of my lot, never to have entered into the respectable estate of matrimony. Yet I was once very near it. I courted a young woman in my twenty-seventh year—for so early I began to feel symptoms of the tender passion! She was well to do in the world, as they call it; but yet not such a fortune as, all things considered, perhaps I might have pretended to. It was not my own choice altogether; but my mother very strongly pressed me to it. She was always putting it to me, that "I had comings in sufficient, that I need not stand upon a portion." Though the young woman, to do her justice, had considerable expectations, which yet did not quite come up to my

mark, as I told you before. She had this saying always in her mouth, that "I had money enough, that it was time I enlarged my housekeeping, and to show a spirit befitting my circumstances." In short, what with her importunities, and my own desires *in part* co-operating—for, as I said, I was not yet quite twenty-seven—a time when the youthful feelings may be pardoned, if they show a little impetuosity—I resolved, I say, upon all these considerations, to set about the business of courting in right earnest. I was a young man then ; and having a spice of romance in my character (as the reader doubtless has observed long ago), such as that sex is apt to be taken with, I had reason in no long time to think my addresses were any thing but disagreeable.

Certainly the happiest part of a young man's life is the time when he is going a courting. All the generous impulses are then awake, and he feels a double existence in participating his hopes and wishes with another being. Return yet again for a brief moment, ye visionary views—transient enchantments! ye moonlight rambles with Cleora in the Silent Walk at Vauxhall, (N.B. About a mile from Birmingham, and resembling the gardens of that name near London, only that the price of admission is lower)—when the nightingale has suspended her notes in June to listen to our loving discourses, while the moon was overhead (for we generally used to take our tea at Cleora's mother's before we set out, not so much to save expenses, as to avoid the publicity of a repast in the gardens, coming in much about the time of half-price, as they call it)—ye soft intercommunions of soul, when exchanging mutual vows we prattled of coming felicities! The loving disputes we had under those trees, when this house (planning our future settlement) was rejected, because though cheap it was dull ; and the other house was given up,

because though agreeably situated it was too high-rented—one was too much in the heart of the town, another was too far from business. These minutiæ will seem impertinent to the aged and the prudent. I write them only to the young. Young lovers, and passionate as being young (such were Cleora and I then), alone can understand me. After some weeks wasted, as I may now call it, in this sort of amorous colloquy, we at length fixed upon the house in the High Street, No. 203, just vacated by the death of Mr Hutton of this town, for our future residence. I had till that time lived in lodgings (only renting a shop for business) to be near to my mother; near I say, not in the same house with her, for that would have been to introduce confusion into our housekeepings, which it was desirable to keep separate. O, the loving wrangles, the endearing differences, I had with Cleora, before we could quite make up our minds to the house that was to receive us—I pretending for argument sake that the rent was too high, and she insisting that the taxes were moderate in proportion; and love at last reconciling us in the same choice. I think at that time, moderately speaking, she might have had any thing out of me for asking. I do not, nor shall ever regret, that my character at that time was marked with a tinge of prodigality. Age comes fast enough upon us, and in its good time will prune away all that is inconvenient in these excesses. Perhaps it is right that it should do so. Matters, as I said, were ripening to a conclusion between us, only the house was yet not absolutely taken—some necessary arrangements, which the ardour of my youthful impetuosity could hardly brook at that time (love and youth will be precipitate)—some preliminary arrangements, I say, with the landlord respecting fixtures—very necessary things to be considered in a young man about to settle in the

world, though not very accordant with the impatient state of my then passions—some obstacles about the valuation of the fixtures, had hitherto precluded (and I shall always think providentially) my final closes with his offer, when one of those accidents, which, unimportant in themselves, often arise to give a turn to the most serious intentions of our life, intervened, and put an end at once to my projects of wifing and of housekeeping. I was never much given to theatrical entertainments; that is, at no time of my life was I ever what they call a regular play-goer; but on some occasion of a benefit-night, which was expected to be very productive, and indeed turned out so, Cleora expressing a desire to be present, I could do no less than offer, as I did very willingly, to 'squire her and her mother to the pit. At that time it was not customary in our town for tradesfolk, except some of the very topping ones, to sit as they now do in the boxes. At the time appointed I waited upon the ladies, who had brought with them a young man, a distant relation, whom it seems they had invited to be of the party. This a little disconcerted me, as I had about me barely silver enough to pay for our three selves at the door, and did not at first know that their relation had proposed paying for himself. However, to do the young man justice, he not only paid for himself, but for the old lady besides, leaving me only to pay for two, as it were. In our passage to the theatre, the notice of Cleora was attracted to some orange wenches that stood about the doors vending their commodities. She was leaning on my arm, and I could feel her every now and then giving me a nudge, as it is called, which I afterwards discovered were hints that I should buy some oranges. It seems it is a custom at Birmingham, and perhaps in other places, when a gentleman treats ladies to the play,—especially when a full night is

expected, and that the house will be inconveniently warm, to provide them with this kind of fruit, oranges being esteemed for their cooling property. But how could I guess at that, never having treated ladies to a play before, and being, as I said, quite a novice at these kind of entertainments? At last she spoke plain out, and begged that I would buy some of "those oranges," pointing to a particular barrow. But when I came to examine the fruit, I did not think the quality of it was answerable to the price. In this way I handled several baskets of them, but something in them all displeased me. Some had thin rinds, and some were plainly over ripe, which is as great a fault as not being ripe enough, and I could not (what they call) make a bargain. While I stood haggling with the women, secretly determining to put off my purchase till I should get within the theatre, where I expected we should have better choice, the young man, the cousin, who it seems had left us without my missing him, came running to us with his pockets stuffed out with oranges, inside and out, as they say. It seems, not liking the look of the barrow-fruit, any more than myself, he had slipped away to an eminent fruiterer's about three doors distant, which I never had the sense to think of, and had laid out a matter of two shillings in some of the best St Michael's, I think, I ever tasted. What a little hinge, as I said before, the most important affairs in life may turn upon! The mere inadvertence to the fact that there was an eminent fruiterer's within three doors of us, though we had just passed it without the thought once occurring to me, which he had taken advantage of, lost me the affections of my Cleora. From that time she visibly cooled towards me, and her partiality was as visibly transferred to this cousin. I was long unable to account for this change in her behaviour, when one

day accidentally discoursing of oranges to my mother alone, she let drop a sort of reproach to me, as if I had offended Cleora by my *nearness*, as she called it, that evening. Even now, when Cleora has been wedded some years to that same officious relation, as I may call him, I can hardly be persuaded that such a trifle could have been the motive to her inconstancy; for could she suppose that I would sacrifice my dearest hopes in her to the paltry sum of two shillings, when I was going to treat her to the play, and her mother too (an expense of more than four times that amount), if the young man had not interfered to pay for the latter, as I mentioned? But the caprices of the sex are past finding out; and I begin to think my mother was in the right; for doubtless women know women better than we can pretend to know them.

(*Incomplete.*)

REMARKABLE CORRESPONDENT

SIR,—I am the youngest of Three hundred and sixty-six brethren—there are no fewer of us—who have the honour, in the words of the good old Song, to call the Sun our Dad. You have done the rest of our family the favour of bestowing an especial compliment upon each member of it individually—I mean, as far as you have gone; for it will take you some time before you can make your bow all round—and I have no reason to think it is your intention to neglect any of us but poor Me. Some you have hung round with flowers; others you have made fine with martyrs' palms and saintly garlands. The most insignificant of us you have sent away pleased with some fitting apologue, or pertinent story. What have I done that you dismiss me without mark or attribute? What though I make my public appearance seldomer than the rest of my brethren? I thought that angels' visits had been accounted the more precious for their very rarity. Reserve was always looked upon as dignified. I am seen but once, for four times that my brethren obtrude themselves; making their presence cheap and contemptible, in comparison with the state which I keep.

Am I not a Day (when I do come) to all purposes as much as any of them. Decompose me, anatomise me; you will find that I am constituted like the rest. Divide me into twenty-four, and you will find that I cut up into as many goodly hours (or main limbs) as the rest. I too have my arteries and pulses, which are the minutes and the seconds.

It is hard to be dis-familied thus, like Cinderella in

her rags and ashes, while her sisters flaunted it about in cherry-coloured ribbons and favors. My brethren forsooth are to be dubbed ; one, *Saint* Day ; another, *Pope* Day ; a third, *Bishop* Day ; the least of them is *Squire* Day, or *Mr* Day, while I am—plain Day. Our house, Sir, is a very ancient one, and the least of us is too proud to put up with an indignity. What though I am but a younger brother in some sense—for the youngest of my brethren is by some thousand years my senior—yet I bid fair to inherit as long as any of them, while I have the Calendar to show ; which, you must understand, is our Title Deeds.

Not content with slurring me over with a bare and naked acknowledgment of my occasional visitation in prose, you have done your best to deprive me of my verse honours. In column 310 of your Book, you quote an antique scroll, leaving out the last couplet, as if on purpose to affront me. "Thirty days hath September "—so you transcribe very faithfully for four lines, and most invidiously suppress the exceptive clause :—

> Except in Leap Year, that's the time
> When February's days hath twenty and——.

I need not set down the rhyme which should follow ; I dare say you know it very well, though you were pleased to leave it out. These indignities demand reparation. While you have time it will be well for you to make the *amende honorable*. Ransack your stories, learned Sir, I pray of you, for some attribute, biographical, anecdotical, or floral, to invest me with. Did nobody die, or nobody flourish—was nobody born —upon any of my periodical visits to this globe ? Does the world stand still as often as I vouchsafe to appear ? Am I a blank in the Almanac ? alms for oblivion ? If you don't find a flower at least to grace me with (a Forget-Me-Not would cheer me in my

present obscurity), I shall prove the worst Day to you you ever saw in your life: and your Work, instead of the title it now vaunts, must be content (every fourth year at least) to go by the lame appellation of

The Every-Day-but-one-Book.

Yours, as you treat me,

TWENTY NINTH OF FEBRUARY.

DOG DAYS

"Now Sirius rages"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVERY-DAY BOOK

SIR,—I am one of those unfortunate creatures, who at this season of the year are exposed to the effects of an illiberal prejudice. Warrants are issued out in form, and whole scores of us are taken up and executed annually, under an obsolete statute, on what is called suspicion of lunacy. It is very hard that a sober, sensible dog, cannot go quietly through a village about his business, without having his motions watched, or some impertinent fellow observing that there is an "odd look about his eyes." My pulse, for instance, at this present writing, is as temperate as yours, Mr Editor, and my head as little rambling, but I hardly dare to show my face out of doors for fear of these scrutinizers. If I look up in a stranger's face, he thinks I am going to bite him. If I go with my eyes fixed upon the ground, they say I have got the mopes, which is but a short stage from the disorder. If I wag my tail, I am too lively; if I do not wag it, I am sulky—either of which appearances passes alike for a prognostic. If I pass a dirty puddle without drinking, sentence is infallibly pronounced upon me. I am perfectly swilled with the quantity of ditch-water I am forced to swallow in a day, to clear me from imputations—a worse cruelty than the water ordeal of your old Saxon ancestors. If I snap at a bone, I am furious; if I refuse it, I have got the sullens, and that is a bad symptom. I dare not bark outright, for fear of being

adjudged to rave. It was but yesterday, that I indulged in a little innocent *yelp* only, on occasion of a cart-wheel going over my leg, and the populace was up in arms, as if I had betrayed some marks of flightiness in my conversation.

Really our case is one which calls for the interference of the chancellor. He should see, as in cases of other lunatics, that commissions are only issued out against proper objects; and not a whole race be proscribed, because some dreaming Chaldean, two thousand years ago, fancied a canine resemblance in some star or other, that was supposed to predominate over addle brains, with as little justice as Mercury was held to be influential over rogues and swindlers; no compliment I am sure to either star or planet. Pray attend to my complaint, Mr Editor, and speak a good word for us this hot weather.

Your faithful, though sad dog,

POMPEY.

CAPTAIN STARKEY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVERY-DAY BOOK

DEAR SIR,—I read your account of this unfortunate being, and his forlorn piece of self-history,[1] with that smile of half-interest which the Annals of Insignificance excite, till I came to where he says "I was bound apprentice to Mr William Bird, an eminent writer, and Teacher of languages and Mathematics," &c.—when I started as one does in the recognition of an old acquaintance in a supposed stranger. This, then, was that Starkey of whom I have heard my sister relate so many pleasant anecdotes; and whom, never having seen, I yet seem almost to remember. For nearly fifty years she had lost all sight of him—and behold the gentle Usher of her youth grown into an aged Beggar, dubbed with an opprobrious title, to which he had no pretentions; an object and a May game! To what base purposes may we not return! What may not have been the meek creature's sufferings—what his wanderings—before he finally settled down in the comparative comfort of an old Hospitaller of the Almonry of Newcastle! And is poor Starkey dead?——

I was a scholar of that "eminent writer" that he speaks of; but Starkey had quitted the school about a year before I came to it. Still the odour of his

[1] "Memoirs of the Life of Benjamin Starkey, late of London, but now an inmate of the Freemen's Hospital in Newcastle. Written by himself. With a portrait of the author, and a facsimile of his handwriting. Printed and sold by William Hall, Great Market, Newcastle." 1818. 12mo, pp. 14.

merits had left a fragrancy upon the recollection of the elder pupils. The school-room stands where it did, looking into a discoloured dingy garden in the passage leading from Fetter Lane into Bartlett's Buildings. It is still a School, though the main prop, alas! has fallen so ingloriously; and bears a Latin inscription over the entrance in the Lane, which was unknown in our humbler times. Heaven knows what "languages" were taught in it then; I am sure that neither my Sister nor myself brought any out of it, but a little of our native English. By "mathematics," reader, must be understood "cipher-ing." It was in fact a humble day-school, at which reading and writing were taught to us boys in the morning, and the same slender erudition was communicated to the girls, our sisters, &c. in the evening. Now Starkey presided, under Bird, over both establishments. In my time, Mr Cook, now or lately a respectable Singer and Performer at Drury-lane Theatre, and Nephew to Mr Bird, had succeeded to him. I well remember Bird. He was a squat, corpulent, middle-sized man, with something of the gentleman about him, and that peculiar mild tone—especially while he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children, than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent; but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, where we could only hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and the solemnity. But the ordinary chastisement was the bastinado, a stroke or two on the palm with that almost obsolete weapon now—the ferule. A ferule was a sort of flat ruler, widened at the inflicting end into a shape resembling a pear,—but nothing like so sweet—with a delectable hole in the middle, to raise blisters, like a cupping-glass. I have an intense recollection of that disused

instrument of torture—and the malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness, with which its strokes were applied. The idea of a rod is accompanied with something ludicrous; but by no process can I look back upon this blister-raiser with any thing but unmingled horror.—To make him look more formidable—if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings—Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns, formerly in use with schoolmasters; the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering. But boyish fears apart—Bird I believe was in the main a humane and judicious master.

O, how I remember our legs wedged in to those uncomfortable sloping desks, where we sat elbowing each other—and the injunctions to attain a free hand, unattainable in that position; the first copy I wrote after, with its moral lesson, "Art improves Nature;" the still earlier pot-hooks and the hangers, some traces of which I fear may yet be apparent in this manuscript; the truant looks side-long to the garden, which seemed a mockery of our imprisonment; the prize for best spelling which had almost turned my head, and which to this day I cannot reflect upon without a vanity, which I ought to be ashamed of—our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; the bright, punctually-washed morning fingers, darkening gradually with another and another ink-spot: What a world of little associated circumstances, pains, and pleasures, mingling their quotas of pleasure, arise at the reading of those few simple words—"Mr William Bird, an eminent Writer and Teacher of languages and mathematics in Fetter Lane, Holborn!"

Poor Starkey, when young, had that peculiar stamp of old-fashionedness in his face, which makes it impossible for a beholder to predicate any particular age

in the object. You can scarce make a guess between seventeen and seven and thirty. This antique cast always seems to promise ill-luck and penury. Yet it seems, he was not always the abject thing he came to. My Sister, who well remembers him, can hardly forgive Mr Thomas Ranson for making an etching so unlike her idea of him, when he was a youthful teacher at Mr Bird's school. Old age and poverty—a life-long poverty she thinks, could at no time have so effaced the marks of native gentility, which were once so visible in a face, otherwise strikingly ugly, thin, and care-worn. From her recollections of him, she thinks that he would have wanted bread, before he would have begged or borrowed a half-penny. If any of the girls (she says) who were my school-fellows should be reading, through their aged spectacles, tidings from the dead of their youthful friend Starkey, they will feel a pang, as I do, at having teased his gentle spirit. They were big girls, it seems, too old to attend his instructions with the silence necessary; and however old age, and a long state of beggary, seem to have reduced his writing faculties to a state of imbecility, in those days, his language occasionally rose to the bold and figurative, for when he was in despair to stop their chattering, his ordinary phrase was, "Ladies, if you will not hold your peace, not all the powers in heaven can make you." Once he was missing for a day or two; he had run away. A little old unhappy-looking man brought him back —it was his father—and he did no business in the school that day, but sate moping in a corner, with his hands before his face; and the girls, his tormentors, in pity for his case, for the rest of that day forbore to annoy him. I had been there but a few months (adds she) when Starkey, who was the chief instructor of us girls, communicated to us a profound secret, that the tragedy of "Cato" was shortly to be

acted by the elder boys, and that we were to be invited to the representation. That Starkey lent a helping hand in fashioning the actors, she remembers; and but for his unfortunate person, he might have had some distinguished part in the scene to enact; as it was, he had the arduous task of prompter assigned to him, and his feeble voice was heard clear and distinct, repeating the text during the whole performance. She describes her recollection of the cast of characters even now with a relish. Martia, by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa, and of whom she never afterwards heard tidings,—Lucia, by Master Walker, whose sister was her particular friend; Cato, by John Hunter, a masterly declaimer, but a plain boy, and shorter by the head than his two sons in the scene, &c. In conclusion, Starkey appears to have been one of those mild spirits, which, not originally deficient in understanding, are crushed by penury into dejection and feebleness. He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to Society, if Fortune had taken him into a very little fostering, but wanting that, he became a Captain—a by-word—and lived, and died, a broken bulrush.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF AN UNFORTUNATE DAY

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—I am a poor wronged *Day*. I appeal to you as the general patron of the family of the *Days*. The candour with which you attended to the expostulations of a poor relative of ours—a sort of cousin thrice removed [1]—encourages me to hope that you will listen to the complaint of a *Day* of rather more consequence. I am the *Day*, Sir, upon which it pleased the course of nature that your gracious Sovereign should be born. As such, before his Accession, I was always observed and honoured. But since that happy event, in which naturally none had a greater interest than myself, a flaw has been discovered in my title. My lustre has been eclipsed, and—to use the words of one of your own poets,—

I fade into the light of common *day*.

It seems, that about that time, an Impostor crept into Court, who has the effrontery to usurp my honours, and to style herself the *King's-birth-Day*, upon some shallow pretence that, being *St George's-Day*, she must needs be *King-George's-Day* also. *All-Saints-Day* we have heard of, and *All-Souls-Day*, we are willing to admit ; but does it follow that this foolish *Twenty-third of April* must be *All-George's-Day*, and enjoy a monopoly of the whole name, from George of Cappadocia to George of Leyden, and from George-a-Green down to George Dyer ?

It looks a little oddly that I was discarded not long after the discussions of a set of men and measures,

[1] Twenty-ninth *Day* of February.

with whom I have nothing in common. I hope no whisperer has insinuated into the ears of Royalty, as if I were anything Whiggishly inclined, when, in my heart, I abhor all these kinds of Revolutions, by which I am sure to be the greatest sufferer.

I wonder my shameless Rival can have the face to let the Tower and Park Guns proclaim so many big thundering fibs as they do, upon her Anniversary—making your Sovereign too to be older than he really is by an hundred and odd *days*, which is no great compliment one would think. Consider if this precedent for ante-dating of Births should become general, what confusion it must make in the Parish Registers; what crowds of young heirs we should have coming of age before they are one-and-twenty, with numberless similar grievances. If these chops and changes are suffered, we shall have *Lord-Mayor's-Day* eating her custard unauthentically in *May*, and *Guy Faux* preposterously blazing twice over in the Dog-*days*.

I humbly submit, that it is not within the prerogatives of Royalty itself, to be born twice over. We have read of the supposititious births of Princes, but where are the evidences of this first Birth? Why are not the nurses in attendance, the midwife, &c. produced?—the silly story has not so much as a Warming-Pan to support it.

My legal advisers, to comfort me, tell me that I have the right on my side; that I am the true Birth-*Day*, and the other *Day* is only kept. But what consolation is this to me, as long as this naughty *kept-creature* keeps me out of my dues and privileges?

Pray take my unfortunate case into your consideration, and see that I am restored to my lawful Rejoicings, Firings, Bon-Firings, Illuminations, &c.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray,

TWELFTH DAY OF AUGUST.

A melodious and proportionable kinde of musicke

THE ASS

MR COLLIER, in his "Poetical Decameron," (Third Conversation) notices a tract printed in 1595, with the author's initials only, A. B., entitled "The Noblenesse of the Asse; a work rare, learned, and excellent." He has selected the following pretty passage from it: "He (the Ass) refuseth no burthen, he goes whither he is sent without any contradiction. He lifts not his foote against any one; he bytes not; he is no fugitive, nor malicious affected.

He doth all things in good sort, and to his liking that hath cause to employ him. If strokes be given him, he cares not for them; and, as our modern poet singeth,

> Thou wouldst (perhaps) he should become thy foe,
> And to that end dost beat him many times:
> He cares not for himselfe, much less thy blow!"[1]

Certainly Nature, foreseeing the cruel usage which this useful servant to man should receive at man's hand, did prudently in furnishing him with a tegument impervious to ordinary stripes. The malice of a child, or a weak hand, can make feeble impressions on him. His back offers no mark to a puny foeman. To a common whip or switch his hide presents an absolute insensibility. You might as well pretend to scourge a school-boy with a tough pair of leather breeches on. His jerkin is well fortified. And therefore the Costermongers, "between the years 1790 and 1800," did more politicly than piously in lifting up a part of his upper garment. I well remember that beastly and bloody custom. I have often longed to see one of those refiners in discipline himself at the cart's tail, with just such a convenient spot laid bare to the tender mercies of the whipster. But since Nature has resumed her rights, it is to be hoped that this patient creature does not suffer to extremities; and that, to the savages who still belabour his poor carcass with their blows (considering the sort of anvil they are laid upon) he might in some sort, if he could speak, exclaim with the philosopher, "Lay on: you beat but upon the case of Anaxarchus."

Contemplating this natural safeguard, this fortified exterior, it is with pain I view the sleek, foppish,

[1] Who this modern poet was, says Mr C., is a secret worth discovering.—The wood-cut on the title of the Pamphlet is—an Ass with a leaf of laurel round his neck.

combed and curried, person of this animal, as he is disnaturalized at Watering Places, &c. where they affect to make a palfrey of him. Fie on all such sophistications!—It will never do, Master Groom. Something of his honest shaggy exterior will still peep up in spite of you—his good, rough, native, pine-apple coating. You cannot "refine a scorpion into a fish, though you rince it and scour it with ever so cleanly cookery."[1]

The modern poet quoted by A. B., proceeds to celebrate a virtue for which no one to this day had been aware that the Ass was remarkable.

> One other gift this beast hath as his owne,
> Wherewith the rest could not be furnishèd;
> On man himselfe the same was not bestowne,
> To wit—on him is ne'er engenderèd
> The hatefull vermine that doth teare the skin,
> And to the bode [body] doth make his passage in.

And truly when one thinks on the suit of impenetrable armour with which Nature (like Vulcan to another Achilles) has provided him, these subtle enemies to *our* repose would have shown some dexterity in getting into *his* quarters. As the bogs of Ireland by tradition expel toads and reptiles, he may well defy these small deer in his fastnesses. It seems the latter had not arrived at the exquisite policy adopted by the human vermin "between 1790 and 1800."

But the most singular and delightful gift of the Ass, according to the writer of this pamphlet, is his *voice;* the "goodly, sweet, and continual brayings" of which, "whereof they forme a melodious and proportionable kinde of musicke," seem to have affected him with no ordinary pleasure. "Nor thinke I," he adds, "that any of our immoderne musitians can

[1] Milton: *from memory.*

deny, but that their song is full of exceeding pleasure to be heard; because therein is to be discerned both concord, discord, singing in the meane, the beginning to sing in large compasse, then following into rise and fall, the halfe note, whole note, musicke of five voices, firme singing by four voices, three together or one voice and a halfe. Then their variable contrarieties amongst them, when one delivers forth a long tenor, or a short, the pausing for time, breathing in measure, breaking the minim or very least moment of time. Last of all to heare the musicke of five or six voices chaunged to so many of Asses is amongst them to heare a song of world without end."

There is no accounting for ears; or for that laudable enthusiasm with which an Author is tempted to invest a favourite subject with the most incompatible perfections. I should otherwise, for my own taste, have been inclined rather to have given a place to these extraordinary musicians at that banquet of nothing-less-than-sweet-sounds, imagined by old Jeremy Collier, (Essays, 1698, part 2. on Music,) where, after describing the inspiriting effects of martial music in a battle, he hazards an ingenious conjecture, whether a sort of *Anti-music* might not be invented, which should have quite the contrary effect of "sinking the spirits, shaking the nerves, curdling the blood, and inspiring despair and cowardice and consternation. 'Tis probable," he says, "the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention." The dose, we confess, is pretty potent, and skilfully enough prepared. But what shall we say to the Ass of Silenus (quoted by Tims), who, if we may trust to classic lore, by his own proper sounds, without thanks to cat or screech-owl, dismaied and put to rout a whole army of giants?

Here was *Anti-music* with a vengeance; a whole *Pan-Dis-Harmonicon* in a single lungs of leather!

But I keep you trifling too long on this Asinine subject. I have already passed the *Pons Asinorum*, and will desist, remembering the old pedantic pun of Jem Boyer, my schoolmaster :—

Ass *in præsenti* seldom makes a WISE MAN *in futuro*.

IN RE SQUIRRELS

WHAT is gone with the Cages with the climbing Squirrel and bells to them, which were formerly the indispensable appendage to the outside of a Tinman's shop, and were, in fact, the only Live Signs? One, we believe, still hangs out on Holborn; but they are fast vanishing with the good old modes of our ancestors. They seem to have been superseded by that still more ingenious refinement of modern humanity—the Tread-mill; in which *human* Squirrels still perform a similar round of ceaseless, improgressive clambering, which must be nuts to them.

We almost doubt the fact of the teeth of this creature being so purely orange-coloured as Mr Urban's correspondent gives out. One of our old poets—and they were pretty sharp observers of nature—describes them as brown. But perhaps the naturalist referred to meant "of the colour of a Maltese orange,"[1] which is rather more obfuscated than your fruit of Seville, or St Michael's; and may help to reconcile the difference. We cannot speak from observation; but we remember at school getting our fingers into the orangery of one of these little gentry (not having a due caution of the traps set there), and the result proved sourer than lemons.

[1] Fletcher in the "Faithful Shepherdess." The satyr offers to Clorin,

> ——Grapes whose lusty blood
> Is the learned poet's good,
> Sweeter yet did never crown
> The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
> Than the *squirrels'* teeth that cracks them.——

The Author of the Task somewhere speaks of their anger as being "insignificantly fierce," but we found the demonstration of it on this occasion quite as significant as we desired; and have not been disposed since to look any of these "gift horses" in the mouth. Maiden aunts keep these "small deer" as they do parrots, to bite people's fingers, on purpose to give them good advice "not to adventure so near the cage another time." As for their "six quavers divided into three quavers and a dotted crotchet," I suppose, they may go into Jeremy Bentham's next budget of Fallacies, along with the "melodious and proportionable kinde of musicke" recorded in your last number of another highly gifted animal.

THE MONTHS

RUMMAGING over the contents of an old stall at a half *book*, half *old iron shop*, in an alley leading from Wardour-street to Soho-square yesterday, I lit upon a ragged duodecimo, which had been the strange delight of my infancy, and which I had lost sight of for more than forty years :—the "QUEEN-LIKE CLOSET, or RICH CABINET;" written by Hannah Woolly, and printed for R. C. and T. S. 1681 ; being an abstract of receipts in cookery, confectionary, cosmetics, needlework, morality, and all such branches of what were then considered as female accomplishments. The price demanded was sixpence, which the owner (a little squab duodecimo of a character himself) enforced with the assurance that his "own mother should not have it for a farthing less." On my demurring at this extraordinary assertion, the dirty little vender re-enforced his assertion with a sort of oath, which seemed more than the occasion demanded : "and now (said he) I have put my soul to it." Pressed by so solemn an asseveration, I could no longer resist a demand which seemed to set me, however unworthy, upon a level with his dearest relations; and depositing a tester, I bore away the tattered prize in triumph. I remembered a gorgeous description of the twelve months of the year, which I thought would be a fine substitute for those poetical descriptions of them which your *Every Day Book* had nearly exhausted out of Spenser. This will be a treat, thought I, for friend HONE. To memory they seemed no less fantastic and splendid

than the other. But, what are the mistakes of childhood!—on reviewing them, they turned out to be only a set of common-place receipts for working the seasons, months, heathen gods and goddesses, &c., in *samplers!* Yet as an instance of the homely occupations of our great-grandmothers, they may be amusing to some readers: "I have seen," says the notable Hannah Woolly, "such Ridiculous things done in work, as it is an abomination to any Artist to behold. As for example: You may find in some Pieces, *Abraham* and *Sarah*, and many other Persons of Old time, Cloathed as they go now-a-daies, and truly sometimes worse; for they most resemble the Pictures on Ballads. Let all Ingenious Women have regard, that when they work any Image, to represent it aright. First, let it be Drawn well, and then observe the Directions which are given by Knowing Men. I do assure you, I never durst work any Scripture-Story without informing my self from the Ground of it; nor any other Story, or single Person, without informing my self both of the Visage and Habit; As followeth.

"If you work *Jupiter, the Imperial feigned God*, He must have long, Black-Curled hair, a Purple Garment trimmed with Gold, and sitting upon a Golden Throne, with bright yellow Clouds about him."

The Twelve Months of the Year.

March. Is drawn in Tawny, with a fierce aspect, a Helmet upon his head, and leaning on a Spade; and a Basket of Garden Seeds in his Left hand, and in his Right hand the Sign of *Aries;* and Winged.

April. A Young Man in Green, with a Garland of Mirtle and Hawthorn-buds; Winged; in one hand Primroses and Violets, in the other the Sign *Taurus.*

May. With a Sweet and lovely Countenance;

clad in a Robe of White and Green, embroidered with several Flowres, upon his Head a garland of all manner of Roses; on the one hand a Nightingale, in the other a Lute. His sign must be *Gemini.*

June. In a Mantle of dark Grass green; upon his Head a garland of Bents, Kings-Cups, and Maiden-hair; in his Left hand an Angle, with a box of Cantharides; in his Right, the Sign *Cancer;* and upon his arms a Basket of seasonable Fruits.

July. In a Jacket of light Yellow, eating Cherries; with his Face and Bosom Sun-burnt; on his Head a wreath of Centaury and wild Tyme; a Scythe on his shoulder, and a bottle at his girdle; carrying the Sign *Leo.*

August. A Young Man of fierce and Cholerick aspect, in a Flame-coloured Garment; upon his Head a garland of Wheat and Rye, upon his Arm a Basket of all manner of ripe Fruits, at his Belt a Sickle. His Sign *Virgo.*

September. A merry and chereful Countenance, in a Purple Robe, upon his Head a Wreath of red and white Grapes, in his Left hand a handful of Oats, withal carrying a Horn of Plenty, full of all manner of ripe Fruits; in his Right hand the Sign *Libra.*

October. In a Garment of Yellow and Carnation, upon his head a garland of Oak-leaves with Akorns, in his Right hand the Sign *Scorpio,* in his Left hand a Basket of Medlars, Services, and Chestnuts; and any other Fruits then in Season.

November. In a Garment of Changeable Green and Black, upon his Head a garland of Olives, with the Fruit in his Left hand, Bunches of Parsnips and Turnips in his Right. His Sign *Sagittarius.*

December. A horrid and fearful aspect, clad in Irish-Rags, or coarse Freez girt unto him, upon his Head three or four Night-Caps, and over them a Turkish Turbant; his Nose red, his Mouth and Beard clog'd

with Isicles, at his back a bundle of Holly, Ivy, or Mistletoe, holding in fur'd Mittens the Sign of *Capricornus*.

January. Clad all in White, as the Earth looks with the Snow, blowing his nails; in his Left Arm a Bilet, the Sign *Aquarius* standing by his side.

February. Cloathed in a dark Skie-colour, carrying in his Right hand the Sign *Pisces*.

The following receipt, "*To dress up a Chimney very fine for the Summer time, as I have done many, and they have been liked very well*," may not be unprofitable to the housewives of this century.

"First, take a pack-thred, and fasten it even to the inner part of the Chimney, so high as that you can see no higher as you walk up and down the House; you must drive in several Nails to hold up all your work; then get good store of old green Moss from Trees, and melt an equal proportion of Bees-wax and Rosin together, and while it is hot, dip the wrong ends of the Moss in it, and presently clap it upon your pack-thred, and press it down hard with your hand; you must make hast, else it will cool before you can fasten it, and then it will fall down; do so all around where the pack-thred goes; and the next row you must joyn to that, so that it may seem all in one; thus do till you have finished it down to the bottom: then take some other kind of Moss, of a whitish-colour and stiff, and of several sorts or kinds, and place that upon the other, here and there carelessly, and in some places put a good deal, and some a little; then any kind of fine Snail-shels, in which the Snails are dead, and little Toad stools, which are very old, and look like Velvet, or *any other thing that was old and pretty;* place it here and there as your fancy serves, and fasten all with Wax and Rosin. Then for the Hearth of your Chimney, you may lay some Orpan-sprigs in order all over, and it will grow

as it lies; and according to the Season, get what flowers you can, and stick in as if they grew, and a few sprigs of Sweet-Bryer: the Flowers you must renew every Week; but the Moss will last all the Summer, till it will be time to make a fire; and the Orpan will last near two Months. A Chimney thus done doth grace a Room exceedingly."

One phrase in the above should particularly recommend it to such of your female readers, as, in the nice language of the day, have done growing some time: "little toad-stools, &c. and any thing that is *old and pretty*." Was ever antiquity so smoothed over? The culinary recipes have nothing remarkable in them, except the costliness of them. Every thing (to the meanest meats) is sopped in claret, steeped in claret, basted with claret, as if claret were as cheap as ditch water. I remember Bacon recommends opening a turf or two in your garden walks, and pouring into each a bottle of claret, to recreate the sense of smelling, being no less grateful than beneficial. We hope the chancellor of the exchequer will attend to this in his next reduction of French wines, that we may once more water our gardens with right Bourdeaux. The medical recipes are as whimsical as they are cruel. Our ancestors were not at all effeminate on this head. Modern sentimentalists would shrink at a cock plucked and bruised in a mortar alive, to make a cullis; or a live mole baked in an oven (*be sure it be alive*) to make a powder for consumption.—But the whimsicalest of all are the directions to servants—(for this little book is a compendium of all duties,)—the footman is seriously admonished not to stand lolling against his master's chair, while he waits at table; for "to lean on a chair, when they wait, is a particular favour shown to any superior servant, as the chief gentleman, or the waiting woman when she rises from the

table." Also he must not "hold the plates before his mouth to be defiled with his breath, nor touch them on the right [inner] side." Surely Swift must have seen this little treatise.

Hannah concludes with the following address, by which the self-estimate which she formed of her usefulness, may be calculated :—

> "*Ladies*, I hope you're pleas'd and so shall I
> If what I've writ, you may be gainers by:
> If not; it is your fault, it is not mine,
> Your benefit in this I do design.
> Much labour and much time it hath me cost,
> Therefore I beg, let none of it be lost.
> The money you shall pay for this my book,
> You'll not repent of, when in it you look.
> No more at present to you I shall say,
> But wish you all the happiness I may.
> "H. W."

REMINISCENCE OF SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVERY-DAY BOOK

TO your account of sir Jeffery Dunstan, in columns 829–30 (where, by an unfortunate Erratum the effigies of *two Sir Jefferys* appear, when the uppermost figure is clearly meant for sir Harry Dimsdale) you may add, that the writer of this has frequently met him in his latter days, about 1790 or 1791, returning in an evening, after his long day's itineracy, to his domicile—a wretched shed in the most beggarly purlieu of Bethnal Green, a little on this side the Mile-end Turnpike. The lower figure in that leaf most correctly describes his then appearance, except that no graphic art can convey an idea of the general squalor of it, and of his bag (his constant concomitant) in particular. Whether it contained "old wigs" at that time I know not, but it seemed a fitter repository for bones snatched out of kennels, than for any part of a Gentleman's dress even at second hand.

The Ex-member for Garrat was a melancholy instance of a great man whose popularity is worn out. He still carried his sack, but it seemed a part of his identity rather than an implement of his profession; a badge of past grandeur; could any thing have divested him of *that*, he would have shown a "poor forked animal" indeed. My life upon it, it contained no curls at the time I speak of. The most decayed and spiritless remnants of what was once a peruke would have scorned the filthy case; would absolutely have "burst its cearments." No, it was empty, or

brought home bones, or a few cinders possibly. A strong odour of burnt bones, I remember, blended with the scent of horse-flesh seething into dog's meat, and only relieved a little by the breathings of a few brick-kilns, made up the atmosphere of the delicate suburban spot, which this great man had chosen for the last scene of his earthly vanities. The cry of "old wigs" had ceased with the possession of any such fripperies; his sack might have contained not unaptly a little mould to scatter upon that grave, to which he was now advancing; but it told of vacancy and desolation. His quips were silent too, and his brain was empty as his sack; he slank along, and seemed to decline popular observation. If a few boys followed him, it seemed rather from habit, than any expectation of fun.

> Alas! how changed from *him*,
> The life of humour, and the soul of whim,
> Gallant and gay on Garrat's hustings proud.

But it is thus that the world rewards its favourites in decay. What faults he had, I know not. I have heard something of a peccadillo or so. But some little deviation from the precise line of rectitude, might have been winked at in so tortuous and stigmatic a frame. Poor Sir Jeffery! it were well if some M.P.'s in earnest have passed their Parliamentary existence with no more offences against integrity than could be laid to thy charge! A fair dismissal was thy due, not so unkind a degradation; some little snug retreat, with a bit of green before thine eyes, and not a burial alive in the fetid beggaries of Bethnal. Thou wouldst have ended thy days in a manner more appropriate to thy pristine dignity, installed in munificent mockery (as in mock honors you had lived)—a Poor Knight of Windsor!

Every distinct place of public speaking demands

an oratory peculiar to itself. The forensic fails within the walls of St Stephen. Sir Jeffery was a living instance of this, for in the flower of his popularity, an attempt was made to bring him out upon the stage (at which of the winter theatres I forget, but I well remember the anecdote) in the part of *Doctor Last*. The announcement drew a crowded house; but notwithstanding infinite tutoring—by Foote, or Garrick, I forget which—when the curtain drew up, the heart of Sir Jeffery failed, and he faultered on, and made nothing of his part, till the hisses of the house at last in very kindness dismissed him from the boards. Great as his parliamentary eloquence had shown itself, brilliantly as his off-hand sallies had sparkled on a hustings; they here totally failed him. Perhaps he had an aversion to borrowed wit; and, like my Lord Foppington, disdained to entertain himself (or others) with the forced products of another man's brain. Your man of quality is more diverted with the natural sprouts of his own.

OF MAID MARIAN AND ROBIN HOOD

I

The following communication from a "matter-of-fact" correspondent, controverts an old dramatist's authority on an historical point. It should be recollected, however, that poets have large license, and that few playwrights strictly adhere to facts without injury to poetical character and feeling. The letter is curious, and might suggest an amusing parallel in the manner of Plutarch, between the straight-forward character and the poetical one.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—having been in the country during the publication of the first parts of the Table Book, I have but now just bought them; and on perusing them, I find in Part I., col. 112 infrâ, Mr C. Lamb's first specimen of the Garrick Plays, called "King John and Matilda;" wherein the said Matilda, the daughter of the *old* baron Fitzwater,[1] is supposed to be poisoned by King John's order, in a nunnery. She is specially entitled therein as "immaculate"—"Virtue's white *virgin*,"—and "*maid* and martyr." Now, sir, I presume it to be well-known, that in the best legends extant of the times of Richard I. and John, this identical Matilda, or Maud Fitzwater, is chronicled as the *chère amie* and companion of the outlawed Robert Fitzooth, Earl of Huntingdon, whom as "Robin Hood," she followed as "*Maid* Marian"; and with whom, on his restoration of his honours by King Richard, (to his earldom and estates) she intermarried, and became Countess of Huntingdon, and was in *every* respect a wife, though we have no records

[1] This is an error of the poet's. His real name was Fitz-Walter, *i. e., the son of Walter.*

whether she ever became a mother; and that when by King John the Earl was again outlawed, and driven to the wilds of Sherwood forest, his countess also again shared his misfortunes and a second time took the name of "*Maid* Marian," (then rather a misnomer,) as he did that of "*Robin Hood*."

During the *first* outlawry of Robin Hood, and while Marian, or more properly Matilda, was yet a *maid*, John (then prince John, Richard being in Palestine) made overtures to the old baron Fitzwalter for his daughter as a mistress, and being refused, and finding she was in the society of Robin Hood and his merry men, attacked them, and a bloody fray ensued; during which John and Matilda (in the *male* costume of forest green) met, and fought: John required her to yield, and she as resolutely desired him, in a reproachful taunt, to *win* her first, and so stoutly did she belabour him, as the rest of the foresters did his party also, that he was constrained to yield, and to withdraw from a contest in which nothing was to be got but blows.

We hear nothing more of any attempts of John's to molest her or her party till after the death of Richard, and his own accession to the throne, when he spitefully ousted the Earl and Countess from their honours and possessions, and confiscated all to his own use; and thus this unfortunate pair, as I have above stated, were again constrained to quit the castle for the forest.

But it is certain, that long before John became King, Matilda, alias Maud, alias Marian, had ceased to be a maid; and we have no accounts of any attempts whatsoever made by *King* John upon or against the quondam Matilda Fitzwalter, afterwards alternately Maid Marian and Countess of Huntingdon. Indeed all the legends of Robin Hood's life present "Maid Marian," as having lived with him unmolested

by any such attempts during the whole of his *second outlawry*, and as having survived Robin's tragical end; though of *her* subsequent fate they are all silent, expressing themselves indeed ignorant of what was her destiny. Certainly she may then have retired into a nunnery, but at all events not as Matilda Fitzwalter; for she had been legally married and formally acknowledged by Richard I. as Countess of Huntingdon; and as she spent the best part of her fellowship with her husband in Sherwood forest under her romantic forest appellation, it is scarcely probable that she would resume her title on entering into a nunnery. I would presume, therefore, that however and wherever she ended her days, it must have been under the cognomen of "*Maid* Marian." As her husband lived for some years in the forest after the accession of John, I would think it scarcely likely, that after such a great lapse of time, and after the change had taken place in Matilda both as regards her worldly station and age, and I should presume person (from such a continual exposure to the air and weather,) John should renew any attempt upon her. I should therefore feel exceedingly gratified if either yourself or Mr C. Lamb could adduce any historical facts to reconcile all the discrepancies, and to show how the facts, as supposed in the play of "King John and Matilda," could, in the natural course of events, and in the very teeth of the declarations made in the history of Robin Hood and his consort, have taken place.

Mark this also;—the historians of Robin Hood and Marian (and their history was written, if not by contemporaries, yet in the next generation; nor is it likely that such a renowned personage should be unnoticed in chronicles for any space of time) all declare that they could not ascertain the fate of Marian after the death of Robin. *His* death and burial are well known,

and the inscription to his memory is still extant; but *she* was lost sight of from the time of his decease. How comes it, then, that Robert Davenport, in the seventeenth century, should be so well informed, as to know that Matilda ended her days in a nunnery by poison administered by order of King John, when there is *no tradition extant* of the time and manner of *her* decease? We have no other authority than this of Davenport's tragedy on the subject; and I should, therefore, be inclined to think that he was misinformed, and that the event recorded by him never happened. And as to its being *another* Matilda Fitzwalter, it is highly preposterous to imagine. Is it likely that at the same time there should be two barons of that name and title, each having a daughter named Matilda or Maud? Davenport calls his baron the *old* baron Fitzwater; and the father of Maid Marian is described as the *old* baron; both must, therefore, have lived in the reign of Richard I., and also in that of John till their death. Indeed, we have proof that the baron was alive in John's reign, because Richard I. having restored him at the same time that he pardoned Fitzooth, *John dispossessed them both* on his accession.

I think it, therefore, highly improbable that there should have been so remarkable a coincidence as *two* barons Fitzwalter, and *two* Matildas at the same time, and both the latter subject to the unwelcome addresses of John; consequently I cannot give credence, without *proofs*, to the incident in Davenport's play.—I am, sir, respectfully yours,

"The Veiled Spirit."

May 17th, 1827.

P.S.—Since writing the above, my friend F. C. N. suggests to me, that there was a baron Fitzwalter in John's reign, proprietor of Castle Baynard, whose

daughter Matilda John saw at a tourney, and being smitten with her charms, proposed to her father for her as his mistress (precisely the events connected with Maid Marian) ; and, being refused, he attacked Castle Baynard, and ultimately destroyed it. However, for the reasons I have before stated, I am decidedly of opinion, that if such a baron was proprietor of Castle Baynard, it must have been the father of Maid Marian, as I cannot suppose there were *two*. I cannot precisely remember, nor have I anything to refer to, but I believe it was at a tourney somewhere that *Prince* John first saw *Maud*.

II

Sir,—A correspondent in your last number rather hastily asserts that there is no other authority than Davenport's Tragedy for the poisoning of Matilda by King John. It oddly happens, that in the same number appears an extract from a play of Heywood's, of an older date, in two parts, in which play the fact of such poisoning, as well as her identity with Maid Marian, are equally established. Michael Drayton, also, hath a legend confirmatory (so far as poetical authority can go) of the violent manner of her death. But neither he nor Davenport confounds her with Robin's mistress. Besides the named authorities, old Fuller, I think, somewhere relates, as matter of chronicle-history, that old Fitzwater (he is called Fitzwater both in Heywood and in Davenport), being banished after his daughter's murder,—some years subsequently, King John, at a tournament in France, being delighted with the valiant bearing of a combatant in the lists, and enquiring his name, was told it was his old servant, the banished Fitzwater, who desired nothing more heartily than to be reconciled

to his liege, and an affecting reconciliation followed. In the common collection, called "Robin Hood's Garland" (I have not seen Ritson's), no mention is made, if I remember, of the nobility of Marian. Is she not the daughter of old Squire Gamwell, of Gamwell Hall? Sorry that I cannot gratify the curiosity of your "disembodied spirit" (who, as such, is, methinks, sufficiently "veiled" from our notice) with more authentic testimonies, I rest,—
Your humble Abstracter,

C. L.

MRS GILPIN RIDING TO EDMONTON

Then Mrs Gilpin sweetly said
Unto her children three,
"I'll clamber o'er this style so high,
And you climb after me."

But having climb'd unto the top,
She could no further go,
But sate, to every passer by
A spectacle and show:

Who said "Your spouse and you this day
Both show your horsemanship,
And if you stay till he comes back,
Your horse will need no whip."

THE sketch, here engraved, (probably from the poet's friend, Romney,) was found with the above three stanzas in the handwriting of Cowper, among the papers of the late Mrs Unwin. It is to be regretted that no more was found of this little *Episode*, as it evidently was intended to be, to the "Diverting History of Johnny Gilpin." It is to be supposed that Mrs Gilpin, in the interval between dinner and tea, finding the time to hang upon her hands during her husband's involuntary excursion, rambled out with the children into the fields at the back of the Bell, (as what could be more natural ?) and at one of these high aukward styles, for which Edmonton is so proverbially famed, the embarrassment represented, so mortifying to a substantial City madam, might have happened; a predicament, which leaves her in a state, which is the very Antipodes to that of her too loco-motive husband; in fact she rides a restive horse.—Now I talk of Edmonton styles,

I must speak a little about those of Enfield, its next neighbour, which are so ingeniously contrived—every rising bar to the top becoming more protuberant than the one under it—that it is impossible for any Christian climber to get over without bruising his (or

her) shins as many times as there are bars. These inhospitable invitations to a flayed skin, are planted so thickly too, and are so troublesomely importunate at every little paddock here, that this, with more propriety than Thebes of old, might be entitled Hecatompolis : the Town of the Hundred Gates or *Styles*.

A Sojourner at Enfield.

July 16, 1827.

LONDON FOGS

IN a well mix'd Metropolitan Fog, there is something substantial and satisfying—you can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like breathing water, as we may fancy the fishes do. And then the taste of it, when dashed with a fine season of sea-coal smoke, is far from insipid.

It is also meat and drink at the same time; something between egg-flip and *Omelette soufflée*, but much more digestible than either. Not that I would recommend it medicinally—especially to persons that have queasy stomachs, delicate nerves and afflicted with bile; but for persons of a good robust habit of body, and not dainty withal (which such, by the by, never are), there is nothing better in its way. And it wraps you all round like a cloak, too—a patent waterproof one, which no rain ever penetrated. No; I maintain that a real London Fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you can help it.

Mem.—As many spurious imitations of the above are abroad, such as Scotch Mists, and the like, which are no less deleterious than disagreeable, please to ask for the "true London particular," as manufactured by Thames, Coal Gas, Smoke, Steam and Co.—None others are genuine.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THERE is a Saturday Night—I speak not to the admirers of Burns—erotically or theologically considered; His of the "Cotter's" may be a very charming picture, granting it to be but half true. Nor speak I now of the Saturday Night at Sea, which Dibdin hath dressed up with a gusto more poignant to the mere nautical palate of un-Calvinized South Britons. Nor that it is marketing night with the pretty tripping Servant-maids all over London, who, with judicious and economic eye, select the white and well-blown fillet, that the blue-aproned contunder of the calf can safely recommend as "prime veal," and which they are to be sure not to over-brown on the morrow. Nor speak I of the hard-handed Artisan, who on this night receives the pittance which is to furnish the neat Sabbatical dinner—not always reserved with Judaical rigor for that laudable purpose, but broken in upon, perchance, by inviting pot of ale, satisfactory to the present orifice. These are alleviatory, care-consoling. But the Hebdomadal Finale which I contemplate hath neither comfort nor alleviation in it; I pronounce it, from memory, altogether punitive, and to be abhorred. It is—Saturday Night to the School-boy!

Cleanliness, saith some sage man, is next to Godliness. It may be; but how it came to sit so very near, is the marvel. Methinks some of the more human virtues might have put in for a place before it. Justice—Humanity—Temperance—are positive qualities; the courtesies and little civil offices of life, had I been Master of the Ceremonies to that

Court, should have sate above the salt in preference to a mere negation. I confess there is something wonderfully refreshing, in warm countries, in the act of ablution. Those Mahometan washings—how cool to the imagination ! but in all these superstitions, the action itself, if not the duty, is voluntary. But to be washed perforce ; to have a detestable flannel rag soaked in hot water, and redolent of the very coarsest coarse soap, ingrained with hard beads for torment, thrust into your mouth, eyes, nostrils—positively Burking you, under pretence of cleansing—substituting soap for dirt, the worst dirt of the two—making your poor red eyes smart all night, that they may look out brighter on the Sabbath morn, for their clearness was the effect of pain more than cleanliness. —Could this be true religion ?

The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. I am always disposed to add, so are those of Grandmothers. *Mine*—the Print has made her look rather too young —had never-failing pretexts of tormenting children for their good. I was a chit then ; and I well remember when a fly had got into a corner of my eye, and I was complaining of it to her, the old Lady deliberately pounded two ounces or more of the finest loaf sugar that could be got, and making me hold open the eye as wide as I could—all innocent of her purpose—she blew from delicate white paper, with a full breath, the whole saccharine contents into the part afflicted, saying, "There, now the fly is out." 'Twas most true—a legion of blue-bottles, with the prince of flies at their head, must have dislodged with the torrent and deluge of tears which followed. I kept my own counsel, and my fly in my eye when I had got one, in future, without troubling her dulcet applications for the remedy. Then her medicine-case was a perfect magazine of tortures for infants. She seemed to have no notion of the comparatively tender

Saturday Night's flannel

drenches which young internals require—her potions were any thing but milk for babes. Then her sewing up of a cut finger—pricking a whitloe before it was ripe, because she could not see well,—with the aggravation of the pitying tone she did it in.

But of all her nostrums—rest her soul—nothing came up to the Saturday Night's flannel—that rude fragment of a Witney blanket. Wales spins none so coarse—thrust into the corners of a weak child's eye with soap that might have absterged an Ethiop, whitened the hands of Duncan's She-murderer, and scowered away Original Sin itself. A faint image of my penance you see in the Print—but the Artist has sunk the flannel—the Age, I suppose, is too nice to bear it: and he has faintly shadowed the expostulatory suspension of the razor-strap in the hand of my Grandfather, when my pains and clamours had waxed intolerable. Peace to the Shades of them both! and if their well-meaning souls had need of cleansing when they quitted earth, may the process of it have been milder than that of my old Purgatorial Saturday Night's path to the Sabbatical rest of the morrow!

NEPOS.

THOUGHTS ON PRESENTS OF GAME, &c.

"We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table *by proxy;* to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his 'plump corpusculum;' to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter; to concorporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. This is indeed to have him within ourselves; to know him intimately; such participation is methinks *unitive*, as the old theologians phrase it."—*Last Essays of Elia.*

ELIA presents his acknowledgments to his "Correspondent Unknown," for a basket of prodigiously fine game. He takes for granted that so amiable a character must be a reader of the *Athenæum*. Else he had meditated a notice in *The Times*. Now if this friend had consulted the Delphic oracle for a present suited to the palate of Elia, he could not have hit upon a morsel so acceptable. The birds he is barely thankful for; pheasants are poor *fowls* disguised in fine feathers. But a hare roasted hard and brown —with gravy and melted butter!—old Mr Chambers, the sensible clergyman in Warwickshire, whose son's acquaintance has made many hours happy in the life of Elia, used to allow a pound of Epping to every hare. Perhaps that was over-doing it. But, in spite of the note of Philomel, who, like some fine poets, that think no scorn to adopt plagiarisms from an humble brother, reiterates every Spring her cuckoo cry of "Jug, Jug, Jug," Elia pronounces that a hare, to be truly palated, must be roasted. Jugging sophisticates her. In *our* way it eats so "crips," as Mrs

Minikin says. Time was, when Elia was not arrived at his taste, that he preferred to all luxuries a roasted Pig. But he disclaims all such green-sickness appetites in future, though he hath to acknowledge the receipt of many a delicacy in that kind from correspondents—good, but mistaken men—in consequence of their erroneous supposition, that he had carried up into mature life the prepossessions of childhood. From the worthy Vicar of Enfield he acknowledges a tithe contribution of extraordinary sapor. The ancients must have loved hares. Else why adopt the word *lepores* (obviously from *lepus*) but for some subtle analogy between the delicate flavour of the latter, and the finer relishes of wit in what we most poorly translate *pleasantries*. The fine madnesses of the poet are the very decoction of his diet. Thence is he hare-brained. Harum-scarum is a libellous unfounded phrase of modern usage. 'Tis true the hare is the most circumspect of animals, sleeping with her eye open. Her ears, ever erect, keep them in that wholesome exercise, which conduces them to form the very tit-bit of the admirers of this noble animal. Noble will I call her, in spite of her detractors, who from occasional demonstrations of the principle of self-preservation (common to all animals) infer in her a defect of heroism. Half a hundred horsemen with thrice the number of dogs, scour the country in pursuit of puss across three counties; and because the well-flavoured beast, weighing the odds, is willing to evade the hue and cry, with her delicate ears shrinking perchance from discord—comes the grave Naturalist, Linnæus perchance or Buffon, and gravely sets down the Hare as a—timid animal. Why, Achilles or Bully Dawson, would have declined the preposterous combat.

In fact, how light of digestion we feel after a hare! How tender its processes after swallowing! What

chyle it promotes! How etherial! as if its living celerity were a type of its nimble coursing through the animal juices. The notice might be longer. It is intended less as a Natural History of the Hare, than a cursory thanks to the country "good Unknown." The hare has many friends, but none sincerer than

ELIA.

Nov. 30, 1833.

A CHARACTER OF THE LATE ELIA

BY A FRIEND

THIS gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature. He just lived long enough (it was what he wished) to see his papers collected into a volume. The pages of the London Magazine will henceforth know him no more.

Exactly at twelve last night his queer spirit departed; and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year. The mournful vibrations were caught in the dining room of his friends T. and H.; and the company, assembled there to welcome in another first of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth, and were silent. Janus wept. The gentle P——r, in a whisper, signifyed his intention of devoting an elegy; and Allan C——, nobly forgetful of his countryman's wrongs, vowed a Memoir to his *manes* full and friendly as a Tale of Lyddalcross.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there was ever much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness

(so-called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in his Fourth Essay, (to save many instances)—where under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history.—If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero, or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly?

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern about what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would even out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist, he would pass for a free-thinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.—He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your

long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested.—Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowlege this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else, in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalised (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he had been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good

people, he would retort by asking, What one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry—as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments, which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statist!

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and, while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and courtesied, as he thought, in an especial manner to *him*. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like any thing important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis* never sat gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses;

but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

He left little property behind him. Of course, the little that is left (chiefly in India bonds) devolves upon his cousin Bridget. A few critical dissertations were found in his *escritoire*, which have been handed over to the Editor of this Magazine, in which it is to be hoped they will shortly appear, retaining his accustomed signature.

He has himself not obscurely hinted that his employment lay in a public office. The gentlemen in the Export department of the East India House will forgive me, if I acknowledge the readiness with which they assisted me in the retrieval of his few manuscripts. They pointed out in a most obliging manner the desk, at which he had been planted for forty years; showed me ponderous tomes of figures, in his own remarkably neat hand, which, more properly than his few printed tracts, might be called his "Works." They seemed affectionate to his memory, and universally commended his expertness in book-keeping. It seems he was the inventor of some ledger, which should combine the precision and certainty of the Italian double entry (I think they called it) with the brevity and facility of some newer German system—but I am not able to appreciate the worth of the discovery. I have often heard him express a warm regard for his associates in office, and how fortunate he considered himself in having his lot thrown in amongst them. There is more sense, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even talent, among these clerks (he would say) than in twice the number of authors by profession that I have conversed with. He would brighten up sometimes upon the "old days of the India House," when he consorted with Woodroffe, and Wissett, and Peter Corbet (a descendant and worthy representative, bating the point of sanctity, of old facetious Bishop

Corbet), and Hoole who translated Tasso, and Bartlemy Brown whose father (God assoil him therefore) modernized Walton—and sly warm-hearted old Jack Cole (King Cole they called him in those days), and Campe, and Fombelle—and a world of choice spirits, more than I can remember to name, who associated in those days with Jack Burrell (the *bon vivant* of the South Sea House), and little Eyton (said to be a *facsimile* of Pope—he was a miniature of a gentleman) that was cashier under him, and Dan Voight of the Custom House that left the famous library.

Well, Elia is gone—for aught I know, to be reunited with them—and these poor traces of his pen are all we have to show for it. How little survives of the wordiest authors! Of all they said or did in their lifetime, a few glittering words only! His Essays found some favourers, as they appeared separately; they shuffled their way in the crowd well enough singly; how they will *read*, now they are brought together, is a question for the publishers, who have thus ventured to draw out into one piece his "weaved-up follies."

PHIL-ELIA.

CHARLES LAMB'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHARLES LAMB, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants' Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large, can remember few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste suâ manu*). Below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness: a small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the Juniper-Berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the Public a Tale, in prose, called Rosamund Gray; a Dramatic sketch, named John Woodvil; a Farewell Ode to Tobacco, with sundry other Poems, and light prose matter, collected in Two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his Works, tho' in fact they were his Recreations; and his true works may be found on the Shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose Essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since; and rather better known from that name

without a meaning, than from any thing he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the Public attention to the old English Dramatists, in a work called "Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the Time of Shakspeare," published about fifteen years since. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth would take to the end of Mr Upcott's book, and then *not* be told truly.

He died 18 , much lamented.*

Witness his hand,

CHARLES LAMB.

* To anybody.—Please to fill up these dates.

10th Apr. 1827.

A DEATH-BED

IN A LETTER TO R. H., ESQ., OF B——

I CALLED upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor N. R. has lain dying now almost a week; such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed through life a strong constitution. Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him, I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his Wife, their two Daughters, and poor deaf Robert, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs R. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time it must all be over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend, and my father's friend, for all the life that I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships since. Those are the friendships which outlast a second generation. Old as I am getting, in his eyes I was still the child he knew me. To the last he called me Jemmy. I have none to call me Jemmy now. He was the last link that bound me to B——. You are but of yesterday. In him I seem to have lost the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Lettered he was not; his reading scarcely exceeded the Obituary of the old Gentleman's Magazine, to which he has never failed of having recourse for these last fifty years. Yet there

was the pride of literature about him from that slender perusal; and moreover from his office of archive-keeper to your ancient city, in which he must needs pick up some equivocal Latin; which, among his less literary friends, assumed the air of a very pleasant pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, having tried to puzzle out the text of a Black lettered Chaucer in your Corporation Library, to which he was a sort of Librarian, he gave it up with this consolatory reflection—"Jemmy," said he, "I do not know what you find in these very old books, but I observe, there is a deal of very indifferent spelling in them." His jokes (for he had some) are ended; but they were old Perennials, staple, and always as good as new. He had one Song, that spake of "the flat bottoms of our foes coming over in darkness," and alluded to a threatened Invasion, many years since blown over; this he reserved to be sung on Christmas Night, which we always passed with him, and he sung it with the freshness of an impending event. How his eyes would sparkle when he came to the passage:—

> We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
> In spite of the Devil and Brussels' Gazette!

What is the Brussels' Gazette now? I cry, while I indite these trifles. His poor girls who are, I believe, compact of solid goodness, will have to receive their afflicted mother at an unsuccessful home in a petty village in ——shire, where for years they have been struggling to raise a Girls' School with no effect. Poor deaf Robert (and the less hopeful for being so) is thrown upon a deaf world, without the comfort to his father on his death-bed of knowing him provided for. They are left almost provisionless. Some life assurance there is; but, I fear, not exceeding ——. Their hopes must be from your Corporation, which

their father has served for fifty years. Who or what are your Leading Members now, I know not. Is there any, to whom without impertinence, you can represent the true circumstances of the family? You cannot say good enough of poor R., and his poor wife. Oblige me and the dead, if you can.

TABLE TALK

No. 1. THE greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

2. 'Tis unpleasant to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him; and if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket.

3. Men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but, much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it; how such a woman in their friends' eyes will look at the head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man, that had any fancy at all. These I call *furniture wives;* as men buy *furniture pictures,* because they suit this or that niche in their dining parlours.

4. Your universally cried-up beauties are the very last choice which a man of taste would make. What pleases all, cannot have that individual charm which makes this or that countenance engaging to you, and to you only, perhaps you know not why. What gained the fair Gunnings' titled husbands, who, after all, turned out very sorry wives? Popular repute.

5. It is a sore trial when a daughter shall marry against her father's approbation. A little hard-heartedness, and aversion to a reconcilement, is almost pardonable. After all, Will Dockwray's way

is perhaps the wisest. His best-loved daughter made a most imprudent match; in fact, eloped with the last man in the world that her father would have wished her to marry. All the world said that he would never speak to her again. For months she durst not write to him, much less come near him. But, in a casual rencounter, he met her in the streets of Ware;—Ware, that will long remember the mild virtues of William Dockwray, Esq. What said the parent to his disobedient child, whose knees faltered under her at the sight of him? "Ha, Sukey, is it you?" with that benevolent aspect, with which he paced the streets of Ware, venerated as an angel, "come and dine with us on Sunday;" then turning away, and again turning back, as if he had forgotten something, he added, "and, Sukey, do you hear, bring your husband with you." This was all the reproof she ever heard from him. Need it be added, that the match turned out better for Susan than the world expected?

6. Amidst the complaints of the wide spread of infidelity among us, it is consolatory that a sect is sprung up in the heart of the metropolis, and is daily on the increase, of teachers of that healing doctrine which Pope upheld, and against which Voltaire directed his envenomed wit. We mean those practical preachers of optimism, or the belief that *Whatever is is best*—the Cads of Omnibuses; who, from their little back pulpits—not once in three or four hours, as those Proclaimers of "God and his prophet" in Mussulman countries; but every minute, at the entry or exit of a brief passenger, are heard, in an almost prophetic tone, to exclaim—(Wisdom crying out, as it were, in the streets,)—ALL'S RIGHT.

7. Advice is not so commonly thrown away as is

imagined. We seek it in difficulties. But, in common speech, we are apt to confound with it *admonition;* as when a friend reminds one that drink is prejudicial to the health, &c. We do not care to be told of that which we know better than the good man that admonishes. M—— sent to his friend L——, who is no water-drinker, a twopenny tract "Against the Use of Fermented Liquors." L—— acknowledged the obligation, as far as to *twopence.* Penotier's advice was the safest after all:

"I advised him——"

But I must tell you. The dear, good-meaning, no-thinking creature, had been dumb-founding a company of us with a detail of inextricable difficulties, in which the circumstances of an acquaintance of his were involved. No clue of light offered itself. He grew more and more misty as he proceeded. We pitied his friend, and thought,

God help the man so wrapt in error's endless maze:

when, suddenly brightening up his placid countenance, like one that had found out a riddle, and looked to have the solution admired, "At last," said he, "I advised him——"

Here he paused, and here we were again interminably thrown back. By no possible guess could any of us aim at the drift of the meaning he was about to be delivered of. "I advised him," he repeated, "to have some *advice* upon the subject." A general approbation followed; and it was unanimously agreed, that, under all the circumstances of the case, no sounder or more judicious counsel could have been given.

8. The vices of some men are magnificent. Compare the amours of Henry the Eighth and Charles the Second. The Stuart had mistresses—the Tudor *kept* wives.

9. We are ashamed at sight of a monkey—somehow as we are shy of poor relations.

10. C—— imagined a Caledonian compartment in Hades, where there should be fire without sulphur.

11. Absurd images are sometimes irresistible. I will mention two. An elephant in a coach-office gravely coming to have his trunk booked;—a mermaid over a fish-kettle cooking her own tail.

12. It is a desideratum in works that treat *de re culinariâ*, that we have no rationale of sauces, or theory of mixed flavours; as to show why cabbage is reprehensible with roast beef, laudable with bacon; why the haunch of mutton seeks the alliance of currant jelly, the shoulder civilly declineth it; why a loin of veal, (a pretty problem,) being itself unctuous, seeketh the adventitious lubricity of melted butter; and why the same part in pork, not more oleaginous, abhorreth it; why the French bean sympathises with the flesh of deer; why salt fish points to parsnip, brawn makes a dead set at mustard; why cats prefer valerian to hearts-ease, old ladies *vice versâ*,—though this is rather travelling out of the road of the dietetics, and may be thought a question more curious than relevant;—why salmon (a strong sapor *per se*) fortifieth its condition with the mighty lobster sauce, whose embraces are fatal to the delicater relish of the turbot; why oysters in death rise up against the contamination of brown sugar, while they are posthumously amorous of vinegar; why the sour mango and the sweet jam, by turns, court and are accepted by the compliable mutton hash—she not yet decidedly declaring for either. We are as yet but in the empirical stage of cookery. We feed ignorantly, and want to be able to give a reason of the relish that is in us; so that if

Nature should furnish us with a new meat, or be prodigally pleased to restore the phœnix, upon a *given* flavour, we might be able to pronounce instantly, on philosophical principles, what the sauce to it should be—what the curious adjuncts.

13. It is rather an unpleasant fact, that the ugliest and awkwardest of brute animals have the greatest resemblance to man: the monkey and the bear. The monkey is ugly too, (so we think,) because he is like man—as the bear is awkward, because the cumbrous action of its huge paws seems to be a preposterous imitation of the motions of the human hands. Men and apes are the only animals that have hairs on the under eye-lid. Let kings know this.

14. My friend Hume (not M.P.) has a curious manuscript in his possession, the original draught of the celebrated "Beggar's Petition," (who cannot say by heart the "Beggar's Petition?") as it was written by some school usher (as I remember) with corrections interlined from the pen of Oliver Goldsmith. As a specimen of the doctor's improvement, I recollect one most judicious alteration—

"A pamper'd menial drove me from the door."

It stood originally,—

"A livery servant drove me," &c.

Here is an instance of poetical or artificial language properly substituted for the phrase of common conversation; against Wordsworth.

15. "Pray God your honour relieve me," said a poor beadswoman to my friend L—— one day; "I have seen better days." "So have I, my good woman," retorted he, looking up at the welkin which was just

then threatening a storm——and the jest (he will have it) was as good to the beggar as a tester.

It was at all events kinder than consigning her to the stocks, or the parish beadle——

But L. has a way of viewing things in rather a paradoxical light on some occasions.

6. Our ancestors, the noble old Puritans of Cromwell's day, could distinguish between a day of religious rest and a day of recreation; and while they exacted a vigorous abstinence from all amusements (even to the walking out of nursery maids with their little charges in the fields) upon the Sabbath; in the lieu of the superstitious observance of the Saints' Days, which they abrogated, they humanely gave to the apprentices, and poorer sort of people, every alternate Thursday for a day of entire sport and recreation. A strain of piety and policy to be commended above the profane mockery of the Stuarts and their Book of Sports.

17. I was once amused—there is a pleasure in *affecting* affectation—at the indignation of a crowd that was justling in with me at the pit-door of Covent Garden Theatre, to have a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and in his meridian—in Hamlet. I had been invited quite unexpectedly to join a party, whom I met near the door of the play-house, and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Stevens's *Shakspeare*, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening—the *rush*, as they term it—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamp-light. The clamour became universal. "The affectation

of the fellow," cried one. "Look at that gentleman *reading*, papa," squeaked a young lady, who, in her admiration of the novelty, almost forgot her fears. I read on. "He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand," exclaimed a pursy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on—and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved as Saint Anthony at his holy offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins mopping, and making mouths at him, in the picture; while the good man sits undisturbed at the sight as if he were sole tenant of the desart.—The individual rabble (I recognised more than one of their ugly faces), had damned a slight piece of mine but a few nights since, and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.

18. It should seem almost impossible for a person to have arrived at the age of manhood, and never once to have heard or suspected that there have been people born before our times. Yet this fact I am obliged to conclude from the fragment of a conversation which I overheard between two of the lower order of Irish, who passed me in Holborn the other day. One of them, it seems, had appealed in defence of his argument to the opinions of practice of their forefathers, for I heard the other exclaim "the ancients! who were they?"—"What!" retorted his companion, with an air of insolent superiority, "did you never hear of the ancients? did you never read of them?" They had got too far for me to hear the conclusion of their extraordinary discourse; but I have often thought that it would be amusing to register the sentences, and scraps of sentences, which one catches up in a day's walk about the town; I mean in the way of fair and honest listening, without way-laying one's

neighbour for more than he would be willing to communicate. From these flying words, with the help of a little imagination, one might often piece out a long conversation foregone.

Time and place give every thing its propriety. Strolling one day in Twickenham meadows, I was struck with the appearance of something dusky on the grass, which my eye could not immediately reduce into a shape. Going nearer, I discovered the cause of the phenomenon. In the midst of the most rural scene in the world, the day glorious over head, the wave of Father Thames rippling deliciously by him, lay outstretched at his ease upon Nature's verdant carpet—a chimney-sweeper :—

> A spot like which
> Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
> Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.

There is no reason in nature why a chimney-sweeper should not indulge a taste for rural objects, but somehow the ideas were discordant. It struck me like an inartificial discord in music. It was a combination of *urbs in rure*, which my experience had not prepared me to anticipate.

o. Where would a man of taste chuse his town residence, setting convenience out of the question? Palace-yard,—for its contiguity to the Abbey, the Courts of Justice, the Sittings of Parliament, Whitehall, the Parks, &c.,—I hold of all places in these two great cities of London and Westminster to be the most classical and eligible. Next in classicality, I should name the four Inns of Court : they breathe a learned and collegiate air ; and of them, chiefly

> ——————— those bricky towers
> The which on Thames' broad aged back doth ride,
> Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers ;
> There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
> Till they decay'd through pride—

as Spenser describes, evidently with a relish. I think he had Garden Court in his eye. The noble hall which stands there must have been built about that time. Next to the Inns of Court, Covent-Garden, for its *rus in urbe*, its wholesome scents of early fruits and vegetables, its tasteful church and arcades,—above all, the neighbouring theatres, cannot but be approved of. I do not know a fourth station comparable to or worthy to be named after these. To an antiquarian, every spot in London, or even Southwark, teems with historical associations, local interest. He could not chuse amiss. But to me, who have no such qualifying knowledge, the Surrey side of the water is peculiarly distasteful. It is impossible to connect any thing interesting with it. I never knew a man of taste to live, what they term, *over the bridge*. Observe, in this place I speak solely of *chosen* and *voluntary* residence.

NOTES TO "ESSAYS AND SKETCHES"

NOTES TO
"ESSAYS AND SKETCHES"

An Appeal from the Shades

("London Magazine," August 1826)

This piece is of questionable authorship, but it has so much the appearance of being by Lamb that I think it must take its place among his works until the presumptions in its favour have been disposed of by further research or closer criticism. The arguments against it are mainly these: (1) That it is an unsigned article, of undeniable power, to which, nevertheless, no reference is made in the letters of the time: (2) That it appeared in the "London" at a time when, as we have been in the habit of thinking, Lamb had ceased all connection with that magazine. But the connection, supposing it to have entirely ceased, had ceased only for about a year, and in the interval his attempt to work in another quarter ("The New Monthly Magazine") had ended by the month of June, in some degree of disappointment, if not of rather vivid annoyance and chagrin: so that if he wrote, or took from its drawer, an article like this in the summer of 1826, he would not know where to place it save in the old pages—towards which these said disappointments may have made him feel a revived kindness. And of course the article, from its very nature, could not be signed; not to mention that he had by this time something like an aversion to the signature *Elia*. As to the arguments in favour, they are external and internal. The Reader will find, without being directed to them, many passages which hardly permit one to entertain a doubt as to the hand that wrote them: albeit there were some cunning hands at work at that time, whose chief skill and pride was in a masterly simulation of well-known models. But here an important fact has to be noted, which has been overlooked by Mr Dobell, by whom this article was first reprinted (in "Sidelights on Charles Lamb")—namely, it is very curious that the simulator, granting that we have here an effort in simulation, should have produced an article having such strong internal marks of belonging to a period *twenty-three years earlier* than the date of publication: the very period which the external evidence assigns as *the date of*

composition. For that external evidence consists in a letter to Rickman on July 16, 1803, which runs thus:

"Dear Rickman,—I enclose you a wonder, a letter from the Shades. A dead man wants to return, and be enrolled *inter vivos*. 'Tis a gentle ghost, and in this galvanic age it may have a chance."

Now what strikes one greatly on reading this article is a certain kinship with "Rosamund Gray"—an underlying similarity of feeling, an occasional identity of topic, which might be traced in some detail. There is a great advance, to be sure, in power, in maturity of style. But that is accounted for when we remember that 1803 marks about the end of what I have spoken of[1] as "those wonderful Chapel-street and early Temple days: the greatest period of all in his mental life-history, if we could only trace the record of it." Five years of that most educative letter-writing of his; five years of reading and of successive literary initiations; five years, some part of which was marked by a habit of sedulous imitation, by avowed exercises in the literary styles of other men. How he could prosper in that kind of attempt, let the "Curious Fragments" say: and as Burton was then his model, so here there are traces of the influence of Sir Thomas Browne. But after all, what is basic in the thing seems to me the *feeling*, the obsessions almost, of "Rosamund Gray." In that story we seem aware of references to some evil-doer other than Matravis: who was it? There is the same obsession here, large and vague, though the reference to the crime of old Dorrel might indeed be said to be explicit enough, bating the romantic circumstance of the white horse. For him, see *Epicedium* (and Note thereon) in "Poems and Plays." When Matravis, in his last moments, talks "of *charnel houses* and *dead men*, and 'whether they *knew anything that passes in their coffins*'"—we have a suggestion which meets us again here: "These after-relishes of life—these holiday furloughs the kind Death allows us—and they serve to sweeten *some darker passages in our coffin-dreams.*" Not to prolong the Note nor to force the argument, I think Lamb wrote this article and sent it to Rickman in 1803, just as he wrote *The Londoner* and sent it to Manning in 1802: that shortly thereafter it may—but more probably may not—have appeared in some newspaper or ephemeral magazine unknown to us: that he kept it by him, in print or manuscript, as he kept *The Londoner* and some other things, for a world of years: and that he drew it forth at the end of time and was too interested in it not to desire to see it in print, albeit there were reasons why it could not bear his old signature, and even reasons why he may not have cared to acknowledge it in a final way. Note that *it*

[1] "Specimens of the Dramatic Poets," vol. ix. of this Edition, p. xxxi.

could not well go into a volume of Essays, in the ordinary acceptation of the term: and a volume of "Fantasies," as we would call them now, he never lived to produce. All of which of course is special pleading and means that I wish the Reader to hold me justified in deciding not to exclude a highly probable article which may, for all that, have to be excluded by future Editors.

The Londoner

("Works," 1818)

It was necessary that upon this immense and multitudinous topic there should be a plurality of great and impetuous deliverances, that the glories of London should be blazoned on many banners—at any rate, on no subject has Lamb, whose Essays are often a variant of some passage in his letters, written so many variants, and those so uniformly full-hearted, as upon this. He must have rejoiced that he had amongst his friends a studious Cambridge mathematician, like Manning—an austere Poet of the mountains and the solitary places, like Wordsworth—a somewhat impossibly earnest and good young man of the provinces, like Robert Lloyd—if only for the opportunities thus given him of sending forth the praises of London, and of all crowded, common, human places, as a note of defiance—humorous defiance—as well as a confession of rapture and a boast. At any rate, it is in letters to these unlikely correspondents—all written in the winter of 1800–1801—that the variants upon this Essay are found. Although it was classed in the Works along with the *Letters under assumed Signatures, Published in the "Reflector,"* it had not appeared in that magazine, but had seen the light earlier in the "Morning Post" of February 1, 1802. There was nothing to hinder the readers of that newspaper from believing that the author of this contribution was born on Lord Mayor's Day, as he says; but *we*, through an inconvenient excess of knowledge, could not believe it if we tried.

The Inconveniences Resulting from Being Hanged

("Reflector," 1811: "Works," 1818)

The subject fascinated Lamb, and we may take it that he never thought of hanging as quite a physical act. It had for him a weirdness, a supernaturalism. The man who had been hanged had an attribute beyond his humanity: and to have been half hanged was to be an animate miracle, a living dead man. Lamb's comic regard for the "subject"—in all senses of the word—is but the recoil of a feeling that was, in its first phase, primitive, childlike, superstitious. He returns to it in "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," where the same unfortunate circumstance in the past

of one of the heroes is like to prove a bar to his matrimonial aspirations, until all is cleared up, and the honours made easy, by the discovery that the Desired One's fair fame was flecked by a kindred infamy. It is curiously characteristic of Lamb that in this paper he gives Pensilis just his own tale of years in 1811, namely, "in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, Mr Editor"!

On the Danger of Confounding Moral with Personal Deformity

("Reflector," 1811: "Works," 1818)

Another of the topics on which Lamb was "curious." He returned to the subject of deformities, as we shall see, in 1826, and there are a good many allusions in the works, *passim*. Such advertisements as he here speaks of were common in England in the eighteenth century, and perhaps more common in America before the Revolution, owing to the institution of bound-labour which prevailed then, by which a poor man, newly arrived in the country, would constitute himself the chattel of an employer for a term of years, and was apt, if he strayed away, to be advertised for like a lost dog or an escaped felon.

On the Ambiguities arising from Proper Names

("Reflector," No. iii., 1811)

What Lamb would have called one of his "briskets and veiny pieces." He tells the story in a letter to Wordsworth, Feb. 1, 1806; but seemingly did not think it worth telling again in the "Works." The poet named Spencer was the author of the ballad "Beth Gellert"—more usually entitled "The Death of Gellert"—which appears still, I think, in the school-books. It *did* in mine; and I remember once rummaging all the leaves of a Spenser (Edmund) to see if I could find it *at home*.

On Burial Societies

("Reflector," 1811: "Works," 1818)

Of all these "Reflector" papers, this one, I think, is most worthy to have had a place assigned it among the very richest and most relishful of Elia's Essays. It has the look of not having just been written to meet the journalistic occasion, and one cannot doubt, at any rate, that the *Character of an Undertaker* was a work of earlier, and quite unhurried, composition.

"*If Cæsar were chiefly anxious . . . how he might die most decently:*" an allusion to the fact that Cæsar, when sinking beneath the daggers of his assailants, gathered his robe about him and muffled

his face with his mantle, that there might be no disarray nor physical indignity in his fall, and that he might not present to lookers-on the ghastly and disordered visage of a man who had died meanly struggling to preserve his life. The spirit at once of policy and sublimity expressed in the act has been commented upon by all the historians, and seems to have impressed Shakespeare.

> Then burst his mighty heart;
> And in his mantle muffling up his face,
> Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Edax on Appetite

("Reflector," 1811 : "Works," 1818)

The scattered indications of Lamb's interest *in re culinaria* are worthy of a separate treatise, if only a connoisseur could be found in all ways worthy to undertake it. It goes through all his works, beginning in "Rosamund Gray" (where "I ordered my dinner—green peas and sweetbread—it had been a favourite dish with me in my childhood—I was allowed to have it on my birthdays") and ending in certain paragraphs of *Table Talk by the Late Elia*, which appeared in the "Athenæum." As one would infer, he was in reality one of the smallest of eaters. We shall find him referring again to this paper. Edax's expedient, of daily "*going the round of all my friends*," was too human and rational not to have been anticipated by somebody else. I find in the "Almanach des Gourmands" (troisième année, seconde edition, 1806) the story of a French Edax who discovered betimes that he was wasting his life by living in a provincial town, where all the world had one and the same dinner hour. He conveyed himself to Paris, where there is, or was, a different dinner hour for every social sphere and every civic district; and he extended his friendship and timed his visits so wisely, that for the rest of his life he counted that a rare and disastrous day—a kind of alimentary Sedan—when he dined but twice.

Hospita on the Immoderate Indulgence of the Pleasures of the Palate followed immediately upon the confession of Edax in the same number of the "Reflector," and had annexed to it this editorial Note:

"To all appearance, the obnoxious visitor of Hospita can be no other than my inordinate friend Edax, whose misfortunes are detailed, *ore rotundo*, in the preceding article. He will of course see the complaint that is made against him; but it can hardly be any benefit either to himself or his entertainers. The man's appetite is not a bad habit, but a disease; and if he had not thought proper to relate his own story, I do not know whether it would have been altogether justifiable to be so amusing upon such a subject."

NOTES TO

The Good Clerk

("Reflector," No. iv., 1812)

This was not reprinted in the "Works"; possibly because he did not care to include two pieces (this and the Fuller paper) consisting so largely of extracts; but more probably because this sarcasm upon the morals and imagination of the mercantile and trading classes would not have been quite in its right place among the Collected Works of Mr Charles Lamb of the India House. And it is difficult to suppose that Lamb had any doubt as to Defoe's meaning, though it is certainly the fate of the best satire to be taken in its serious, obvious, impossible sense. I know this, because some efforts of my own in that kind have been most unbelievably mistaken: a few appropriate remarks, for instance, quite magnanimously good-humoured, on the Essay *Imperfect Sympathies* having been in more than one quarter cited in support of a printed allegation that this Editor was a creature of extraordinary and idiotic seriousness and fatuity—which, when all is said, is absurd.

Recollections of Christ's Hospital

("Gentleman's Magazine," June 1813: "Works," *1818*)

This Essay has the distinction of beginning with the worst sentence which Charles Lamb, or any English writer of *repute*, was ever willing to have perpetuated as it came from his pen. Its turgidity is partly accounted for by the fact that it was not really the first sentence of the Essay *at first*, but a sort of cumulative convincing sentence in which he gathered up and massed in one orotund utterance the argument he had been working towards in what went before. For this paper began, originally, with a reference to a controversy, then much in the air, as to the custom, alleged to be quite established, a notorious and prevalent scandal, of admitting to Christ's Hospital the sons of wealthy fathers, or fathers well-to-do enough not to need to be relieved from the burden of educating their offspring. Some parties to the controversy, going back to the letter of the charter, or foundation-deed, argued that the Hospital was intended for the education of children drawn entirely from the poorer or "working" classes. Others argued that the passage of time, and the social changes it had brought about, must be taken into account; and claimed that the Hospital would do most good, and most nearly fulfil the spirit of its founder's intention, if it were recognised rather as an institution for the education of the sons of poor or heavily-burdened folk of what would be called the better, the gentle, the educated or refined classes. This is the side that Lamb took, and perhaps this passage is the only one in which *one* suspects him of being just a little smug. He struck out the opening passage when he reprinted the Essay in 1818, and also

struck out the concluding and completing part of the second paragraph (as the Essay now stands), which remains consequently an illogical sentence. The words omitted were these: "let those judge, I say, who have compared this scene with the abject countenances, the squalid mirth, the broken-down spirit, and crouching, or fierce and brutal deportment to strangers, of the very different sets of little beings who range round the precincts of common orphan schools and places of charity." After reading which murky piece of unreality, to call it by no harder name, one is ever so glad that our future Elia was not drawn into any kind of permanent connection with Silvanus Urban. Lamb made amends later when, in the "London Magazine" for November 1820, he wrote that Essay on *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*, which is full of all that is truest and tenderest and of widest and wisest sympathy with young life, without respect to caste or kind, in all the works of Elia. But indeed this Essay, after its forced and factitious opening has been got over, contains some of his best writing and his wisest thinking. I do not know that any one has put the moral argument in favour of education away from home, the Public School system (that anti-mammalian institution, as a profound contemporary thinker calls it), so fairly and winningly as he puts it here. For references to our sources of information regarding Christ's Hospital as it was in Lamb's day, see vol. i. of this Edition, p. 299.

On the Melancholy of Tailors

("Champion," Dec. 4, 1814: "Works," 1818)

This paper seems to have been made the subject of criticism by Wordsworth, for in a letter to him dated 1814 (and probably written in November), Lamb says that the difference evident in Wordsworth's experience of tailors and Burton's (*i.e.* C. L.'s) may be due to the fact that Burton had "confined his observations to the genuine native London tailor," and therefore could not pretend to give account of "what freaks tailor-nature may take in the country." But he still held to his main points; as, for instance, that a tailor who had enough animation to laugh aloud must certainly be in an unnatural state (for a tailor), demoniac, inhabited by a devil! Canon Ainger has an admirable Note on this Essay, from which I will purloin two sentences: "The title and the signature of this Essay declare the source of its inspiration. *It is likely enough that the mention by the original Burton of* cabbage *as a 'melancholy' diet suggested the whole paper.*" The italics are mine, and I think the excellence of the remark entitles it to that emphasis. The Canon also quotes here from *Satan in Search of a Wife:*

> Who is she that by night from her balcony looks
> On a garden where cabbage is springing?
> 'Tis the tailor's fair lass!

NOTES TO

On Needle-Work

("The British Lady's Magazine and Monthly Miscellany," April 1, 1815)

To this paper by Mary Lamb attention was first directed by a passage in Crabb Robinson's Diary, and the paper was sought out and reprinted by the late Mrs Gilchrist in her Life of Mary Lamb. It is interesting in many ways, not the least being the way in which the writer has anticipated the modern theory of Economy, which regards Thrift as the most questionable of all the virtues, whether from a social or a personal point of view. Even now, however, there are many educated persons to whom it will seem paradoxical to maintain that a penny saved is not a penny gained. Mary's reference to the days when she "exercised her needle for a livelihood" takes us back to the strained conditions from which the tragedy of 1796 resulted (see Memoir, pp. xxii to xxv), and we are reminded that, in the newspapers of the time, the unhappy daughter who had been the instrument of her own mother's death was described as "a mantua-maker." For a further word on Needle-work, see *Mrs B.* further on in this volume.

A True Story

("Indicator," July 12, 1820: "The Talisman")

When I came upon this in the "Indicator" and decided that it was by Lamb, I was not aware that it had been elsewhere printed. It was signed with a Delta, and one had to judge by internal evidence alone. Taken along with something in the note of the thing, however, which seemed to preclude the idea of any other authorship, there was one little touch which might rank as an indication if not as evidence, Namely, there had appeared in the previous Number of the "Indicator," under the heading *To Correspondents*, this one line: "*A True Story* will be inserted with pleasure." It seemed very odd indeed that an Editor should put in an announcement like that about a contribution that was already marked to appear "in our next"—but it was just the sort of thing that Leigh Hunt would be likely to do if the said contribution were by Charles Lamb, whom he lost no possible opportunity of magnifying charmingly and making much of with an Italian largesse of courtesy. Later I found it in "The Talisman" given as "by Charles Lamb," and Mr Lucas says he has seen it among the Lamb papers of the late Alexander Ireland, in the Manchester Free Library. Nevertheless a critic in a supremely well-informed quarter obelused this *trouvaille*, in reviewing Mr Lucas's volume, as not being by Lamb. But I fancy the critic in question had fallen into a momentary confusion of thought, and was identifying this Lamb contribution to "The Talisman," which is authentic, with a Lamb contribu-

tion to the "Gem," which, despite the signature, is by Thomas Hood. They played many little pranks like that, those honest fellows of the "London": stealing at will, or at need, each other's notions, initials, and even each other's full names. Sometimes they would steal both the notion and the name, with the effect that theft and restitution were a single act. It is probable that this little story was a work of much earlier date than its date of publication. It connects itself with our reminiscences of Blakesware, and of the early Poems, and of *Rosamund Gray*, but has affinities also with *Dream Children*.

Holiday Children

("Indicator," January 3, 1821)

At the end of 1820 Leigh Hunt was ill, and for a few weeks was fain to keep the "Indicator" going as best he could, by reprinting earlier articles of his own from "The Examiner," and also articles by some of his contributors there, Lamb being one of these. To one of those invalid Numbers of the "Indicator" Lamb contributed the Extracts from Sir Thomas More and a jocular letter on the subject of a Dry Book (see vol. iii. of this Edition, pp. 284–6). In the following Number the Editor had still to own himself thankful for outside help sent in, as his recovery was slower than he had anticipated: and the chief item acknowledged was "a seasonable article on Holiday Children." This has not hitherto been identified as Lamb's, but I fancy no one who reads it will have much doubt as to its authorship. It is, as to its feeling, a little in the Indicator's own vein, but it is not by the Indicator, we know, and beyond that it has unmistakable Elian touches, a good dozen of them.

Old Maids: Mrs B.

("Indicator," February 21, 1821)

I have little doubt that these two articles, which evidently belong together just as the *Edax* and the *Hospita* contributions to the "Reflector" did, both issued from Russell House, though I do not feel quite so assured that they are both from the same hand. They are each of them the subject of a preliminary announcement just as *A True Story* had been: that is to say, the Editor bespoke his readers' attention for them before they appeared. With *Old Maids* the Reader will do well to compare the Essay *Modern Gallantry* (vol. i. of this Edition, p. 157); and for an explanation of the emphatic and hearty remark that "*the most prying, scandal-loving and ill-tempered woman that I know, or ever did know, has been twice married*" he may turn to every reference which Charles Lamb ever made to the second Mrs Godwin,

especially one in a letter to the Kennys written in 1816. "I suppose you know we've left the Temple *pro tempore*. By the way, this conduct has caused many strange surmises in a good lady of our acquaintance. She lately sent for a young gentleman of the India House, who lives opposite her at Monroe's the flute shop in Skinner Street, Snowhill,—I mention no names: you shall never get out of me what lady I mean—on purpose to ask all he knew about me. I had previously introduced him to her whist table. Her enquiries embraced every possible thing that could be known of me—how I stood in the India House, what was the amount of my salary, what it was likely to be hereafter, whether I was thought clever in business, why I had taken country lodgings, why at Kingsland in particular, had I friends in that road," and so on and so on; continuing thus: "was not there a gentleman of the name of Morgan, did he know him, did he come to see me, did he know how Mr Morgan lived, *she* could never make out how they were maintained, was it true he lived out of the profits of a linen draper's shop in Bishopgate Street." . . . But the catalogue of the lady's questions is too long, and the tendency of some of them would seem to have been almost too delicate, for transcription. Suffice it that Lamb has here "as good as named" the lady, Mrs Godwin living at 41 Skinner Street. In judging of the authorship of this little article, which was a slight and improvised contribution, the Reader must bear in mind its dramatic character—that in writing it Lamb had in mind the signature which it was to bear, "An Old Maid." It was preceded in the "Indicator" by the following queer editorial introduction:

"We must apologize to the writer of the following letter for not having taken earlier notice of it. We had hoped that we should speedily be able to introduce it with a longer preface than our slow recovery will allow us to give; but it need not wait for an introduction; nor would this work be exactly the place for it. The authoress (for unfortunately, the prejudices of which she speaks compel us to suppose the writer of the female sex) is evidently too well aware of all the ordinary points of the question, perhaps more; and to enter on others, upon which the main one turns, would involve a consideration of all those selfish outrages done to the female sex, whether in dooming them to a life of celibacy or the other extreme, which require great nicety and preparation even in touching. So much sorer even than the misfortunes it creates, is false virtue sure to be, however it has bulled itself up into the place of true. One of the objects for which we hope to live and to have strength, is to endeavour, in a work by itself, to call the attention of society to the great question of sexual intercourse in general,—we mean, to the actual amount of its happiness or misery, as gatherable from record and observation, to the prejudices which pollute it, and the principles on which, in our opinion, it ought to be regulated."

As I have said, *Mrs B.* is a complementary piece to the one preceding, and it may well have been written by Charles Lamb, though it does not seem to me altogether unlikely that Mary's hand held the pen on this occasion. Some words of blasphemy spoken against the Respectable British Female's grand idol of Needle-Work seem to favour that notion, besides a peculiarly feminine turn about the concluding sentence. Leigh Hunt's editorial Note was this:

"We return our best thanks to our fair Correspondent for her regard, and even to Mrs B. for her dislike; only we wish for the latter's own sake, as well as her companion's, that she would look upon us with an eye of greater humanity. If Mrs B. were to explode such things as 'Shakspeare, the fields, and music, and books,' she might as well explode Nature at once; which indeed, we are surprised, that some of these old ladies, female or male, do not propose to do. But as long as our fair correspondent understands these, and has one person that understands her, she may endure Mrs B. C. and D. into the bargain."

Why the name *Mrs B.* was chosen, it is hard to say. It may either have been a side-glance at certain "Immeasurable B.s" referred to in the correspondence (and hinted at in the Essays), or it may have been an Elian cross-trail, suggested by the fact that *Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist* had made its appearance in that month's "London Magazine."

Finally, there is a curious editorial Note in the preceding Number of the "Indicator," under Correspondence: "Friend R. N. need not be afraid of being obliged to become hostile to us. It is not in his nature to be so, we suspect, if he would; and we shall not give him occasion." Is it too far a cast of conjecture to suppose that "Friend R. N." was Randal Norris, and that his expostulation had something to do with the signature to this article, and with something in the article itself that had a domestic meaning? Lamb was very apt, while approaching some personal matters and foibles in a spirit of real respect and playful affection, not to realise quite how the literary result would be read by the persons whom he had "touched upon rather deeply" in George Dyer's phrase: George Dyer himself, for instance. "F. N.'s" contribution had not appeared; but it had been announced, with these initials, the week before.

Elia to his Correspondents

("London Magazine," March and November, 1821)

These delightful marginal works of Elia do not call for explanation. But the second rose out of the first, and the first rose out of a little paragraph in the "Indicator" (January 31, 1821) with which Leigh Hunt introduced an article of his own upon *The Works of Charles Lamb*, this article having appeared earlier in the "Examiner." The paragraph ran thus:

"We repeat in our present number a criticism in the *Examiner* on the works of this author. He is not so much known as he is admired; but if to be admired, and more, by those who are better known, have anything of the old laudatory desideratum in it, we know no man who possesses a more enviable share of praise. The truth is, that Mr Lamb in general has performed his services to the literary world so anonymously, and in his most trivial subjects has such a delicate and extreme sense of all that is human, that common readers have not been aware of half his merits, nor great numbers of his existence. When his writings were collected by the bookseller, people of taste were asking, who this Mr Charles Lamb was that had written so well. They were answered,—the man who set the critics right about the old English Dramatists, and whom some of them showed at once their ingratitude and their false pretensions by abusing.—Besides the works here alluded to, Mr Lamb is the author of an interesting prose abridgment of the *Odyssey* under the title of the *Adventures of Ulysses*, and has helped his sister in other little works for children (equally fit for those 'of a larger growth'), especially one called *Mrs Leicester's School*. We believe we are taking no greater liberty with him than our motives will warrant, when we add that he sometimes writes in the *London Magazine* under the signature of Elia."

The Confessions of H. F. V. H. Delamore, Esq.

("London Magazine," April 1821)

There can be little doubt as to the authorship of this, and there is happily no need to doubt the historical truth of the story it tells. Lamb was veritably clapt in the stocks for a few immense moments, having been guilty of "brawling" in the streets of Barnet at a forbidden hour on a forbidden day—doubtless during divine service. At an earlier period of his life, we know from the truthful Talfourd, he had undergone a kindred initiation into historic mysteries. "In the first year of his clerkship," says Talfourd, quoting Le Grice, "Lamb spent the evening of the 5th November with some of his former schoolfellows, who, being amused with the particularly large and flapping brim of his round hat, pinned it up on the sides in the form of a cocked-hat. Lamb made no alteration in it, but walked home in his usual sauntering gait towards the Temple. As he was going down Ludgate-hill, some gay young men, who seemed not to have passed the London Tavern without resting, exclaimed 'The veritable Guy!—no man of straw!' and with this exclamation they took him up, making a chair with their arms, carried him, seated him on a post in St Paul's-churchyard, and there left him. This story Lamb told so seriously, that the truth of it was never doubted. He wore his three-cornered hat many evenings"—and it would even seem that he was introduced to some persons—a

clergyman among others—by the name of Mr Guy, and never known to them by any other name.

"*O Clarencieux! O Norroy!*" The two provincial Kings-at-Arms, whom naturally a Delamore would invoke, as the *Dii Majores* of the cosmic system in which he lived.

Elia on the Confessions of a Drunkard

("London Magazine," August 1822)

For the occasion of this, see the Note to *Confessions of a Drunkard*, vol. ii. of this Edition, p. 274.

The Gentle Giantess

("London Magazine," December 1822)

The Reader will run against the Gentle Giantess again—it is indeed impossible he should run past her—in the Letters (time, 1821), and there he will find that she was of Cambridge, not of Oxford, and that she bore the ample and enormous name of Smith, well planned as she was to be the bodily representative of the largest family, if not one of the largest nations, upon earth. "*The maid's aunt of Brainford*" (more commonly spelt Brentford) was Sir John Falstaff.

A Few Words on Christmas

("London Magazine," December 1822)

When I decided to include this, I was of opinion that though the entire article could hardly be by Lamb (I take it to be Hood's), yet Lamb had a hand in it, and that the description of the Beadle, which stands out markedly from every other part of the article, was most probably his. I feel more doubtful of that now. All we know is that Lamb sent a little contribution to Hone, the one object of which was to have this passage about the Beadle transferred (by way of quotation) to the pages of the "Every Day Book." I will therefore quote here the little contribution entire, with its bright imbedded quotation, and its picture; these appeared in the "Every Day Book" for January 28, 1826.

"AN APPEARANCE OF THE SEASON.

"Apology will scarcely be required for introducing a character, who at this season of the year comes forth in renovated honours, and may aptly be termed one of its *ever-blues*—not a peculiar of either Farringdons, nor him of Cripplegate, or St Giles in the Fields, or of any ward or precinct within the bills: not this or that 'good man'—but the *universal parish beadle*. 'How Christmas

and consolatory he looks! how redolent of good cheer is he! He is a cornucopia—an abundance. What pudding sleeves! What a collar, red, and like a beefsteak, is his! He is a walking refreshment! He looks like a whole parish, full, important—but untaxed. The children of charity gaze at him with a modest smile. The straggling boys look on him with confidence. They do not pocket their marbles. They do not fly from their familiar gutter. This is a red letter day; and the cane is reserved for to-morrow.'

"For the pleasant verbal description we are indebted to an agreeable writer in the London Magazine; [1] his corporeal lineaments are 'borrowed' (with permission) from a new caricature [2], if

[1] For December 1822.

[2] The Progress of Cant; designed and etched by one of the authors of "Odes and Addresses to Great People;" and published by T. Maclean, Haymarket; L. Relf, Cornhill; and Dickenson, New Bond-Street.

it may be given so low a name, wherein this figure stands out, the very gem and jewel, in a grouping of characters of all sorts and denominations assembled with 'infinite fancy' and 'fun,' to illustrate the designer's views of the age. It is a graphic satire of character rather than caricatura; mostly of class-characters, not persons; wherein the ridicule bears heavily, but is broad and comprehensive enough to shift from one neighbour to another."

Guy Faux

("London Magazine," November 1823)

A composite article, made up of quotations from what others had written, and additions to what he had himself written, upon the subject at an earlier time. First in the "Reflector" for 1811 Lamb had an article entitled *On the Probable Effects of the Gunpowder Treason in this Country if the Conspirators had accomplished their Object.* This is represented by the part from p. 131 ("The Gunpowder Treason was the subject") to the end. The earlier part of the present paper has reference to an Essay of Hazlitt's which had appeared in the "Examiner" in November 1821. There is a good deal of by-play in this, which we can only partly guess at, but at any rate the fun of describing Hazlitt as an Ex-Jesuit ("who will not obtrude himself at Maynooth again in a hurry") will not escape the Reader. Lamb is known, *teste* Hazlitt himself, to have had some degree of affection for the memory of the enterprising Guido, and may not have been altogether gratified at Hazlitt's taking out of his hands the agreeable duty of writing his vindication.

Letter to an Old Gentleman

("London Magazine," January 1825)

In the "London Magazine" for January 1823 had been begun De Quincey's series of "Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected." Lamb seems to have felt a call immediately; for in a letter to Barton in March 1823 he says that he had lately been "engaged about a humorous paper for the 'London,' which I had called 'A Letter to an Old Gentleman whose Education had been Neglected,'—and when it was done, Taylor and Hessey would not print it, and it discouraged me from doing anything else." That Lamb should have expected his Editors to print at once a contribution which, however genially intended, was likely to have discouraged a brilliant and profound writer from continuing his series—to say nothing of rather spoiling its effect even if he did continue it, with mockery running parallel in the same pages—this is one of those little queernesses which must be noted by all who would understand the mind of Charles Lamb, how largely it was held together by

conquest and by control of morbidities and of freakishnesses to which a less valorous nature would have become a helpless prey. But how different was his account, when all is said! Two years later the paper appeared, it having been first submitted to De Quincey, and having "had his Probatum." The parody did not follow its original beyond the one suggestive point in De Quincey's first letter: "Whether to you with your purposes, and at your age of thirty-two, a residence at either of our English universities, or at any foreign university can be of much service?" Of the two schoolmasters whom Lamb mentions in this parody of a very pedagoguic classic, Busby was the Head of Westminster, and perhaps the world's accepted type of the pedagogue since the death of Orbilius; and George Buchanan was a master of men as well as a schoolmaster, one of the greatest of the humanists, and the "governor," or tutor, of James the Sixth (and First), and of Montaigne.

A Vision of Horns

("London Magazine," January 1825)

I had intended to write an interesting disquisition upon this; but as the press waits, I must be content to refer Readers to a well-known passage in the General Preface to this Edition (vol. i. pp. xliii–xlvii). To what is there said, I will only add this quotation from Matthew Arnold, à-propos of "unsavoury subjects" such as a play called *Much Ado About Nothing*:

"So salutary is it to be carried into a world of fantasy, that I doubt whether even the comedy of Congreve and Wycherley, presented to us at the present day by good artists, would do us harm. I would not take the responsibility of recommending its revival, but I doubt its doing harm, and I feel sure of its doing less harm than pieces such as 'Heartsease' and 'Impulse.' And the reason is that Wycherley's comedy places us in what is for us now a world wholly of fantasy, and that in such a world, with a good critic and with good actors, we are not likely to come to much harm. Such a world's main appeal is to our imagination; it calls into play our imagination rather than our senses."

And certainly it is to the imagination and not to the senses that this little fantasy makes its appeal—there is nothing so noticeable about it as its absolute innocence, its cleanness, its child-like gleefulness and joy. This also let me add: some unfortunate person has challenged a statement which I made—without book, it is true, and in the exuberance of undocumented wisdom—in the pages cited above: "But, unsavoury or no, the subject is a pretty universal one, as all literature testifies, to say nothing of the lesser literature of unprinted quip and joke, which has always had its currency, its proper moments, in the inter-

course of the frank-natured and the pure, *women not always being out of the company, nor always of the lowest class.*" Well: not to go out of the way of the best family-reading for an instance, let me say that the Vicar of Wakefield's good wife was as respectable a woman as I want to know. Yet was she a true Shakspearean in her metaphors and her conversational modes of raillery and attack; nor do I think that any passage in that great scripture would have offended her less than the philosophic meditation of Touchstone, that "as a walled town is more honourable than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor."

The Illustrious Defunct

("New Monthly Magazine," January 1825)

This paper affords a strong argument, nor is it the only instance, against the unfortunate editorial theory which disparages —and would, apparently, fain exclude from the canon of Lamb's proper "Works"—those later Essays which he did not himself include in either of his *Elia* volumes. There are very few papers in either of these volumes which could be set above this one, judged by every quality which makes literature vital and which has made Charles Lamb's literature especially endeared: yet Charles Lamb did not reprint it. The Lottery System was by law abolished—as it had been by law established—shortly after this Essay appeared. It is a fact that Blue-coat boys were the official executors of Fate, and drew the lots or tickets at the Guildhall in the way he describes. He does not mention that the twenty-thousand-pound prize was won in 1796, upon her tenth birthday, by Mary Russell Mitford, of "Our Village." As to lottery-puffs, it is known that Lamb had turned an honest penny in that department of literary work in his earlier time. Chateaubriand was of course not the author of the saying "Le roi est mort: vive le roi." Nor is it, as most people suppose, a satire upon flattery and time-serving. It had a constitutional significance, precluding the idea of an interregnum, of a period void of the virtues of regality—it asserted that as soon as a king had ceased to live, a king began to reign.

Unitarian Protests

("London Magazine," February 1825)

I do not know who the particular Unitarian friend was, and perhaps he was nobody in particular. The main group of writers to the "London" were or had been Unitarians, including Lamb himself. I have said something of this Essay in vol. i. pp. xlii–xliii.

Many Friends

("New Times," January 8, 1825)

This was the first of the series of little Essays that have been called the "Lepus Papers." The signature (*Lepus* = a Hare) was chosen with regard to the subject of this, the first paper of the Series, and was afterwards continued merely as a mark of the contributor's identity. It involves a reference, however, which is not yet quite clear, to some story of a Hare and Many Friends. It looks as if Lamb had written a little book of that title for Godwin, in his "Prince Dorus" days; but if so, it has been lost. "*A hare makes many friends*," he says in *Popular Fallacies*, playing upon some received connotation of the terms. As to this article, the first form of it, we may say, is to be found in the letter to Mrs Wordsworth, Feb. 18, 1818 (quoted in "Memoir," p. lxvi) and its concentrated virtues in a letter to Coleridge (July 2, 1825), in which, after referring to a nervous fever which "indisposes me for seeing my friends," he adds, "never any poor devil was so befriended as I am. Do you know any poor solitary human that wants that cordial to life, a true friend? I can spare him twenty; he shall have 'em good cheap. I have gallipots of 'em—genuine balm of cares—a going, a going, a going!" Which, the Reader knows quite well, is not to be taken just as it is written. He could not have spared one of these friends—though he might have spared a visit or two—and had one of them by chance gone astray, he'd have gone out at midnight to search for him in the dark! Nevertheless, this was his humour at times, so he gave it play at proper seasons: as in the Popular Fallacy, *That Home is Home though it is Never so Homely* (vol. ii. pp. 236–6). *Captain Beacham's* family we shall meet again in a letter to Landor.

Tom Pry: Tom Pry's Wife

("New Times," February 8 and 28, 1825)

I doubt whether those two were married. There are touches, but very faint touches, of Godwin in the sketch of Mr Pry, but Mrs Pry is beyond all doubt the ineludible Mrs Godwin. See Note to *Old Maids* in this volume.

Reflections in the Pillory

("London Magazine," March 1825)

This, with the *Ode to the Treadmill* and the various excursions on the topic of hanging, are the "literary documents" for a marked and rich-stocked region of the Elian psychology. The editorial Notes are of course Elian also. The speaker, it ought to be explained, makes his necessity appear his pleasure when he requests Ketch to turn him to all the points of the compass in

succession. For the law and order was that he should be so turned, that every member of the crowd might see his man and, if impelled thereto, make his mark. "*My old friends from over the water*" are the King's Bench Prisoners (*viz.* committed debtors), whose domicile was in Southwark, but who were permitted to come forth from durance for some part of the day, on conditions. Hence "*flies of a day.*"

The Last Peach

("London Magazine," April 1825)

The origin of this article is again a passage in a letter. Writing to Bernard Barton on Dec. 1, 1824, he falls into a train of reflections prompted by the sad end of Fauntleroy, who on the previous morning had been hanged for forgery. Fauntleroy was a Bank Clerk: *so was Bernard Barton.* "The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around upon such of my friends as, by a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation. My very style seems to myself to become more impressive than usual, with the change of theme. Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated." Whether little Charles Lamb, however, ever stole a peach at Blakesware, we do not know; but must hope for the best. Certainly the feelings which he here describes seem very like the little boy—standing alone in the Universe with his guilt—of whom there was a picture in the original edition of "Poetry for Children": and *that* was the little boy who

> One day, left alone,
> Laid hands on something not his own!

A Character

("New Times," August 25, 1825)

It seems useless going in search of this gentleman: we should be sure to pass him by, if we moved a step.

A Popular Fallacy

("New Monthly Magazine," June 1826)

Was one of the series, which Colburn seemed to use reluctantly. This one was omitted by Lamb when he put together the "Last Essays." It has perhaps got less in it than anything he ever wrote: or else the fun is so fine that it eludes the senses of all but the utterly *raffiné* in the art of being jocular. It is one of the things, however, which remind us that Lamb's reading was much more various and deep, that his memory was more retentive, and that he had much greater stores of *exact* knowledge, than it pleased him to acknowledge or than it is customary to credit him with.

Reminiscences of Juke Judkins, Esq.

("New Monthly Magazine," June 1826)

I may refer the Reader to what I have said of this in vol. i. p. xlii. It is unlikely that Lamb should have been able to write a serial story that would have been satisfactory from the point of view of action and incident; but this is so capital a character study and so subtly touched—done indeed with rare relish—that everybody must wish Lamb had carried the attempt a few stages further before abandoning it. But the truth seems to be that Colburn did not use Lamb's contributions quickly enough, so Lamb's interest in them and in the magazine had leisure to die of waiting or of ennui.

Remarkable Correspondent: Dog Days

("Every Day Book," May 1 and July 14, 1825)

The "Every Day Book" was a publication of William Hone's, which appeared serially in 1825 and 1826, the two completed volumes being published in 1826 and 1827 respectively. It was followed in 1827 by the "Table Book," also published serially in the first instance. To both of these Lamb contributed original papers and interesting extracts from old or curious books, besides that the whole of his "Garrick Extracts" were expressly made for the "Table Book" (see vol. ix. of this Edition, p. xxxv). It is probable that we do not know the full extent of Lamb's literary assistance rendered to Hone, just as we have only a vague knowledge of the transactions and trouble involved at a later time in getting Hone established in a business likely to be more profitable than honest publishing. For this, the Reader must look to the Letters. At any rate, Hone had already in 1826 not only an enthusiastic admiration and esteem for Lamb, but also a very lively sense of favours received. Witness the fact that when the first series of the "Every Day Book" was published as a volume in 1826, it carried this Dedication:

"To Charles Lamb, Esq.

Dear L——. Your letter to me, within the first two months from the commencement of the present work, approving my notice of St Chad's Well, and your afterwards daring to publish me your 'friend,' with your 'proper name' annexed, I shall never forget. Nor can I forget your and Miss Lamb's sympathy and kindness when glooms outmastered me; and that your pen spontaneously sparkled in the Book, when my mind was in clouds and darkness. These trifles, as each of you would call them, are benefits scored upon my heart; and

I Dedicate this Volume,
To You and Miss Lamb,
With Affectionate Respect,
May 5, 1826. W. Hone."

For the occasion upon which Lamb publicly called Hone his friend, see the quatrains *To the Editor of the "Every Day Book"* in vol. v. of this Edition, and the Note thereon.

As to the *Remarkable Correspondent:* it was called forth by the fact that the "Every Day Book"—which professed to render an account of the remarkable occurrences, legends, ceremonies, customs, superstitions, etc., associated with each several day in the year—had passed at a step from the Twenty-eighth-of-February to the First-of-March.

As to the letter of "Pompey," it could not of course bear two signatures, but we cannot doubt that Charles Lamb held the pen which drafted the complaint of that most intelligent, if also "sad" dog. The paragraph at the end, however, has every appearance of being really editorial—*i. e.* William Hone's comment—and therefore appears here rather than there:

"This 'sad dog' is a 'sensible dog,' and must know, that England is by no means favourable to him or his fellow-creatures. Dogs here are mostly the property of persons who by 'training,' and 'working,' and 'fighting' them, drive many of them mad, and render every dog at this season an object of fear. They have, at present, the right to do wrong to dogs, and the liberty of making them as brutal as themselves. If a few of these dog-masters were tied up, as an example to others, dogs might have rights and liberties. The condition of the lower animals will improve with the subjugation of the passions in the master-animal, man."

Captain Starkey

("Every Day Book," July 21, 1825)

This was called forth by an article in the "Every Day Book" for July 9, 1825, containing a review of the very brief autobiography named in the footnote. It must have been as great a surprise to Hone to discover that he had inserted an article so strongly and personally interesting to Charles and Mary Lamb, as it was to them to find the name of Starkey emerging from out of the dark backward and abysm of time, which seemed to have engulfed it and him and all memory of either. But for this chance occurrence, we should never have known anything of those early days at the Fetter Lane Academy; nor have we, unfortunately, been able to add anything to what Lamb has told us in this little paper. For Captain Starkey's portrait, see next page.

The Humble Petition of an Unfortunate Day

("Every Day Book," August 12, 1825)

On the twelfth of August, 1762, had been born George, afterwards Regent, and later, in heaven's good time, King of England. Up to the time of his accession to the throne, his birthday was

kept upon the anniversary of his birth; but after that date it was kept on the 23rd of April, which, as the Reader knows, is St

George's day, and the assumed date also of Shakespeare's birth. The subject will be found touched upon earlier in a lively passage of the Essay *Rejoicings on the New Year's Coming of Age.*

The Ass

("Every Day Book, October 5, 1825)

There is a letter to J. Payne Collier, in which Lamb thanks him for a present of the "Poetical Decameron," and says, "I take less pleasure in books than heretofore, but I like books about books. In the second volume in particular are treasures . . . the character of the Ass with those three lines, worthy to be

set in gilt vellum and worn in frontlets by the noble beasts for ever. . . . Cervantes, Sterne, and Coleridge have said positively nothing for asses compared with this."

In re Squirrels

("Every Day Book," October 18, 1825)

A communication to the "Gentleman's Magazine" on the subject of squirrels had been reprinted by Hone on October 7th, and the topic was continued. Sylvanus Urban's correspondent, besides maintaining that squirrels "have an exact musical ear," had opined that the teeth of the squirrel are "of a deep orange colour"—which, whether true or no, enabled Charles Lamb to give a new meaning to the word Orangery.

The Months

("Every Day Book," April 16, 1826)

Lacking the daring which should add a word to the words of Hannah Woolley, let me quote the characteristic grace (a real *gratia*, or Grace-before-meat) with which Hone prefaced this contribution :—"C. L., whose papers under these initials on 'Captain Starkey,' 'The Ass, No. 2,' and 'Squirrels,' besides other communications, are in the first volume, drops the following pleasant article 'in an hour of need.'"

Reminiscence of Sir Jeffery Dunstan

("Every Day Book," June 22, 1826)

This had reference to an article by Hone upon the so-called Garrat election. The Reader will ask, "Where is Garrat?" and the question is best answered by transcribing the passage quoted by Hone from Phillips's "A Morning's Walk from London to Kew," 1817.

"Southward of Wandsworth, a road extends nearly two miles to the village of Lower Tooting, and nearly midway are a few houses, or hamlet, by the side of a small common, called Garrat, from which the road itself is called Garrat Lane. Various encroachments on this common led to an association of the neighbours about three-score years since, when they chose a president, or *mayor*, to protect their rights; and the time of their first election being the period of a new Parliament, it was agreed that the mayor should be re-chosen after every general election. Some facetious members of the club gave, in a few years, local notoriety to this election; and, when party spirit ran high in the days of *Wilkes and Liberty*, it was easy to create an appetite for a burlesque election among the lower orders of the Metropolis. The publicans at Wandsworth, Tooting, Battersea, Clapham and Vauxhall made a purse to give it character, and Mr Foote rendered

its interest universal by calling one of his inimitable farces 'The Mayor of Garrat.'"

So much for the place and the office. As to the man, "Sir" Jeffery Dunstan was not the first to be raised to the honours of this peculiar mayoralty, for he was preceded by "Sir" John Harper, who in his private capacity was a retailer of brickdust, and, says Hone, "his Garrat honours being supposed to be a means of improving his trade and the condition of his ass, many characters in similar occupations were led to aspire to the same functions." To him succeeded Sir Jeffery Dunstan, whose pro-

fession in life was the buying of old wigs—a business that seems half-way between those of a human-hair dealer and an old-clothes man. Hone describes how Sir Jeffery was wont to trudge along, carrying his bag over his shoulder long after business had ceased —wigs having gone into "die Ewigkeit"—how, to avoid the charge of vagrancy, he would vociferate "Old wigs!" at intervals as he went along. "But having a person like Æsop, and a countenance and manner marked by irresistible humour, he never appeared without a train of boys and curious persons whom he entertained by his sallies of wit, shrewd sayings, and smart repartees; and from whom, without begging, he collected

sufficient to maintain his dignity as mayor and knight." And he being "no respecter of persons," the sequel, the sequel to his habit of talking in the open—where a bird of the air might carry the matter, if a bird could be found small-brained enough to think it worth carrying—was that Sir Jeffery, whose portrait is here given, was actually prosecuted for uttering what were then considered seditious expressions, and was in 1793 tried, convicted, and imprisoned for that august crime. The burgesses

of Garrat seem to have been affrighted at this. They looked askance upon Sir Jeffery, that their own loyalty might not become suspect; and at the general election of 1796 he was unseated, being supplanted in popularity and in official position by Sir Harry Dimsdale, muffin-seller, and, says Hone, "a man as deformed as himself." The above portrait of Sir Harry appears in the "Every Day Book," along with that of his greatly fallen predecessor.

"*My Lord Foppington*" seems to have agreeably impressed Mr

Charles Lamb, who has given to his Lordship's dictum the honours of reiterated quotation, and therefore a world-wide fame. See especially *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*, vol. ii. of this Edition, p. 42.

Of Maid Marian and Robin Hood

("The Table Book," May 17 and 24, 1827)

The first of the *Garrick Extracts* was a scene from "King John and Matilda, a Tragedy, by Robert Davenport"—see vol. x. of this Edition, pp. 282–6—and there can be little doubt that the same wits which selected the passage for quotation also exercised themselves in this queer bit of playfulness upon the theme which the subject offered to those disposed to reason curiously or to stand upon the common meanings of terms. It is because these two letters are merely a piece of play upon a term or an idea, and in no sense a criticism or comment on the drama, that they have their place here and not in "Critical Essays."

Mrs Gilpin Riding to Edmonton

("Table Book," July 16, 1827)

The sketch referred to by the Sojourner in Enfield was the work of Thomas Hood, that prime genius and hearty fellow, as Lamb called him; and the substantial City madam represented was Mary Lamb herself. The Letters of those years show that Lamb was interested in the subject of stiles about that countryside; and Mary's difficulty in negotiating them, when she was his "walk-companion," may have had to do with that interest.

London Fogs

This is copied from a small manuscript book entitled "The Works of Charles Lamb, vol. iii." Into this book William Ayrton had copied various works of Lamb's, which belonged to a later date than the "Works" of 1818—and also a thing or two that was not Lamb's at all. All these things had seen the light of print elsewhere, except this: which may also, of course, have been printed somewhere. One can hardly doubt of its authenticity; and, besides Lamb's signature, it bears a particular Elian reminiscence: for the words, "It wraps you all round like a cloak, too, a patent waterproof one," remind us that at the end of those famous Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age, when the gathering broke up and the company went each their several ways, "Shortest Day went off in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog."

Saturday Night,
from an engraving by T. Mitchell, after the painting by D. Wilkie, R.A.

Saturday Night

("The Gem," 1830)

"The Gem" was one of the Keepsake or Beauty-Book annuals, of which there were so many about that time. It had been edited in 1829 by Hood, who, being disappointed of a contribution by Lamb, put in one of his own with Lamb's signature. In 1830 the Editor was Alaric A. Watts, whose name is synonymous with that kind of literature. This little article (which need not be taken very literally, I fancy, as a personal reminiscence of Lamb's only and honoured Grandame, but rather as a piece of "typical" description of the known ways of all the world's grandmothers in times of old) was written merely as letterpress to an engraving from Wilkie's picture, which is here reproduced.

Thoughts on Presents of Game

("Athenæum," November 30, 1833)

Who the "Good Unknown" was, we do not know; but he did a good turn to a very large public when he provoked Charles Lamb, so late in 1833, to an utterance so redolent, so full of the old Elian relish, as this. The Mr Chambers (junior) here referred to was a fellow-clerk at the India House, and there is a letter to a brother of his—the subject, John Dory—which is the only thing perhaps, in all Lamb's correspondence, that one might be tempted to rank, as literature and rapture, above his panegyric of Jeremy Taylor. It will appear, however, in its proper place. "The worthy Vicar of Enfield" was Dr Cresswell; and a worthy man he was, as we know by these presents ("of extraordinary sapor") and by the fact that he desired to have a presentation copy of *Satan in Search of a Wife*.

A Character of the Late Elia

("London Magazine," January 1823)

The first Note to "Last Essays of Elia" gives some account of the circumstances belonging to the writing of this: what Lamb seems to have had in view, and how the idea of Elia's death was taken up and exploited in the Magazine. It was necessary to print it in our second volume with all the curtailments which the author made upon it when fitting it to serve as Preface to the second Elia book. But here it is repeated, in its original entirety,

not for us redundant by a single syllable, with its pleasant references to the "London" men ("*P———r*" is of course Procter, and "*Janus*," who wept, is the genial and abominable Wainwright, and "*Allan C———*" is Allan Cunningham, and "*his friends, T. and H.*," are, strange though the term appears, his publishers, Taylor and Hessey), and, still more desirable, with its roll-call of India House men, whose names, and a magic word or two attached to them, wake in our minds some echo of that music to the sound of which the great, the almost mythic, personalities of the South Sea House once passed athwart our ken. I regret infinitely that the drawings, which I hoped should accompany this fuller reprinting of the Essay, were not made; nor did I discover that they had not been made till it was too late to remedy the matter. But there are compensations to every disaster: and my compensation is in thinking that those who do not like to have Lamb illustrated will read this Note and rejoice. They are a minority, but even the most insignificant minority must be allowed its moments of triumph, its intervals of happiness.

Charles Lamb's Autobiography

This was written by Lamb in the Autograph Book of William Upton, who was Assistant Librarian of the London Institution; and was by Upton's permission quoted in John Forster's admirable article on Lamb in the "New Monthly Magazine" for April 1835. The original manuscript is now in the possession of Mr B. B. Macgeorge, of Dunoon, who has very kindly checked by it the copy sent to the printers for this Edition.

A Death-Bed

("The Table-Book," 1827: "Last Essays of Elia," 1833)

Upon the death of Randal Norris in January 1827, Lamb wrote to Crabb Robinson a memorial letter which was intended, we may suppose, to be shown to those influential persons, the Benchers, whose sympathy Lamb wished to engage on behalf of the widow and family of his old friend. Perhaps it was to drive home this indirect application that he sent the letter, under the above title, with his signature L, and with certain necessary changes of names and initials, to the "Table Book." It had its effect, at any rate; for Mr W. Carew Hazlitt finds that "the Inn, probably through the friendly offices of Crabb Robinson, settled on Mrs Norris an annuity of £80." The letter, in its "Table-Talk" version, appeared in the first edition of the "Last Essays of Elia," but was omitted from the second edition, and *Confessions of a Drunkard* put in its place. As I have said in my Note to the

latter Essay, it is pretty certain that, in making this change, Moxon was acting in the spirit of Lamb's own intention. If we wish to know why he decided ultimately to leave out *A Death-Bed*, we need not guess obscurely at the feelings of the Norris family and their probable dislike to having their straitened circumstances made a sort of literary topic. The reason is, in fact, to be found within the book itself. That volume contained the Essay *Captain Jackson*, which had been written some years earlier, and in which Randal Norris had already sat for his portrait, or rather—since there are considerable differences—had sat for the portrait, so to say, of himself-and-somebody-else. When making his selection for the "Last Essays," Lamb probably overlooked the marked likeness of the description in those two papers, which must have struck readers as being a curious repetition within the boards of a small book, such as would have argued, in another case, either an uncommon poverty or an uncommon absent-mindedness in the author. Having had his attention called to this, and having therefore to exclude one of those two papers, because of the passages or the pages in common, he naturally decided to retain the more full and finished, and more sheerly literary and disinterested study of earlier years. Randal Norris, the Reader will hardly need to be reminded, was the Sub-Treasurer of the Inner Temple, and his wife belonged to Widford—hence, in part, the life-long friendship with the Lamb family—but whether he was the same Mr Norris of Christ's Hospital whom Lamb speaks of in September 1796, seems to remain an unsettled point.

Table Talk

Detailed citation of the sources of these paragraphs will hardly be demanded by the Reader. Like the *Fragments of Criticism* in vol. iii., they are taken "either from *Table Talk by the Late Elia*, which appeared in the 'Athenæum' in 1834 (January—July); or from earlier Table Talk in the 'Examiner,' which was mostly republished in the 'Indicator'; or from some corner of the 'London Magazine'; or from footnotes to the Essays in their first form, that were afterwards dropped as encumbrances." Of this last kind is No. 14, which ought to have appeared amongst other critical particles at the end of vol. iii. Finally, some (such as No. 17) are from Babson's "Eliana."

This first and main section of the Complete Works ends fortunately, passing away in a vision of Metropolitan regions and places. One would think our Londoner was surveying the entire terrestrial scene of things, in its relation to the life and happiness of man: that there was nowhere else in which to be fully content. Yet fitly, too, there is an uncompromising avowal of preference

and prejudice, discriminating among the particulars of a cherished whole. And there is humour, which might easily be missed. For when he avers that he never knew a man of taste to live *Over the Bridge*, and then adds—"Observe, in this place I speak solely of *chosen* and *voluntary* residence"—there is a sly glance at those Surrey-side dwellers to whom reference has been made in the Note on *Reflections in the Pillory*, and among whom "men of taste," of one kind or another, were pretty sure to be rather plentiful subjects, some of them rather interesting.

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